SHANS AT HOME

THE WIFE OF A CHINESE SHAN CHIEF.

SHANS AT HOME

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WITH TWO CHAPTERS ON SHAN HISTORY
AND LITERATURE BY THE
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WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

TO

MY DEAR STEPMOTHER

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NOTE

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INTRODUCTION

THIS book does not profess to give a full and scientific description of the Shans. I have simply tried to give a series of pictures, by pen, camera, and paint-brush, of some of the people who live in the Northern Shan States, trying to write of them from their own point of view, and to show them as they appear in their daily life.

I first visited the Northern Shan States in 1906, spending five months at Hsipaw, a town on the railway line from Mandalay to Lashio. During the two following years I spent fifteen months in Namkham, a small Shan town in the State of North Hsen-wi, a few miles from the frontier of Yün-nan. My chief object in living for a time among the Shans was to study the language of a people—known as Palaungs or Palês—who descend from their homes in the hills to trade with the Shans of the valleys, but are not allied to them, either in race or language.

Namkham can be reached by several routes, the easiest being from Bhamo on the Irrawady River. It is hardly necessary to describe the journey from Rangoon to Mandalay and Bhamo, as many writers on Burma have already done so.

The journey from Bhamo to Namkham, a distance of about fifty-eight miles by a good bridle-path, may be ridden in from four to six easy marches. During the fine weather, when the path was dry and not slippery, the man who acted as my postman could walk to

Bhamo and back in six days, going by short-cuts; but these are impossible for a pony.

At Bhamo pack-ponies or mules may be hired to carry baggage to Namkham—an elephant is even better, as it can be loaded with a large number of boxes, and better photographs can be taken from its back than from a horse, or on foot. The undergrowth of the jungle is sometimes so thick that it blocks the view, and the superior height from the ground, on the back of an elephant, brings a camera well above the bushes. On narrow paths, where one may meet many caravans of pack-bullocks, an elephant is a safer steed than pony or mule. On visiting Namkham for the first time, I rode upon a mule, and at a bad part of the bridle-path a drove of stampeding oxen bore down upon me; my mule fortunately understood the situation sooner than I did, for it wheeled round and fled down the path, heading the cattle, which shed their packs by the way. We did not stop until we reached an open space in the jungle.

When passing through forest, immediately after the rainy season, care should be taken not to ride into the overhanging boughs of mimosa trees; their branches, which appear soft and feathery, are armed with strong sharp thorns, which inflict painful scratches on the face, and tear the clothes of any one riding into them. Later in the season they are lopped by traders, who pass up and down through the country many times during the dry season, but for five months in the year there is little traffic, and paths are sometimes impassable.

From Bhamo there is a good cart-road for the first thirteen miles, passing through stretches of rice-fields and groves of bananas and bamboos surrounding many small villages. After the first day's march the bridle-path goes through thick forest, sometimes crossing high ridges where there are magnificent views of distant mountains and the plain of the Irrawady. At times the path descends steeply into green ravines,

only to ascend and descend again many times, until Pankham—where there is a village and a military police station—is reached. From time to time English officers in the Military Police Service visit the station, but the men, who are chiefly Kachins, are generally under the charge of a native officer.

Immediately after leaving Pankham, the path, which is one of the trade routes to Yün-nan, enters the Shan States. The last march is only a little more than five miles, but is hot and dusty, as the plain must be crossed till the Shwe-li River is reached; there ponies, mules, and cattle, are forced to swim across, sometimes with difficulty, as the current is strong; "dug-out" ferry-boats, which are steadied by means of bamboos lashed to their sides, carry passengers with their luggage across. If the Shwe-li is not in flood, a loaded elephant can easily walk across the river.

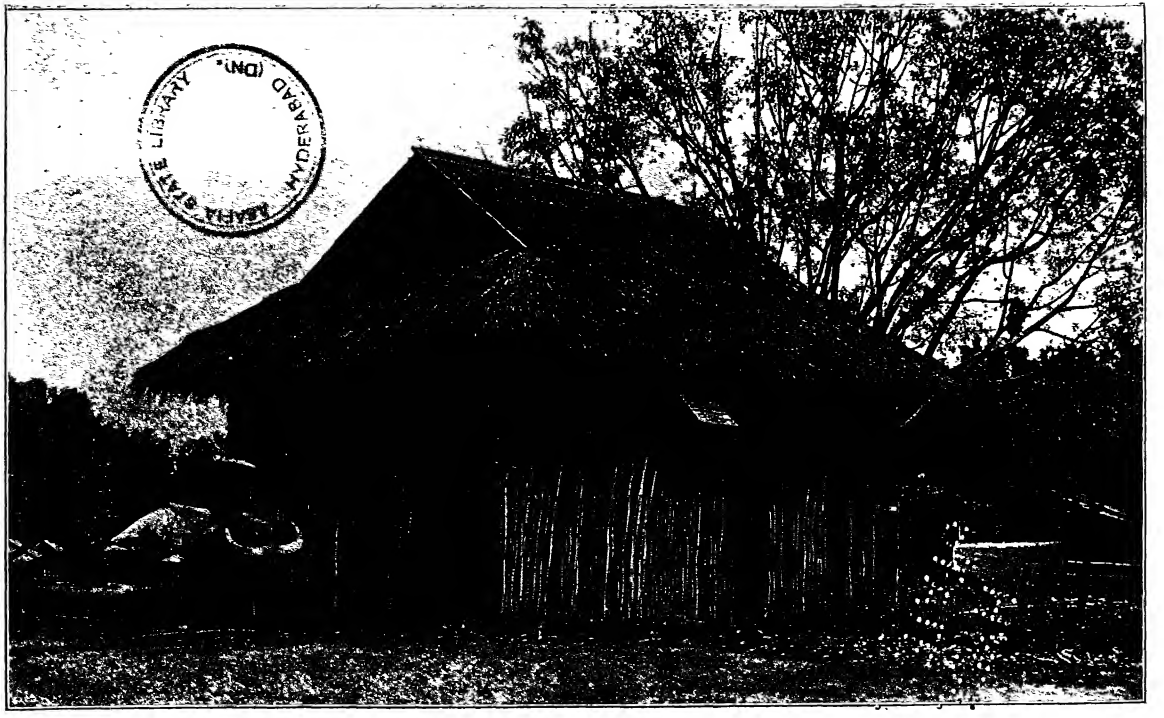
There are several comfortable bungalows on the way to Namkham, in which the Public Works Department permits travellers to stay for twenty-four hours —or longer—if the rooms are not required for officers on duty. They are furnished simply with beds, tables, chairs, and baths, plates, dishes, and cooking-utensils, but bedding, towels, also knives, forks, and spoons must be carried. The keepers of the bungalows sell rice, chickens, and eggs, and for a small sum provide water and firewood.

At the eastern side of Namkham, near the chief monastery, is a large open space, bordered on two sides by native rest-houses. In the largest of these I spent some weeks while my house was being built. My chief objection to it was that a family of pigs, belonging to the monastery, slept under the floor and could not be evicted. I was told that a bamboo house could be built in a week, so I chose a site, and arranged that a carpenter should supply the materials and do the building. The bamboos and thatch speedily arrived, but, as day after day passed, I began to realise that no attempt was being made to commence the

construction. When I first spoke of house building, I had been asked what—to me—seemed an irrelevant question, namely, the day of the week on which I was born; when I answered that it was late on Saturday night or early on Sunday morning, I did not know that my reply was of importance. As time went on, and the bamboos lay untouched, looking like long green snakes in the grass, I complained of the delay, only to be told that until I could tell them my birthday, they were afraid to begin the work, as the spirits would be angry if the offerings for the proper day were not made. I suggested that the building should begin, I braving the anger of the spirits, but they thought the work too dangerous, as the risk was not only for me, but for the workmen as well. On consulting a wise man, a way was found out of the difficulty; he decreed that an extra large offering—to content the spirits of both Saturday and Sunday—should be made. This was done, and the building commenced next day.

I brought with me from Mandalay a Mohammedan servant, Mohamet Galub by name, a native of Hyderabad in the Deccan, who for two years served me faithfully and honestly. He spoke English well, and also Burmese, and, as many of the Shans understand a little Burmese, and some of them speak it well, he was able to act as my interpreter. He brought his wife with him, and also a favourite cat named "Moti." Its chief amusement was catching snakes, then bringing them into the house in a dying—but by no means dead—condition, and playing with them there. On one occasion it was bitten by a snake and nearly died, but recovered after having been very ill for nearly twenty-four hours; ultimately I think that its death must have been caused by snake-bite, as it suddenly disappeared, and Mohamet and his wife mourned its loss for many days.

For some time a Kachin girl worked for me as water-carrier and washerwoman. She was a Christian, taught by the American missionaries, and certainly



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MY HOUSE.

was a great improvement on the "heathen" women of her race. She was a good girl, obliging, and clean.

Several natives of India live in Namkham, some of them having married Shan wives. I found them a quiet set of men, who spent their time in trading between Möng-Mao, in Yün-nan, and Bhamo, making Namkham their headquarters. They had built a tiny mosque for themselves, and their call to prayer might be heard whenever they were in the place. They were a strange mixture of races from Northern to Southern India, united only by their religion. I recollect that when, one night, my house was unroofed by a hurricane, four of them left their own homes, and, although the air was full of pieces of roof and branches of trees, blown by the violence of the storm, they came to see if they could help me. They found me out-of-doors, as my house was not safe, and, when the wind had lulled—though the rain was pouring down in the form of liquid mud (the sand and dust that had been blown up into the air descending with the rain)—these men stood for some time unsheltered, holding a rug as a canopy over my head. There was not only wind and rain, but a terrible thunderstorm that night; there seemed no pause between the flash of the lightning and the crash of the thunder, and through it all a Shan woman came to me, and, finding that every room in my house was deluged with the heavy rain, insisted that I should go to her house, which, being more strongly built than mine, had not suffered in the gale. She spread two new quilts on the floor for my bed, gave me a new pillow and coverlet, and all night long sat at my feet, patting me gently with her hand, as if to reassure me, whenever I moved.

A Hindu dispenser was connected with an American mission in the neighbourhood, and during the absence of the missionary he took a Shan wife in addition to his Hindu wife, who was in Calcutta. When the missionary returned he was very indignant—naturally

disapproving of polygamy—and the dispenser came to my house to ask me to intercede for him with the indignant *padre*. "What have I done?" he said to me. "I may by our custom have many more wives than one; so I said to the Sahib, 'Sir, be not angry! It is only a temporary measure'; but the more I thought to please him by telling him that it was temporary, the more angry he became."

If a long stay is to be made in an out-of-the-way place in the Shan States, it is well to take a good supply of stores, tables, chairs, a comfortable bed, and plenty of books. When, however, an excursion of only a few weeks is planned through country where paths are bad and little known, it is advisable to carry as few *impedimenta* as possible. It is not always easy to find a large number of men and women—both will act at times as carriers—willing to leave their homes for more than one day's march, though four or five are generally obtainable. On one occasion when I crossed the frontier to see something of the Shans in China I took no bed, table, or chair; my bedding was rolled in a blanket (Shan fashion), my few stores were carried in native baskets, and I wore Shan dress. In this way my baggage was light, it excited no curiosity, and the people, being quite indifferent to my appearance, gave me no trouble. Many travellers complain bitterly of the rudeness and unpleasant inquisitiveness of Chinese villagers; but let me ask how a Chinaman, in native dress, passing through an English village, would be received. He would be quickly surrounded by the inhabitants, whose remarks might not always be polite, though they would hardly notice him if he wore European dress.

I found that four—or at the most five—coolies were enough to carry my bedding, two feeds of paddy[1] for my pony, a few stores, a large photographic camera, and collecting-boxes (for butterflies, etc.).

[1] Unhusked rice.

Native rest-houses, built for the use of travellers, are wonderfully clean in the Shan States as compared with similar buildings in India. As some of them are only roofed, without the mats which form the walls, while others have simply back- and side-mats, with the whole front of the building open from end to end, it is well to carry a length of opaque muslin six or seven feet wide, with many loops round the edge, so that it may be tied to posts or beams to make a small inner bedroom. The muslin that I carried was twenty feet in length, and when I was inside I closed the opening with pins. Large safety-pins are easily carried and make most useful presents. I once presented one to the headman of a village, who spent the whole afternoon in expounding its mysteries to a large group of people. A mosquito curtain should always be taken, even in winter; but a tent is not necessary, unless a stay is to be made among the hill people, whose houses are not nearly as clean as those of the Shans.

At first many of the people were afraid of my camera, thinking that some sort of devil lived in it. When I looked into the reflex part, I sometimes held my hands to shade my eyes, and they believed that when I did so I was praying to a spirit in the box. I think that often we have as erroneous ideas about the beliefs of the people of non-Christian countries as they have about ours. I once read in an English newspaper, published in India, that in some districts the natives worshipped the implements of their trades, such as a plough or a razor. This, I believe, is hardly ever the case, as on making inquiries in Kashmir I learned that the prayer is invariably addressed to an unseen deity, beseeching him to guide the plough or the razor. A Burman once asked a missionary why he preached against worshipping idols, while he and his family prayed to their chairs every morning. It is almost unnecessary to say that he believed that in their "family

prayers" they worshipped not the Deity but the chairs!

Sometimes it is not easy to persuade the Shans to talk of their religion; but it is a mistake to think because they hesitate to answer, or reply wide of the mark, that they are ignorant or do not understand the subject. I fancy that an Englishman—other than a clergyman—if suddenly asked by a foreigner to expound the mysteries of his religion, might feel embarrassed, especially if surrounded by an audience of his own countrymen.

If Shan men or women are nervous or shy, they sometimes give ridiculous answers to questions, but from them it must not be inferred that they are wanting in intelligence. A story is told in South Africa of a nervous Englishman—a university graduate—who, when his hostess apologised for the smallness of the eggs on the breakfast-table, said: "Newly laid eggs always are small, aren't they?" From this remark it would not be just to jump to the conclusion that he was a fool.

It is easy to win the confidence of a people if one knows something of medicine and can help in illness. The fame of European drugs has spread all over Asia, so all Eastern people have strong belief in our medicines; and faith that the medicine will certainly cure them helps them to recover. I recollect when in Kashmir, a number of our coolies complained to us of rheumatism, after crossing an icy cold river. In the evening they all rubbed themselves with anchovy sauce, under the impression that it was an English embrocation, and declared next day that they were perfectly cured. I once gave a piece of red sealing-wax to a Shan, thinking that he wished to seal a letter, when he was really asking for a remedy for toothache. Next day he returned, asking if he might keep the "medicine," declaring that after he had rubbed the sealing-wax on his tooth it ceased to ache!

Permanganate of potash is invaluable in the cure of

wounds, sores, or ulcerated mouths; its fine crimson colour tempts the people to continue to use it, when they will not give boracic acid or carbolic a trial. I recollect a poor Buddhist nun whom I thus treated; she was so grateful that for days she supplied me and my servants with vegetables and fruit, her gratitude also taking the embarrassing form of coming to say her prayers—presumably for me—in my bedroom when I was dressing.

The photographs that I took of the Shans during the first summer that I spent among them were not satisfactory. The people always seemed nervous, their expressions were invariably stupid or stolid, and they posed very unwillingly. When I returned the following spring I found that they were not only willing, but anxious to be photographed. They told me that all the people whom I had photographed in the previous year had remained in good health during my absence, so they understood that my photography had no bad effects on their constitutions. Many of the pictures in this book were taken under difficult circumstances. For instance, the photograph of the buffalo working in the rain, at page 150, was taken after the fifth attempt. During rain the turf walls separating the rice-fields—the only paths that are not under water—are exceedingly slippery; and to place the stand of a large and heavy camera on a soft path which is less than two feet wide, at the same time trying to keep the camera dry by means of a nicely balanced umbrella, is not an easy task. The first time, I sat down abruptly in the mud, and rose too wet and muddy to make another attempt that day, the second and third times the camera stand slipped backwards into the soft earth at the moment of exposure, and, when I developed the negatives, only the hat of the man, against a background of mountains, was visible, the fourth time the man fled in terror from what, I afterwards learned, he thought was a kind of big

gun, and I did the same from the buffalo, which, left to itself, showed symptoms of charging me! The fifth time my attempt was successful, but when I arrived at my house, very tired, and sat down to rest in the veranda, before attempting to remove my muddy shoes, I was surprised to see four bloated leeches slowly crawling away, then realised that I had brought with me not only much mud, but also families of leeches. It was some time before my ankles recovered from the bites. Such adventures are more amusing to remember than to experience.

Buddhists have no caste prejudices against eating food other than their own, and Shan children, and grown-up people too, are not only willing but eager to taste English sweets and biscuits. I have seen a group of gloomy and suspicious monks suddenly convulsed with laughter over "conversation lozenges," printed with Burmese words; and children are no longer afraid of a camera when they think that it is a box containing sweets. A camera is often, to natives, a terrifying and mysterious object, and it is no wonder that people (as pictured in books of travel) have sometimes unamiable expressions, as, at the moment when they were photographed, they were wondering whether they should escape alive from the ordeal. For the photographs in this book I used a Shew camera, a reflex half-plate, and a Goertz lens, and found both most satisfactory for snap-shots and time exposures. The camera was covered with Russia leather, and no insect attacked it; and although it was daily out of its case in all weathers it remained in perfectly good condition for two years. The plates used for the negatives were Wratton & Wainwright's "Instantaneous," some of which were many months old before they were exposed. To develop negatives with the thermometer between 75° and 90° F. is hot work, but much more satisfactory than leaving them for weeks or months undeveloped. I had no dark room, but

used any room with a dark lantern. Three empty kerosene tins,[1] or even bamboo buckets, filled with water, a bath or enamel basins for washing the negatives, serve the purpose quite as well as more professional paraphernalia. Developing and fixing the negatives can be done in papier mâché dishes, that are light to carry. I always varnished the negatives as soon as they were quite dry, finding that they were then less liable to break, and were not spoilt if the box containing them were upset into a stream—a not uncommon accident of travel. Negatives developed at night are usually perfectly dry next morning; if still damp it is generally a sign that they have not been sufficiently washed. Although they may appear dry, it is well to hold them for a few moments over the flame of a lamp before varnishing.

I should like to thank Sir Richmond Ritchie for his kind assistance in giving me information, and Mr. Cochrane not only for writing the chapters on the Shan history and literature in this book, but also for translating some of the folk-tales and answering my many questions about the Shans, among whom he has worked for twenty years. For the translation of other stories I must thank Saya Maung Pan, a Shan teacher in the American Baptist College in Rangoon. My grateful thanks are also due to Mr. C. Otto Blagden for valuable help and advice, also to Mr. W. W. Skeat.

I should also like to thank Mr. Murray for the unusual amount of trouble that he has taken in the reproduction of my photographs, and for his unfailing kindness and encouragement, without which this book would never have been written.

During five of the fifteen months spent at Namkham I was the only white person in the valley, as, owing to illness, the American missionaries were absent,

[1] These can be bought in any of the towns in the Shan States for a few pence.

and there were no Europeans nearer than Bhamo. I think that I must therefore add a word of thanks to the Shans, as I am truly grateful to them for the kindness and courtesy which they always showed to me during my stay in their valley.

SHANS AT HOME

I

THE NORTHERN SHANS

A BRIEF HISTORICAL OUTLINE

BY THE REV. WILBUR WILLIS COCHRANE

An Old Shan State in Southern China

Four thousand years ago, and for many succeeding generations, the Imperial Chinese race, the Central Kingdom, was confined within the narrow boundaries of a small State, near the Yellow River, and was surrounded by Tartar, Tartar-Tibetan, and other tribes. Two thousand years after the beginning of legendary Chinese history, Central China, in the words of E. H. Parker, "knew nothing whatever of any part of the vast region lying to the south of the Yang-tze; nothing whatever of what we now call Yün-nan and Ssŭ-ch'uan, not to say of the Indian and the Tibetan dominions lying beyond them."

Professor Douglas, quoted by Mr. Hallett,[1] says that during the Chou dynasty (1122–249 B.C.) the Empire merely covered the country between latitudes 33° and 38° N. and longitudes 106° and 109° E., comprising no part of the basin of the Yang-tze. Whoever the people—anciently occupying this vast southern region—were, they were not Chinese. Mr. Parker has shown conclusively that they were (from the Chinese point of view) "barbarians." We can do no better

[1] *Historical Sketch of the Shans.*

than quote a few sentences from this distinguished writer's most readable and informing book, *Ancient China Simplified*: "Once in *Tsin* (one of the northern federated States of China) it was asked about a prisoner, 'Who is that southern-hatted fellow?' It was explained that he was a T'su man (from a southern non-Chinese State). They then handed him a guitar, and made him sing some national songs. In 597 B.C. a T'su man, envoy of the *Tsin* military durbar, said: 'My prince is not formed for the fine and delicate manners of the Chinese.' Here (Mr. Parker observes) is distinct evidence of social, if not ethnological, cleavage."

In 880 B.C., when the Imperial (Chinese) power was already waning, and the first really historical King of T'su (though by no means the first king) was beginning to bring under his authority the people between the Han and the Yang-tze, he said: "I am a barbarian savage, and do not concern myself with Chinese titles, living or posthumous." These "barbarians" of T'su controlled, at one time, much, if not all of what we now call China, from the basin of the Yang-tze south-westwards. Among other "barbarians" were the progenitors of the Karens, and the ancestors of the Annamites. If it can be conclusively shown that the dominant race of T'su (of various cognate tribes) were the Tai—the Shans' name for themselves—we shall know whence the Northern Shans of this book came, and can form a conjecture as to their numbers and importance. Few words used by the T'su have come down to us. All that have come (through Chinese sources) are, we believe, Shan words. This may not be conclusive proof that the T'su were Tai, but it is evidence of some weight. In an old comparative vocabulary collected by the Chinese, before the beginning of the Christian era, the following T'su words are given: *udu*, tiger; *tam*, to beat; *lai*, to confer; *lam*, to covet. Of these *udu* (or *wutu*) is an old Shan word for tiger; *tam*, to beat,

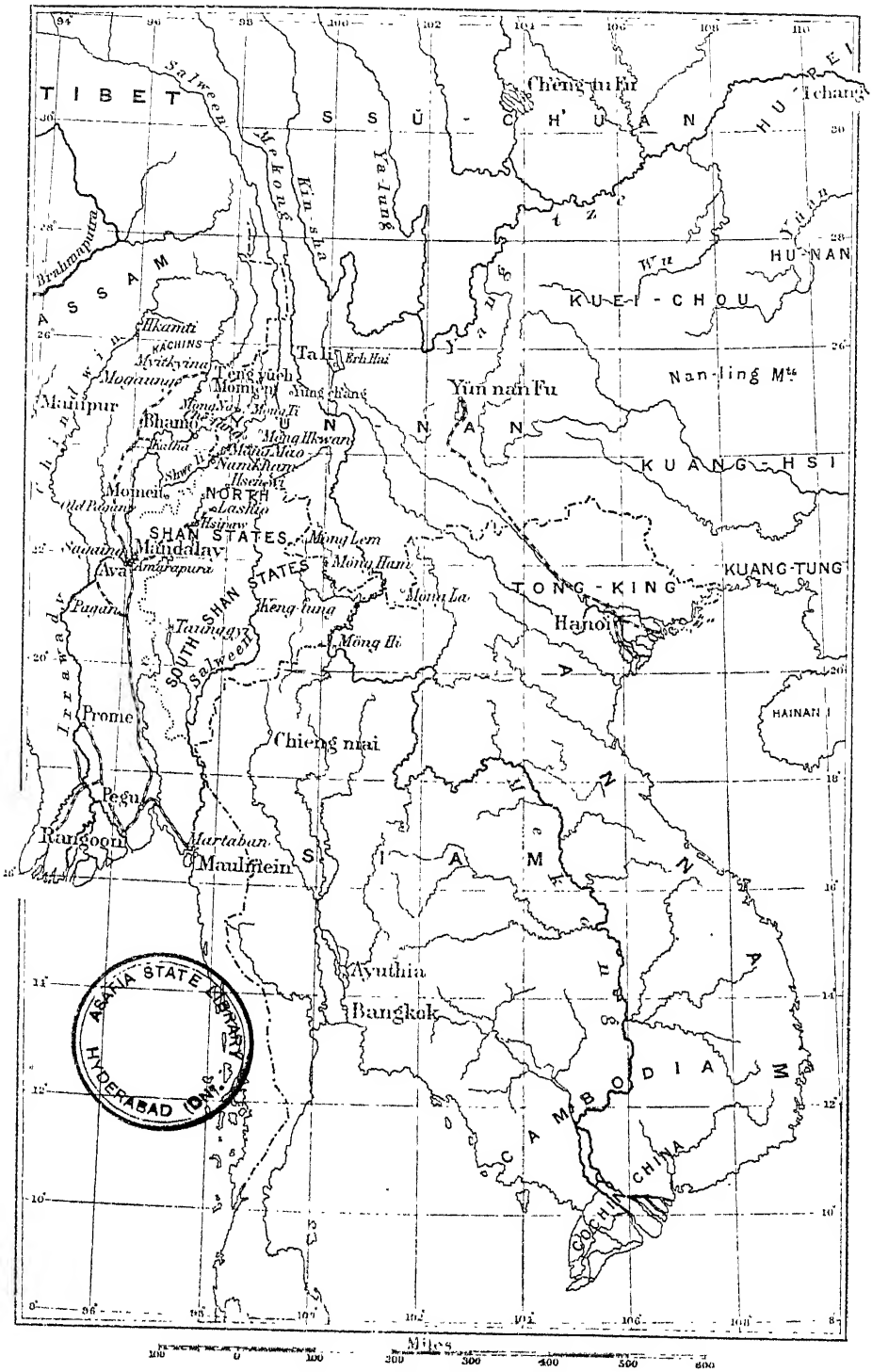
is still in common use; *lai* is a common Shan word, though it now could scarcely mean to confer; *lam* means to envy rather than to covet. In another connection a few other T'su words are given, as *kon ngau*, great man. That these are pure Shan words admits of no doubt whatever. All these words but one are taken from M. Terrien de Lacouperie's book, *The Languages of China before the Chinese.* Whether the dominant race of T'su were Tai or not, they appear to have spoken the Tai or Shan language as their mother-tongue. Other evidence goes to show that these people were in Central and South-Western China from an early date. The Pang or Pan-hu race, once from Central China southward, were Tai. They were called Ngao (or Yaŏ) the great or the powerful. They appear to have belonged to the great State of T'su. M. Terrien de Lacouperie says of them in his monograph:[1] "Historically they are mentioned as being friendly with the Chinese since the beginning of the dynasty, *i.e.* the twentieth century before Christ, helping them against their own internal divisions. They were settled in the north of Ssŭ-ch'uan and Hu-pei provinces. The political existence of the great Pang State was said to have been destroyed by Shang-Wu-ting in 1231 B.C. Undoubtedly moved by a spirit of revenge, they rallied the *Tchou*, then beginning to gain power, and helped them to overthrow the decaying Shang-yn dynasty.[2] Their secondary seat was between the Yüan and the Wu rivers, west and south-west of Tung-ting Lake, a mountainous region, which was highly favourable to gratify their hatred of the Chinese yoke." The central group of this Pang or Pan-hu race, we are further told, was included in the T'su State, and regained their independence after the collapse of the Ts'in Empire. They did not acknowledge the Chinese supremacy, says this author, before the end of the eleventh century A.D., under the

[1] *The Cradle of the Shan Race.*
[2] Shang or Yin dynasty.

Sung dynasty. Lacouperie[1] gives eight Pang words, collected by the Chinese of the Han dynasty. Of these words five are Shan, and the other three may be, though not familiar to the present writer. In describing the growth of the T'su State, of which the Pang or Pan-hu was a part—with whom for our purpose the Pa (or Pa-i) of Southern Ssŭ-ch'uan may be included—this eminent authority on things Chinese has incidentally given us another clue to the origin of the Northern Shans. He asserts that the old kingdom of Tsen, in south-west China, was a continuation of this T'su State, and that the word "Tsen" is preserved in the now small British Shan State of Hsen-wi. The assertion, if true, is of so great historical importance as to justify its insertion in full: "The State of *T'su* gradually absorbed some twenty smaller States of different races. It grew progressively to an enormous extent, equal to, if not more important than, all the other States of the Chinese Confederation put together. At the end of the fourth century B.C. it had carried its sway over the border States near the sea in the east, the *Ngu* (*Wu*) and *Yueh*; to the Nan-ling mountains in the south; over the larger part of Ho-nan on the north, and gradually extended westwards. The latter extension covered the east of Ssü-ch'uan, and the whole of Kuei-chou provinces; it reached also the centre of Yün-nan, and perhaps more south, under the name of *Tien* or *Tsen* Kingdom, which was severed from its suzerain country (and remained under Shan rule) when the *Ts'in* of Shensi, then growing into the Empire, crossed the Yang-tze in 279 B.C.

"The name of *Tien* or *Tsen*—the only State which was maintained as a continuation of that of *T'su*, when the latter was destroyed by its rival claimant, the Empire, the *Ts'in* in 224 B.C.—has perhaps survived in that of the Shan State of *Hsen-wi*, the *Tsen-pho* of the Siamese." The writer of the Chronicle of the Hsen-hse Kingdom—not the present small Hsen-wi State—

[1] *The Languages of China before the Chinese.*



SKETCH MAP SHOWING THE SHAN STATES

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recognised this fact. It is not by accident that what English writers call the Mao Kingdom of the "Northern Shans," was named Hsen-hse, for it was simply the extension in the west of this T'ien or Tsen State, itself a continuation of the T'su, if de Lacouperie is right in his conjecture.

Dr. J. N. Cushing, and other authorities on the Shans, say that as late as the latter part of the fifth century of our era the Emperor of China recognised a Shan of the Pan-hu tribe, as King of Siang-yang, Hu-peh[1] and governor of King-chou.[2] His realm contained eight thousand villages, and reached northward to near the Yellow River.

Later still—A.D. 566—a Chinese Emperor of the Northern Chao dynasty protected the passages of the Yang-tze west of I-chang, with ramparts to prevent the raids of barbarians, who were apparently Shans, the regnant race throughout that region. The King of Siang-yang was, at least nominally, under the Emperor, but the continuation of the T'su State, in Yün-nan, was independent of the Empire till a much later date. It is sufficient for our present purpose to note that the Shans were still the dominant race throughout a vast expanse of territory, in the south-western corner of what is now called China. The sum of the whole argument is this: we may safely conjecture that the great Kingdom of T'su, from the beginnings of Chinese legendary history, down to its absorption (in its eastern part) into the Chinese race and Empire, not far from the beginning of the Christian era, was predominantly a Tai or Shan State; that the T'su Kingdom, in its central part, as represented by the Pan-hu tribe, held out for a thousand years longer; and we shall soon see in detail that the continuation of the T'su Kingdom (Yün-nan and the adjacent territory) remained independent until a comparatively recent period.

[1] Hu-pei.

[2] King-chao, about lat. 31° N., long. 112° E. in Southern Hu-pei.

of Assam and Upper Burma, and touched Tong-kin and Cambodia on the south. The King, we are tol sat facing the east, towards that old T'su kingdom later, when conquered by the Chinese, he faced nortl There were officers over records, ceremonies, punisl ments, military forces, public works, merchants, ta collectors, and many others—a Government bette regulated than we are wont to attribute t "barbarians." Each district furnished its quot of soldiers, and the levies were drawn by lo We are particularly told that the Governmen usually supplied to each soldier a leather coa and a pair of trousers. These, with leather belts helmets, and shields of copper and rhinoceros hides together with long spears, strong bows that coul speed an arrow through the belly of an ox, and lon swords keen as razors, made up no mean equip ment for the bare-footed "savages." The cavalr forces had short cuirasses to cover the breast an belly, were skilful in the use of swords and spears and rode their mountain ponies, it is said, bare-back dashing about like demons. The law that me wounded in front during a conflict should be care for, and those who were wounded behind should b decapitated, was as heroic as it was severe, and mus have urged to deeds of daring. Mr. Dalton[1] says tha the Hkamti Shans of Assam are seldom seen withou their *dao* (Northern Shan *liao*), long sword, an mentions "a defensive round shield of buffalo hide" as a part of their equipment when on the warpath. There was a counsellor at Court for each governmental department. In the main this ancient form of organisation is imitated by the lesser Shan princes at the present day. The King appointed his own successor, who was not always the oldest son. Almost all we know about the Ngai-Lao, of the Nan-chao kingdom, comes from Chinese sources, and the information dates largely from the time when the Chinese came into

[1] *Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal*, 1872.

close political relations with them, from about the beginning of the eighth century A.D. From this time the relationship—whether friendly or hostile—did not differ very much from that of the earlier confederated Chinese States to the Empire.

The first Ngai-Lao prince (afterwards king) of whom the Chinese record makes special mention is Koh-lo-feng—probably a Chinese corruption of the Shan Khun-Lu-Fong, meaning Lord Lu the Glorious. Favoured by the Chinese, and having brought the various southern Ngai-Lao principalities under him, Koh-lo-feng attacked and defeated the Tu'fan or Tibetans, who were struggling for the mastery of what is now extreme western China. By the Imperial Government he was given the title of King of Yün-nan. His residence was at Ta-ho, near the present city of Tali Fu. He succeeded his father as King of Nan-chao in A.D. 748, a date to be kept in mind for reference and comparison. Having been imposed upon by a neighbouring Chinese "prefect," Koh-lo-feng assumed the aggressive, put the prefect to death, and annexed a small strip of Chinese territory. A Chinese expedition sent to punish him was repulsed at Peh-ngai[1], and withdrew with heavy loss. The Ngai-Lao king, in self-defence, made friends with his former enemies the Tibetans. We are told that Koh-lo-feng set up a pillar at his palace at Ta-ho, with this inscription: "My predecessors, generation after generation, submitted to China, and were repeatedly given titles and presents. My successors are permitted to revert to China. If a Chinese envoy should arrive, they can point to this stone tablet and purge my crime." The "submission" does not mean subjugation, as subsequent history shows, but it cannot mean less than a friendly understanding—as a lesser barbarian State—with the Empire, and that for

[1] Whether Peh-ngai was near Tali or near the modern Möng-Hkwan is uncertain. The name appears also as that of one of the ten *Kengs*, departments or districts into which the State was divided.

a considerable length of time. An army of a hundred thousand Imperial troops, sent to chastise the Ngai-Lao king, suffered so much from sickness while on the march that the way was lined with corpses. The remnant of the Chinese army was defeated at the city of Ta-ho. At this time, Mr. Parker tells us, An-luh-shan, a Turk in the employ of Persia, rebelled, and set himself up as Emperor of Yen, and Koh-lo-feng took advantage of the disturbance to annex another strip of Chinese territory, along the border of Tibet. In A.D. 779, thirty-one years after this king had ascended the throne, he associated with him as Ken-mong (heir-apparent) his grandson, called by the Chinese I-mou-sün. The name looks like the Shan for "stupid pig," but the young man is credited with much shrewdness and tact. It is also said that he had a knowledge of letters—Chinese letters may be meant, but of this there is no certainty. When I-mou-sün came to the throne he joined the Tibetans in organising an expedition for the conquest of the whole province of Shuh (Ssŭ-ch'uan). The army was crushed by the Chinese. Weakened by this disaster, I-mou-sün removed his Court southward, to Tsu-me, near the present Mö-mein (Teng-yüeh). His allies the Tibetans also turned against him, and oppressed the Ngai-Laos with many exactions. While in this strait, a modest Chinese ex-magistrate, Cheng-whei by name, who had been captured by I-mou-sün, deigned to offer him sage advice. He counselled the Ngai-Lao king to cast off all connection with the Tibetans, and to throw himself on the mercies of the Chinese. I-mou-sün accepted the advice, and next year (A.D. 788) sent envoys to Ch'êng-tu [1], the capital of Ssŭ-ch'uan. A treaty with China was made, and signed at Tien-tsang, north of Ta-li. Four copies were made; one was placed in the stone temple, one was sunk in the river (or perhaps the Ta-li [2] lake), one was left in the

[1] Ch'êng-tu Fu, about latitude 31° N., longitude 104° E.

[2] Êrh-Hai.

ancestral shrine, and one was sent to the Emperor. This appears to be equal to swearing by religion, the gods, the spirits of ancestors, and the Imperial power. Opportunely for the Ngai-Lao king, the Tibetans had been worsted in a battle with the Uigur Turks,[1] and, unaware of I-mou-sün's change of front, called on him to assist them with an army of ten thousand. Pretending to acquiesce, the Ngai-Lao king collected a strong force, and treacherously fell upon the Tibetans, inflicting frightful slaughter. He took sixteen towns, and cut the iron bridge across the Kin-sha river, a branch of the Yang-tze. As I-mou-sün had undertaken this expedition in behalf of the Chinese as well as in his own, he was the next year patented "King of Nan-chao." He was, perhaps, from the point of view of the Chinese, a vassal king, though still independent in local affairs.

The whole account, following Mr. Parker's translation, gives a fine picture of royal customs. Yuan-tze was sent, as envoy-extraordinary, to confer upon I-mou-sün "a yellow gold seal inscribed 'reign 705-805[2], patenting Nan-chao.'" When the envoy arrived at Ta-ho,[3] I-mou-sün sent his elder brother and others, with sixty-five horses, to welcome him. "Their harness was adorned with gold and cowries, and the soldiers lined the road with their jingling staves shouldered. I-mou-sün wore a coat of mail and a tiger-skin, and carried a sheath with two jingles upon it. A thousand men with spears stood on guard, twelve elephants drawn up in front, with the cavalry between, and the foot regiment in the rear. At day-break the next morning the patent was conferred upon him.

"I-mou-sün, at the head of his suite of officers, stood facing the north. The proclaimer faced east,

[1] A people of Eastern Turkestan.

[2] English equivalent, in round numbers, of reign of I-mou-sün, and of his grandfather and great-grandfather; "805" at the end was a "guess"—the reign was not yet over.

[3] Tali Fu.

and the patent-conveying envoy faced south. (These positions had social and political significance.) The mandate patent was then read out." I-mou-sün knelt to receive the patent and seal. "He knocked his head on the ground, and bowed twice, and then received the presents of clothes and other things." Retiring, he said (and this is particularly worth noting): "During the two reigns, A.D. 718-756, my great-grandfather and grandfather both received patents as hereditary kings. [This may have been the earliest date on which this section of country came to be politically connected with the Empire.] Fifty years have since elapsed, and the present Emperor has now washed my scars, and recorded my services, once more conferring rank and commands upon me. My sons' sons and grandsons' grandsons will for ever be subjects of China."

After this I-mou-sün sent out several expeditions to bring into subjection various "savage" tribes called Mang, Shi, Mo, and Sie, in the mountain regions both north-west and north-east of Ta-li. The account expressly declares that these were all of the "black barbarian race" (referring to their raiment, not to their complexion), and hence we may infer that they were Tai, or Shans, cognates of the Ngai-Lao. Other savage tribes subjugated were the Lung-tung of the "white" race (perhaps Karens) and the Han-shang, who were of Chinese descent. In A.D. 799 the Ngai-Lao king, co-operating with the governor of Ch'êng-tu (Ssŭ-ch'uan), began preparations to wage war with the Tibetans, to recover lands on which the latter had encroached. There were delays, and the combined forces did not move for the attack until the following year. In the meantime the Tibetans had put into the field an army of eight thousand men, each provided with a year's rations. During the year there was some skirmishing in south-western Ssŭ-ch'uan. The war was continued two years longer before there were decisive results. The Chinese troops and their allies,

the Uigur Turks, in the north-west, did some serious work, and won several notable victories, but full credit was given to the Ngai-Lao troops of Nan-chao. They marched into the enemy's country, took seven cities, burnt one hundred and fifty military stations, cut off ten thousand heads, and captured fifteen thousand suits of armour and accoutrements. The record says: "The two armies in the north-west routed 20,000 caterans (Tibetans) at King-yuan (in Kan-su). . . . But it was the Nan-chao that attacked their most vital parts, and made the largest captures of prisoners and plunder." The Emperor sent an officer to congratulate I-mou-sün.

The Shan king honoured his treaty, and was loyal to China till his death in A.D. 808. The President of the Sacrificial Court of the Imperial Government was sent as special envoy, to offer condolences and sacrifice to his shade. After his death the friendly relation to China was broken off, and years of unrest, or of open conflict, ensued. In the end this was disastrous to the Ngai-Lao Shans; the Empire had grown since the early days, and was able to cope with troublesome neighbours. In A.D. 829 the Commander-in-Chief of Lung-tung, who was a Shan, made a raid into Ssŭ-ch'uan, advancing to the very gates of Ch'êng-tu Fu. "On his return he took forcibly with him several myriad boys, girls, and artisans, and went off towards the south." From this date, we are told, "Nan-chao was on a par with China in matters concerning art, literature, and weaving." This statement must be taken with care; the Ngai-Lao Shans were skilful weavers, at a much earlier time; but they certainly were not on a par with China in literature. Apart from the Court, it is doubtful if they had any literature at all. The Shans apologised for the raid referred to, and sent envoys to the Imperial Court twice during the next two reigns (A.D. 839–847).

Sometime during the next three years the Shans assisted the people of Annam in throwing off tem-

porarily the Chinese pro-consulate. Now raiding was the order of the day, and for many years the Shans kept up, not without provocation, a sort of guerilla warfare in Kuang-tung and Kuang-hsi, also in other neighbouring territory that was at least nominally under the Chinese. It should be remembered that there was a large Shan element in the population of all these districts. The Chinese Governors resorted to severe punishments, such as "frizzling and slicing." Of a military officer it is said: "He amassed a fortune exacting millions from the tribes, while the Shans, on their part, ruthlessly butchered the Chinese men, women, and children, that fell into their hands." In A.D. 870 there was heavy fighting in Ssŭ-ch'uan. "The old people and the children of Shuh (Ssŭ-ch'uan) were successfully brought into Ch'êng-tu (the capital[1]). Every inch of space in the town was occupied, and a whole family had to be content with bare standing-room. When it rained, they covered themselves with dust baskets and old jars as best they could. The wells in the city becoming dry, they all made for the Great Pond, where several were drowned in the struggle for water, until they had to squeeze a drink out of basketfuls of the sand. There were no coffins available for the dead, who had consequently to be buried wholesale in pits." After months of incessant warfare the Ngai-Lao Shans, unable to win a decisive victory, retired, leaving their mark behind them. "The savages had cut off the noses and ears of all the Chinese prisoners, and let them go, so that eighty per cent. of the residents had artificial noses and ears of wood." Four years later the Shans resumed hostilities. In A.D. 873 they raided and plundered Ssŭ-ch'uan up to the gates of Ch'êng-tu Fu, but were repulsed with considerable loss. About this time the Chinese made peace with their enemies the Tibetans, to the disadvantage of the people of Nan-chao. As the Shans had now little hope of success in the north, their forces

[1] Of Ssŭ-ch'uan.

turned towards the south, and ravaged Hanoi and Annam. When the Treasury of the Imperial Government was empty, the Chinese deemed it wise to make overtures to the Shans, who were tired of war, and their country exhausted. Under these conditions the "Emperor proceeded to confer the title of *Princess of An-hwa* upon a young lady of the blood, and betrothed her," to the Shan King. Envoys sent by him to meet her were put off with the excuse that "the Court was discussing the question of the Princess's chariot and clothes." The marriage never took place. From A.D. 888 China was for many years in the turmoil of civil war, and could give little heed to outlying "barbarians."

According to Mr. Parker, the Ngai-Lao Shans of Nan-chao became tributary to China in A.D. 934, but the word "tributary" need not be pressed too far, as he also states that they remained practically independent up to the time of the Mongol inroads, under Prince Kublai in A.D. 1254. Yün-nan was now under the Chinese, but a part of the Nanchao kingdom remained free of Chinese domination, and built up, as will be seen, a no mean country of their own.

The Mao Kingdom

We will now follow the fortunes of what may be called the kingdom of the Mao Shans,[1] with its most important seat of power in the valley of the Mao[2] river, about fifty miles south-east of Bhamo. "In former days," says the Hsen-wi Chronicle, "the golden town of Hsen-hse-Man-se, the mother of countries, had no Governors, and was administered by four Elders," the Elders of Ho-tu, Mong-tön, Hsen-se, and Hto-mo respectively. "These Elders ruled the country in harmony with one another, and laid the foundations of the Shan States." These four Elders are further described as the Pa-tu, An-hpu, An-wu, and

[1] Called by the Shans the Kingdom of Hsen-hse.

[2] Shwe-li.

Mo Tigers. Comparing these names with those of early Shan tribes and States in China, there is little room to doubt that they are the same. The old tribal name *Mou*, with its Chinese spelling, for instance, is apparently the *Mo* of this manuscript.[1] If this conjecture is right, we have, in the four Elders, not personal but tribal names, of old tribes or States in the "Flowery Land."

It cannot now be determined with certainty when the Shans first settled in the Mao valley. Mr. Hallett says in his historical sketch: "The origin of the Shan kingdoms, in the valley of the Irrawaddy, is evident from Burmese chronicles, which tell us that some years previous to the building of old Pagan (B.C. 523), the Burmese had been driven southwards by an irruption of the Chinese (Chinese Shans), from the upper valley of the Irrawaddy. This shows that the Shans of Yün-nan, who are called Shan-Tayoks, or Chinese Shans, by the Burmese, were already spreading down the valley of the Irrawaddy. How much earlier they had been in Yün-nan no one knows. It seems likely that the Shans entered the basin of the Irrawaddy by the valley of the Shwe-li (or Mao), and, after founding the Kingdom of Mung-Mao, spread northwards, westwards, and southwards, and, driving the Burmese southwards and westwards, occupied the locality west of the Salween, which they have retained ever since." As to the entrance of the Shans into the valley of the Shwe-li river, this seems to be correct, but it is not certain that the Burmese were the pre-Shan race in "the locality west of the Salween," with the single exception of the valley of the Irrawady. According to the sketch of the Mao-Shans, drawn by Ney Elias from Mao manuscripts no longer available, the Mao kingdom—as a separate political entity—appears to

[1] M. Terrien de Lacouperie, from his Chinese sources, gives *Ti*, *Mou*, and *Tsiü* as tribal names with settlements in "Szetchuen." *Ti* has its modern representative in Möng-*ti*; *Mou*, in Möng-mao; and *Tsiü* seems to appear in Hsö, the *Tiger* race of Hsen-wi.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHWE-LI RIVER NEAR NAMKHAM.

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have begun before the middle of the seventh century A.D., or a century later if we follow the Hsen-wi Chronicle. The former authority is more reliable.

We must begin the Mao history with a legend—a legend that certainly contains a grain or two of historic truth. It may be briefly told as follows: In the year 1274, after the Buddha's Nirvana (about A.D. 730), an aged couple lived in Man-se, near the Mao. On a day when their son, Hkun-ai, sixteen years of age, was watching cattle near the lake, he saw a dragon princess. Attracted by mutual love, he was permitted to follow her to the dragon country. After various adventures, he returned with his wife, the dragon princess, to his home in Man-se. There, after some time, the princess said, "I am about to lay an egg, from which a child, begotten by you, will be hatched. Nurse him with tender care on milk that will ooze from your finger whenever you think of me." Straightway she laid the egg, and returned to the dragon country. Covering the egg with dry leaves, Hkun-ai waited, and watched to see what would happen. In due time the shell broke open, and a little son appeared. Hkun-ai nursed the child, according to the directions of his dragon wife, and gave him the name of Hkun-Tüng-Hkam (Lord Dry Leaves, the Golden). The child brought good luck and great prosperity to the family. When he became of age (sixteen) the Shan King of Yün-nan[1] had a daughter of fifteen, who was famous for her beauty. The King placed her in a palace that he had built for the purpose, on an island in the middle of a lake. He then proclaimed that he would give her in marriage to any man who could go dry-shod—without bridge or boat—to the island, and strike the palace gong. Little Lord Dry Leaves heard thereof, and started at once in quest of the princess. He took with him a magic wand, given to him by his mother, to whom he had

[1] Shans were still in power there.

paid a visit at her dragon home. On reaching the lake he struck the ground three times with the wand, and the dragon princess appeared. She stretched herself from shore to island, and her son walked across upon her back, and reached the palace with dry feet, winning the princess. After the marriage, the King, with an army of attendants, escorted the lovers back to the valley of the Mao. There he built for them a palace, in which they lived happily in great splendour. This happened, according to the Chronicle, in A.D. 763, fifteen years after the great Ngai-Lao King, Koh-lo-feng, came to the throne. In this tale is a grain of truth; we see that the princes of the Mao Shans were connected with the Ngai-Lao Shans by marriage. Prince Hkun-Tüng reigned for seventy-two years, according to the Chronicle. On his death he was succeeded by his son Hkun-lu.

We have already seen that Koh-lo-feng is only a Chinese mis-spelling of Hkun-lu-fong. That the prince Hkun-lu, of the Mao, was named after Hkun-lu, the glorious, of Nan-chao, we feel sure is no accident. Hkun-lu is said to have reigned for the remarkable length of eighty years. His son Hkun-lai, who presumably succeeded at middle life, reigned for thirty-six years, to A.D. 951. About these two princes rose a legend, quoted by Ney Elias, in which they are brothers, mythical heroes that descended from heaven on a golden ladder. As the word *hpa* (*fa*) is still used among the Chinese Shans, for both *lord* and *heaven*, and the road of commerce is called the *gold and silver way*, it is easy to see how the myth arose. According to this legend, the brothers quarrelled, and the older, "putting his gods Sung and Seng on his head"—an expression meaning under obedience to divine control, went to the upper reaches of the Chindwin river, and there founded a kingdom. This is a late fabrication to account for the expansion of the Mao-Shan power to the north. It is more in harmony with what we know of events, to assume that the Hkamti regions

were first settled by Ngai-Lao Shans from Yün-nan.[1] Another legend is this: A blind Chinese princess was set adrift, on a raft, on a lake (or river). When the raft reached the shore, a white tiger was accepted by her as her husband. They had four sons. The legend sends them westward to found principalities in the Mao kingdom. This fits all that we have said of the westward migration of the Mao-Shans. The death of Hkun-lai, in A.D. 951, took place fifteen years after the date fixed by Mr. Parker as the beginning of Ta-li, as a state tributary to China. The weakening of the Ngai-Lao power in the north-east was the Mao-Shan opportunity. From this time she began to grow towards supremacy. According to the Hsen-wi Chronicle, Hkun-lai died without issue, and the "eight Shan States" of the Mao kingdom were governed by "four Elders of the ruling family who remained"—not the "Elders" previously mentioned.

It is not easy to determine the territory of the eight Shan States above mentioned; the list of modern sub-divided States that is given in the chronicle is certainly incorrect and misleading. It includes all the British Shan States of to-day, all the Chinese Shan States of Western Yün-nan, a strip of Upper Burma, and continues thus: "In the time of Hkun-lu and Hkun-lai, the boundaries extended to Möng la, Möng Hi, and Möng Ham[2] on the banks of the

[1] The Ahom have the same legend of two brothers, who descended from heaven. One of these, Hkun-tai (Tai Prince), kept with him his god, Chung (Sung), and founded a kingdom in Assam, his brother Hkun-lai taking with him his god, Cheng (Seng), went towards the south-east, and established a kingdom among the Nora tribes (Möng-Hkwan). This is the Mao-Shan fable inverted. According to Ahom traditions, "the original territory occupied by Hkun-tai included two very long islands, formed by branches of the Bramaputra, together with some of the lands adjacent on both banks of that great river." Compare this with Mr. Parker's statement. "Nan-chao, we are told, touched on Magadha." These fables have considerable value; they point to a common origin, and to the unity of the race.

[2] Möng Hi—Möng Ham, between lat. 20° × 24°; about long. 100° (in that neighbourhood).

Me-hkawng. We may justly infer from the known power of the Ngai-Lao, that these eight States (if indeed there were eight) were subject to Nan-chao until she was exhausted by her wars, and became (more or less) tributary to China, shortly before the death of Hkun-lai. Whatever the facts of the case were, it was a burden that the "Elders" could not carry, and, after five or six years, "they went, with representatives of the people, A.D. 954 to the Chief of Möng Hi, and Möng Ham, on the frontier of Möng la, in the province of Keng-mai (Chieng-mai), on the banks of the Me-hkawng . . . to ask Hkun-Lu-hkam to give them his sons for their governors."[1] That the "Elders" should send to this Chief for governors is curious; indeed, if the Mao kingdom covered at this time the area claimed for it, it is absurd. It suggests a close political connection with the "Province of Keng-mai" (Chieng-mai), and gives to it an importance that writers on the Shans have been slow to recognise. Many claims of this chronicle must be taken *cum grano salis*, but this statement of self-abasement points to a large degree of Lao supremacy, for a short time at least, over a considerable portion of the Mao kingdom. That the Laos make such a claim is not surprising, but that the Mao-Shans practically concede it is marvellous. From this time, for many years, events seem to narrow down to matters of local importance: records of succession, the removal of a town to a new site, the building of a new palace, the story of a tiger eighteen feet in height and long in proportion, the tale of a princess falling under suspicion from clandestine relations with a *hpi*,[2] the present of a Shan princess to King Nawrahta Meng-saw of Pagan (A.D. 1052), who had been in Yün-nan looking for relics of Gautama.

In A.D. 1220, according to Ney Elias—sixty-eight

[1] From the North Hsen-wi Chronicle as translated in the *Gazetteer of Upper Burma and the Shan States.*

[2] Spirit.

years earlier according to the Hsen-wi Chronicle—there came to the throne the greatest of Mao-Shan Chiefs, Hsö-hkan-hpa. He first gathered an army, then brought into subjection the neighbouring Shan principalities, and captured a princess or two for his harem. Encouraged by success, he gathered a larger army, which he seems to have led in person, marching against the "Se-sung-tu of China," whom Sir George Scott identifies with Tsung-tuh, or Governor-General of Yun-Kuei. He advanced with his large army against Möng-se-long (Yün-nan Fu). The Chinese Governor of Yün-nan—for it was no longer a Shan State—asked him what he wanted. In answer to the reply, the Governor surrendered a small strip of country. Ney Elias, on the authority of a Mao Chronicle, states that Hsö-hkan-hpa conquered Möng ti, Möng men (Têng-yüeh), Yung-Chang,[1] and several principalities down the Cambodia river, all Shan States, and previously belonging to the Ngai-Lao kingdom. On the return of the army to the Mao valley, the King levied a fresh army and invaded the Lao States. Assuming that the Hsen-wi Chronicle gives us the facts, then the Mao Chief conquered every Lao principality of importance, both west and east of the Cambodia river, and a large part of the Mon[2] kingdom of Lower Burma, including Pegu and the part afterwards known as Rangoon and Maulmein. We can as easily believe that this warrior Chief conquered and held the Lao States as we can believe that the province of Chieng-mai extended at one time to the Mao Valley, but the conquest of Pegu by a Shan adventurer came more probably at a later date. A full list of the towns and principalities that were brought into subjection to the Mao Chief, Hsö-hkan-hpa, may be found in English in the *Gazetteer of Upper Burma and the Shan States;* it should be read, however, with discrimination. The whole matter calls

[1] Möng ti, Möng na, Möng men, Yung-Ch'ang, etc., form a group of small States between Möng-Mao and Tali.

[2] Talaing.

for confirmation from Lao history. On the return of the army, after all these victories, the State of Hsen-wi accepted the Prime Minister of the Mao Chief as her prince, and Hsö-hkan-hpa made still larger military preparations for the conquest of Northern Burma and Assam. The army was in three divisions, under the King's brother—Hkun-sam-long, prince of Möng-kawng[1]—and two of the King's Ministers. Ney Elias says that there were three expeditions; one, against Aracan, conquered that country; the second, against Manipur, was also successful, bringing much, if not all of Upper Burma west of the Chindwin river to the King; the third, against Assam, subdued a large part of that country. These conquests may all be incidents of one invasion. The Hsen-wi Chronicle mentions only the expedition against Assam: "When they reached Weh-sa-li,[2] some cowherds reported the arrival from Kaw-sam-pi, the country of white blossoms and large leaves[3]; the Ministers submitted without resistance, and promised to make an annual payment of twenty-five ponies, seven elephants, twenty-four viss of gold, and two hundred viss of silver (to be delivered) every three years." Hkun-sam-long, the brother of the King, arranged the tribute, and withdrew his army from Assam. The other two generals sent word to their King, that the Prince had secured the easy submission of Assam, by some act of conspiracy, involving the dethronement of the Mao King. This may or may not have been the case, but the King guarded himself against treachery, by poisoning his brother on his return to Möng-kawng.

Another version of the story says that Hkun-sam-long, warned by his mother, escaped to China. The tribute from Assam did not long satisfy the Mao

[1] Mo-gaung, the jade mines district in Upper Burma.

[2] Assam.

[3] The Mao kingdom. (There is still a wealth of white blossoms, in the jungles near the Chinese Shan town of Möng-Mao, at the beginning of the dry season.—M. L. M.)

King, so, about A.D. 1229, he made a certain Shan, named Chao-ka-hpa, the ruling prince over the conquered territory. (In later times Assam became practically free from Mao-Shan supervision.) It is probable that there were Shan settlements in Assam before this time, which helped to make the conquest of the country, and the maintenance of Shan supremacy, easy. One tradition asserts that even the old Ngai-Lao kingdom of Ta-li became tributary to the Mao-Shans at this time. Dr. Cushing held that the relation was one of alliance only, but if the major part of the story of Mao-Shan conquests is true, Ta-li also may have been brought into subjection. The power of the Ngai-Laos had been on the wane for two centuries. The Chinese were in control in Yün-nan, and were pressing hard upon the northern part of the kingdom. Ta-li could not have remained tributary to the Mao-Shans after A.D. 1254, for she was then conquered by Prince Kublai.[1] Hsö-hkan-hpa died in A.D. 1273, after a reign of fifty years. As a ruler he had no equal among the Shans since the days of the mighty Koh-lo-feng.

In A.D. 1284 a Shan army, with the connivance of the Chinese, swooped down on New Pagan and captured it. The Shan chief, it is said, "carried the head of Hsiri Kyawzawa[2] to the Emperor of China" (probably the Governor of Yün-nan). This implies that the Shans were either in alliance with the Chinese, or acting under their compulsion, and supports in part Mr. Parker's contention that "the whole of the Shan *Sawbwaships* included between Manipur and Annam were at least nominally subject to the Mongol dynasty of China during the reign of Kublai Khan."

The Mao-Shan sources of information practically concede this for the northern section, but the statement needs confirmation from Lao history for the Lao Shan principalities. We may mention the claim that a

[1] Later, Kublai Khan.

[2] The Burman King.

Chieng-mai "adventurer," named Magedu, established himself at Martaban as "King Wareru of Pegu" in A.D. 1287, founding a dynasty that maintained itself in the heart of the Mon[1] kingdom for 253 years. The Mao Chiefs claim the honour of this dominion. As Mr. Hallett allows that they annexed Chieng-mai about A.D. 1295, and were strong enough to attack Cambodia, "and perhaps made it tributary," in A.D. 1296, the Mao claim is in part established. Mr. Parker continues: "The Northern Shan States were at the same time, at least nominally, under the over-rule of the Mongols of China. A short paragraph in the history of the Chinese Ming dynasty (which succeeded the Mongol dynasty in 1368) says that 'the Mongols appointed Comforters of Panya and other places in 1338, but withdrew them in 1342.' Doubtless this means that both the Panya and Sagaing houses accepted Mongol vassal titles for a short period. Meantime what Colonel Phayre calls the 'Mao Shan from Mo-gaung' carried war into the Panya dominions, and carried off the King (1364)."

The earlier date corresponds very closely with the beginning of a long series of wars between the Mao kingdom and China. Mr. Hallett sums up the history of this period as follows: "Between 1285 and 1292 the Mao Shans shattered the Burman Empire, and, perhaps with the aid of the Mongol-Chinese, pursued 'Tarok-pyee-meng,' the Burmese King, farther south than Prome. About 1293 they annexed Chieng-mai (most likely driving the Chieng-mai Shans to Chaliang, whence the Siamese,[2] to escape a pestilence, descended and founded Ayuthia in 1350), seized the Yun, or Karen country (containing a large Shan population), enabled Pegu to throw off the yoke of Burma, under which it had groaned for 250 years. . . . In 1285 [the present town of] Mong Mao was founded, and made the capital. . . . A few years afterwards the

[1] Talaing.

[2] The Siamese race descends from the Lao branch of the Tai family.

whole of the Burmese Empire was divided into States, and governed (for about thirty years) by princes of the Mao family."

About A.D. 1338 a long series of wars began between the Mao kingdom and China. For nearly a century the Chinese had been in undisputed control of Ta-li and Yün-nan, and were seeking a firmer grip on the Shan principalities in the west. In A.D. 1343, according to Ney Elias, an army arrived in Mao territory from Yün-nan, for the purpose of reconnoitring. Fifty years later they appeared in force, and attempted the conquest of the Mao country. They were defeated, and driven back with heavy loss. In A.D. 1413 a Mao chief gathered an army for the conquest of Ta-li and Yün-nan. He marched to Ta-li and conquered it. Elated by success, he advanced to Yün-nan, but was driven back by a Chinese force under the walls of the capital. He was compelled to retire, and, hard pressed by the Chinese, returned to his own valley of the Mao. Fugitives from his defeated army had apparently arrived before him, for he found his people panic-stricken, flying for safety wherever refuge might be found. The Mao Chief—Chao-ngan-hpa by name—fled to Ava, hotly pursued by the Chinese army. Finding that the Burmans would not protect him, he took poison and died, preferring suicide to the disgrace of capture. His body, "disembowelled and dried in the sun," was taken to Yün-nan as a trophy of war. As this event is mentioned in both Chinese and Burmese history, it has been taken by several writers to determine the actual date indicated by Mao chronicles. Such a point was necessary, for in the older Shan chronicles, time was reckoned by cycles of sixty years, and, while the years of the cycle were carefully given, there was no other means of ascertaining which cycle was intended.

Five Chinese expeditions against the Mao are recorded between A.D. 1448 and A.D. 1515. One only was successfully repulsed, the others were all more

or less disastrous to the Mao Shans, though they remained practically independent. The shadow of doom hung over them, and grew blacker with each succeeding year; they had to reckon, not only with the Chinese on their east, but with the Burmans on their west. In A.D. 1516, according to Ney Elias, a Mao King, named Chao-hom-hpa, "reigned for the extraordinary period of eighty years, and administered his country so successfully that it enjoyed a state of prosperity it had never before attained." Sir George Scott, with characteristic humour, says: "This is obviously the mere desire for a happy ending, which characterises healthy story tellers." Mao glory had departed.

In place of a solid kingdom we have now semi-independent principalities. In the sixteenth century King Ba-yin-naung of Pegu made a successful campaign through a part of the Mao-Shan States. Avoiding Möng-kawng (Mo-gaung), which state, like Assam, was still independent, he attacked the Mao King, and brought the small principalities to the north-east under his yoke. His forces apparently ascended the Irrawady river, and struck eastward from Bhamo. Ney-Elias, and others, gives an account of the expedition: "During the year 924 B.C. (A.D. 1562) the King of Pegu is reported to have sent an army to Möng-Mao, numbering 200,000 men, under the command of his son, the heir-apparent, and three of his younger brothers . . . . After little or no fighting, they compelled Chao-hom-hpa to acknowledge himself a vassal of the Pegu King, and to send him a princess in token of homage. When the Burmese army retired, the city[1] was spared, and teachers of Buddhism, were left there to instruct the Shan priests in the worship of Gautama, and to convert the people." The reference to religion is interesting, but not clear. The animistic hill people of Indo-China have no "priests." It is all but certain, as we shall see, that these "priests" were

[1] Möng-Mao.

Buddhist monks, and that the aim was to *reform*, rather than implant Buddhism among the Mao Shans, and perhaps to bring the people into closer relations with Burma, in religion as well as politics.

One writer says that "practically all China was converted to Buddhism, by the tenth century, A.D." There may be exaggeration here, but the statement is essentially true. It is fair to assume that Buddhism spread contemporaneously and co-extensively with Chinese political domination. It may have spread even faster. This would have brought the bulk of the Shans east of the Ngai-Lao kingdom of Yün-nan (now practically extinct) under strong Buddhistic influence, by the time assigned. In those days Buddhism was a missionary religion, and its organisations of monks and nuns, sacred literature, gilded temples, and imposing ritual, would win their way even faster than the armies of the Chinese Emperor. To the west the Ngai-Lao kingdom of Ta-li and Yün-nan was in close relations with Tibet—also Buddhist—during the reign of the great Koh-lo-feng. Whether they introduced Buddhism into the Ngai-Lao kingdom to any extent, or not, is not known. To some extent they may have done so, but the evidence of Tibetan influence is very slight. The Shans also came in contact with the Burmans of Upper Burma long before the introduction of Buddhism into Pagan. When Burmese Buddhism was at the height of its splendour in the thirteenth century, the adjacent Shans must have been affected by it; to believe otherwise is unreasonable. But after all these allowances are made, according to the conviction of the writer, the chief source of early Shan Buddhism, even at Ta-li, was from the Talaings and Cambodians, adopted together with their alphabet and early literature. Therefore it is probable that when the conquering army of the Pegu king left teachers of Buddhism among the conquered Mao-Shans, his aim was to reform rather than convert the people. During the past three centuries

the Shans of the British Shan States have been deeply indebted to Burma, as Buddhism is purest among Shans where it is most strongly under the influence of the Burman Buddhist. The Chinese Shan monks are very lax in their observance of the sacred law, but those in the British Shan States are pious and pure, an honour to their religion.

From this time the Mao kingdom south of the Shwe-li River Valley never was free from Burmese control, though from time to time various States gained a nominal independence. The Chinese again swept down in A.D. 1604 and captured Möng-Mao town, called Ving-long (the Great City) by the Shans. The Shan principalities to the east and north-east of Möng-Mao were probably annexed to China at this time. Hsen-wi, long dominated by Möng-Mao, became locally independent, but was unable to resist the Burmans, who were encroaching more and more from the south. Mo-gaung, more isolated, was free from Burmese and Chinese aggression for one and a half centuries longer, till the conquest of Alaung-paya.

We cannot here discuss in detail the history of the Laos and the Siamese branches of the great Tai or Shan family. Their wars were many, and they fought, not only among themselves, but against the Karens, the Cambodians, and the people of Cochin China. They built, among other towns, Chieng-mai, and Ayuthia, the old capital of Siam, "which existed as such for four hundred and seventeen years, and in it reigned thirty-four kings." The Talaings of Martaban and Pegu fought against these Tai inhabitants of Siam, afterwards known as Siamese, but the most disastrous wars were fought against the Burmans, who "captured and slaughtered the defenceless population," and who burned Ayuthia, in A.D. 1768, after a siege of two years.

When the Shan States were annexed by the British Government, after the fall of Mandalay, they were in

a condition of social and political confusion, little short of utter chaos. Burman interference, exactions, oppressions, and general misrule for three centuries had reduced the country to the lowest stage of calamity that it had ever known. Robber bands infested the land; no one dared to leave his home unarmed; thousands of Shan families fled into the Chinese Shan States, or to lower Burma, which was under British rule. Walled towns were in ruins; the inhabitants of villages had fled from their burning houses; thousands of acres of cultivated lands returned again to dense jungle; excessive tolls had cut off the trade with Burma, except where a caravan might pass by unguarded ways; the high lands were fast becoming depopulated, and the people that remained had no incentive to work for fear of the tax-gatherers.

Besides the rapacity and misrule of the Burmans, swarms of raiding Kachins, from the north and north-east, had taken possession of the hills as far south as Hsen-wi. To all this must be added the everlasting feuds among the chiefs. Of this decay of Shan power Sir George Scott writes: "There were permanent bands of marauders, or dacoits, collected from all parts, who were always ready to take opportunity for indiscriminate plunder which the disturbed condition of some State might offer. In this way it was not uncommon for a prosperous and populous district to be utterly deserted for a time owing to these internal troubles. . . . In consequence of all this, there were frequent more or less extensive rebellions against the royal[1] authority. Some of these were soon put down. Some, like that in Hsen-wi, dragged on for years. . . . Towns and villages were ruthlessly burned, and everything portable was carried off. It is little wonder, therefore, that the greatest of the modern Shan capitals would hardly form a bazaar suburb to one of the old walled cities."

At the time of British annexation every part of the

[1] Burmese.

Shan highlands west of the Salween was ravaged with war. Shans against Shans, and Burmans against them all. To bring peace and an era of prosperity, put an end to feuds, settle the disputes of princes, re-establish the people in their homes, and organise out of chaos a helpful and strong government, was no easy task. That it was accomplished with so small a force, so quickly, and with so little opposition, was due to the energy, ability, and tact of the British officials upon whom the Government had placed responsibility.

Immediately after the annexation began the era of improvement. Twenty-four years have passed since then. The British peace officers have retired, or are retiring, but they leave behind them a prosperous and happy people. The towns are growing towards their former dimensions. Wealth and trade are increasing beyond all expectations. Population is rapidly increasing. A mother with her little child can travel alone from Mo-gaung to the border of Siam, and from Keng-tung to Rangoon, with comfort and perfect safety. When the railway to Taunggyi, in the Southern Shan States, already conceived in thought, has been born with labour, it will bless an industrious people, and open up a wide and fertile country, just as the railway to Lashio is now a boon to the Northern Shan States. The prospective wealth of the British Shan States is enormous. Their mountain ranges and alluvial valleys give almost unlimited choice of climate and variety of soil. The highlands are full of mineral deposits—silver, copper, lead, antimony, iron, gold in the sands of rivers, tin and cinnabar have been found.

II

THE BABY

When a Shan baby is born it receives a warm welcome. A boy brings more gladness into the family than a girl, as all Shans are sure that a man stands on a higher stage of existence than a woman, being nearer perfection. A woman, however, holds an important place in the family, and therefore girl babies are by no means despised. Indeed, when a succession of boys are born to a Shan mother, she makes a tiny costume, a little skirt and jacket suitable for a baby girl, and hangs it near the great Buddha, in the image-house of the monastery. It is true that the Lord Buddha does not bring the babies, but good spirits, who carry the souls of little children to their mothers, are fond of haunting holy places, and they may see and understand the message.

Shans hold the belief that children are given as rewards for merit, for good deeds done by the parents in previous existences. When many children are born in a family they show that the father and mother in their countless human and spirit lives, in ages long past, were known for their kindness and charity, and for their good works, among far-away and forgotten generations of men and spirits. To have no children is, among Shans, a very deplorable state: it shows that either husband or wife, or both, have been sadly lacking in merit in previous lives. Therefore a baby is always welcome in a Shan home,

not only because it is a baby—Shans are all baby lovers—but also because it brings a *cachet* of respectability, a proof of the excellence of the past lives of the parents.

In the depths of the Shan jungles there lives a bird which calls again and again a sad note. Mothers tell their children the story of a lost child, forsaken by its parents, who wandering called incessantly, "Paw-we, paw-we," "Oh, father, oh, father," till dying he became the bird, the paw-we. Such cruelty is rare among Shans, and infanticide in any form is practically unknown. In a country where food is plentiful, there are always many homes open to children, who bring good luck to those who adopt them. An adopted child becomes absolutely one of the family, and there is no marriage between adopted brothers and sisters. If a Shan girl has an illegitimate child she is blamed, but the child is never reproached; and, in after-life, he makes his own position, his birth being no drawback to his success and no obstacle to any marriage he may make, or any office he may hold.

A Shan mother believes that she knows where her baby has lived in its past life. If she was well, and did not suffer pain before her baby was born, she knows that it was well behaved in its previous existences,—but if, on the contrary, she suffered from sickness or pain, she feels sure that her baby has had a bad record; and if she has been very hot with fever, she believes that the little one has come direct from a very hot place, even from the infernal regions!

When a Shan baby is born he is patted and slapped, and a little cold water is poured on his head, to make him cry. If he still remains silent he is held upside down, and is well shaken. When he has made his voice heard, his grandmother, or another wise woman, gives him his first bath, pouring clean warm water over him as he lies on her knee—

or on a mat—and she rubs him gently with her hand. Then he is dried, his little stomach is bound round with a strip of cloth, and a silk scarf is twisted, turban fashion, round his head. If his home is near a railway, or a trade route, he is given, instead of the scarf, a knitted cap of brilliant colours, "Made in Germany," which does not improve his appearance. If his home is near the western borders of China, his head is covered by a small cloth cap, round which are fastened many quaint images in silver. These charms are in the shape of old men with long beards, not unlike Santa Claus in style, and in the middle of the cap is fixed the silver basket which brings good luck. Whether the baby wears scarf or cap, it is important that a very large needle should be attached in front; this fills all bad spirits with fear, and keeps them at a distance.

When the mother has rested and slept a little her baby is handed to her. She first chews a peppercorn, and rubs the inside of his mouth with her saliva, "to make him clean," then he may have his first drink, and his mother will afterwards feed him at any hour, day or night; whenever he cries he is fed. Unfortunately there is an idea among Shan mothers that pap made of pounded rice is strengthening for babies, so, in addition to their mother's milk, they are given this very indigestible food. It is not surprising that, owing to this injudicious feeding, sometimes only two or three children survive out of a family of ten or twelve.

As soon as the child is born, a fire is lighted near the mother, whether the weather is hot or cold, and it is kept burning night and day for nearly a month, to drive out the bad humours. A Shan woman is "roasted" in a less degree than her Burman sisters, and, unless she is very poor, she is not expected to do any housework for thirty days, so has a quiet time to rest and grow strong. She does not even cook her own food; her husband would not eat

what she prepared, as she is unclean,[1] so a sister, or mother, or friend stays in the house and cooks the food for both husband and wife. This quiet time of rest after a baby's birth probably accounts for the fact that a Shan woman who has had many children does not look as old and wrinkled as women in other Eastern lands.

A Shan baby[2] is rich in having two fathers and two mothers. Besides his human parents he has a spirit father—"Paw-Hpan"—and mother—"Meh-Hpan"—who keep watch and guard over him. They act as sentinels, to see that bad spirits do not come near their child. When the baby smiles in his sleep it is a sign that his spirit parents are playing with him. Perhaps they allow the tiny good spirits, who live in the air, to dance before him. Grown-up human beings can see specks, the small moving atoms in rays of light; but a Shan baby, when he is very tiny, sees much more. When his eyes begin to recognise earthly things he ceases to see the spirit world, but in his infancy he knows best the land of fairies and dreams. He laughs as he sees the little elves climb the long ladders which we call sun- and moonbeams, and when he is old enough to hold out his small hands to the light it is the little frolicking spirits, riding on the dust-specks, that he tries to grasp.

The Shans are a very clean people, so the mother washes herself and her baby every day; but when thirty days, the month of the moon, have passed since the child was born there must be a great ceremonial washing. The mother and father, with the baby, and any friend or wise woman who was present when the child was born, go to a running stream: there the mother bathes herself from head to foot, and, standing

[1] Probably owing to this idea of uncleanness, a Shan mother belonging to a ruling family is not permitted to give birth to her infant in a "palace." A room is prepared for her under the "palace," or in a neighbouring building.—W. W. C.

[2] The following also applies to girl babies.

in the water, she washes her long hair most carefully; she also washes her baby, and then pours water over the hair of her husband and the woman. Now she is purified, and may carry her offerings—bananas and rice—to the monastery, and resume all her household duties again. Lustrations are common among all Eastern people, who believe that washing in running water, or in the tank near a temple, cleanses the mind as well as the body. A Shan who is not able to bring presents to one who has shown him kindness brings water, and offers to wash his benefactor's hands or hair. People speak of an ungrateful person as of one "who did not even wash our hands."

When the ceremonial washing is over the baby must be named. The parents make a feast, and invite their friends to be present. The food is cooked by the wise woman who helped his mother when he was born. When the guests arrive they go first to a large earthenware pot, which is filled with fresh water, and into it they drop little presents—a four-anna[1] coin is the usual gift, though sometimes rupees[2] and even gold may be given; then the guests admire the baby, though they seldom say that he is beautiful or big, as that might bring bad luck, but they make nice little speeches to the parents, saying, "May you live to see his children's children," and "May his merit be greater than ten hundred thousand moons and suns." When all the guests have arrived, and all the presents have been dropped into the pot, the water from it is poured over him. The wise woman puts the money into the child's hands, saying, "Now you are a full month old, may you be healthy and happy, and free from the ninety-six diseases." The mother again washes the hands of the wise woman, and the baby is ready to receive his name. An old man or woman winds a white thread seven times round the child's wrist, and tells him the name that

[1] One anna = one penny.

[2] One rupee = one shilling and fourpence.

has been chosen for him. The thread is not tied, and it very soon falls off. Shans can give no reason for the thread ceremony, but in Siam it is believed that a white thread surrounding anything keeps it safe from evil spirits, and the Siamese and Shans were originally the same race. Shans wind long strips of cloth round any tree inhabited by demons, and Tibetans encircle the bundles of sticks, which crown the devil-altars of the pre-Buddhist religion, with shreds of white cotton, "to keep the god in the place." The white thread was probably placed in former times round a baby's wrist to keep at a distance evil influences which might hurt the child. Seven is a favourite number, and we hear in stories of seven beautiful sisters, or seven fish, or seven days. A bride also goes through the same ceremony, a white thread being wound seven times round her wrist.[1] The coins given to the child are pierced, and hung on a silver chain, which he wears round his neck till he is six or seven years old. If the coins are too many for the chain, some of them are given to a silversmith, who makes them into anklets or bracelets for the child to wear.

If the parents have come under Burmese influence the baby is placed, when he sleeps, in a hanging cradle, a basket slung to a beam of the roof by ropes. On the Western China borders, however, the Northern Shans use no cradles. The child lies on a mat, or on its mother's knee; or it hangs on her back, or at the back of some small nurse, in a shawl which is knotted across the chest. When the child's back is strong enough, he often sits astride on his nurse's hip, and he never seems to fall off. Children try to walk when they are about a year old: most of them begin by crawling on hands and knees in the usual fashion, but, more rarely, they go on their hands and feet, the knees not touching the ground.

A Shan baby is a very happy little person. He is generally fat and dimpled, has dark eyes, and a

[1] See p. 82.

LITTLE NURSES.

GIRLS AGED EIGHT AND THREE.

complexion the colour of cream. His skin tans very easily, but at first he is almost as light in colour as an English baby, though he has no roses on his cheeks. He has dark-brown eyes, so dark that it is not easy to distinguish the iris from the pupil. Light-brown eyes or blue are rarely seen, and are considered extremely ugly. His hair is black, but, with the exception of a tuft on the crown, the head is shaved. The first hair which is cut off is very carefully kept. It is put into a little bag and hung round his neck, a sure charm to prevent him crying in the night. If the child is ill, the bag, with the cut hair, is soaked in water, and the water is used to wash his little body, or he may have to drink it as a soothing draught.

In after-life a boy's name is changed at least once, but sometimes, when a girl marries the boy with whom she has played in childhood, she continues to call him by his baby name, that is forgotten by every one else. This first name he retains until he becomes a schoolboy at the monastic school, when the chief monk chooses another name for him. If, however, he is a delicate baby, or meets with many accidents, his name may be changed more than once, to puzzle the evil spirits that are tormenting him; all ills, sickness, and mischances come from them. Indirectly, the miseries of life are caused by bad thoughts or deeds in past lives, the merit acquired in former existences being insufficient to ward off the attacks of evil spirits.

These spirits, fortunately, are easily deceived; so if a little boy is very unlucky his mother may dress him as a girl, give him a girl's name, and call him "Little daughter." Perhaps the tormenting spirit is not deceived, and the child still continues to be unlucky; so the mother takes him to the jungle and hides him under a bush. She leaves him there, and tells a friend, who has followed her, where he is. She goes home and weeps and wails, and announces

to all her friends that she is a miserable woman, who has lost her baby. The father scolds her, and tells her that she has been very wicked; and they all agree that a tiger has stolen the child, and has certainly eaten him. It is necessary to make a great noise for some time, as, if there is no baby to torment, the spirit will certainly be deceived and leave the house. Towards nightfall the friend arrives, and says: "See what luck I have had to-day! I have found a baby." She shows the child to the mother, who says: "What an ugly baby! How cross it looks! How different from my beautiful lost baby!" The friend agrees: "It is certainly ugly, but I shall keep it. To take a lost child into my home will give me much merit, and all men will say, 'Well done!' and my merit shall not die with me." The mother answers that her friend has spoken wise words, and, after thinking over the matter, she says: "Let *me* acquire the merit by taking the baby." But the friend says: "No; your merit would be less than a sesamum-seed. Your house is empty, and you want a child to fill it; to take this little one would be a pleasure to you, but it would give you no merit. I shall keep the baby." Then they change the subject, and talk about their neighbours; and probably the child begins to cry. So the friend says: "What a cross baby! If it pleases you, I shall sell it to you for one rupee." So the baby is given to the mother, and is named "Little Rupee," or "Little Found-in-the-Jungle."

Sometimes this elaborate acting is of no avail, and the baby is still unfortunate or ill; so a last attempt is made to deceive the evil spirit. The father rolls his child in a mat, and carries him to the cemetery; the mother follows, crying aloud; they dig a little grave; the child is laid in it; the earth is heaped upon it—of course the father is very careful that the child's face is left uncovered—and passages from the sacred books are recited; and now, as the baby is dead and buried, the evil spirit will surely depart.

LITTLE GIRLS.

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After a little while the baby is taken home, is again called by a new name, and has another chance to escape from the troublesome evil spirits.

One thing is most essential to the baby's happiness in after-life—a careful note of his birthday must be made. The month or year may be forgotten, but the day of the week on which he was born influences his whole future life. If he was born on Monday, his hair must never be shaved or cut on Monday; also his nails should not be cut on his birthday. To forget the day of the week on which he was born would be a terrible calamity to any Shan, for how could he know when to build a house, or plant a garden? How could a man marry a girl whose birthday was not known? If a man born on Saturday weds a girl also born on Saturday, they must expect poverty and much sorrow; so, to escape such misfortunes, a man must be careful, and be sure of the birthday of the girl he would marry.

A baby's ears are generally pierced when it is a few weeks old. There is no ceremony, unless the parents live among Burmans, when they probably follow their ear-boring customs. As a rule, the child's ears are pierced by the mother, who leaves threads in the holes—at first one or two threads only, then three or four. I recollect a Shan who was much amused when he heard that we speak of the "eye" of a needle. He said that it should rather be called the "ear," as both babies and needles had threads in the holes of their ears; in saying this, he made a pun on the Shan word "hu," which means both *ear* and *hole*; the former when pronounced in a low tone; when "hu" means *hole* it is pronounced in a high tone of voice. The ear-hole is made larger and larger year by year, until a roll of cloth an inch thick can be inserted. The widening of the hole to admit larger ear-ornaments is very gradual, and the process of enlarging it gives the children little or no pain.

As soon as the baby can walk he begins to help in

the work of the house. He picks up and carries home little twigs of wood for the fire, and, when his mother goes to the well, he goes too, carrying tiny water-buckets made of bamboo. He learns that water will not spill from a brimming bucket if he lays some leaves on the top, so he chooses his leaves and carries his buckets with the greatest seriousness. Till a Shan boy goes to school or to herd cattle in the jungle his life is the same as a girl's. The only difference is that, when he is old enough to walk, he goes to carry offerings to the monastery with his father or grandfather; little girls are taken there by the mother. Shan girls on the Chinese borders—whose dress is not yet influenced by Burma—wear from their childhood black or dark-blue turbans, with gay borders of coloured silks and gold, in which the svastika[1] generally forms an important part of the design. Little boys wear white cotton or coloured silk turbans, and both boys and girls are early taught to remove both shoes and turbans when they kneel before sacred images or when they present their gifts to the monks. They kneel with hands palm to palm, in the well-known "Little Samuel" attitude, or with the hands, still palm to palm, touching the ground in front of their knees.

When a child loses its first teeth it is often teased by the big children, who call it "Little Grandfather" or "Grandmother." If an upper tooth comes out it must be thrown on the roof of the house, and the child is taught to say, "Little mice, take away this old tooth and bring me a new tooth." It is not an easy matter for a small arm to throw so far, but there is always some kind big boy or man who is willing to help. The excitement is great when the tooth falls short of the roof, or, when landing successfully, it rolls down and falls to the ground. It must at once be found and thrown up again. A lower

[1] A symbol of unknown origin, probably an emblem of the sun, found in many parts of the world.

tooth must be hidden among the ashes of the hearth, while the same appeal to the little mice is made.

Small boys play with girls until they are five or six years old, then join the bigger boys, and drift away from their girl playmates. Their games then are different, but they sometimes meet at funerals, and then play with one another. Naturally the little boys try to imitate the bigger ones, and follow and watch their games. They all meet at meal-times round the rice-pot and eat together, and there is no difference in the home in the treatment of small boys and girls.

III

A CHILD'S LIFE

UNTIL Shan children are five or six years old there is little difference in the lives of boys and girls. They spend their days playing in the dust, or they paddle in ponds or streams while the mother washes—or rather beats—the clothes with a rounded stick on a stone by the bank. Cloth is woven at home, and is strong enough to stand a great deal of beating without being torn. The children are still fair-complexioned, a delightful shade of warmly tinted ivory. Very charming little people they are—happy and good-tempered, and quarrels over games are few. Little girls soon learn to make themselves useful in the house. They are taught to sweep, and they must remember that it is unlucky to do so after sunset; if it is absolutely necessary to clean the floor at a late hour, the sweepings should be kept in the house until morning. A girl or woman must dust the father's seat with respect. Shans are most particular that no stranger, or wife or child, should ever sit in the father's place. It may be a chair, it may be a bamboo seat, it may be only a mat on the floor: however humble it is, it must be treated with veneration, and the girl or woman who dusts it should do so with her body politely bent; she must not stand upright until the sweeping of the sacred place is finished.

There is another lesson that children must learn. When visitors come, and they have been given a mat to sit on, the children should bring them a bottle of

LITTLE GIRL.

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cold water and a lacquer drinking-cup, always remembering that they must on no account touch their father's water-bottle, as it belongs only to him. Whether he is present or absent it is daily filled with pure water—even if he has gone a long journey, and will not return for weeks. Girls have other lessons to learn in the home. They are taught to take the seeds from the bolls of cotton, to set the long strands in the loom, and tie the ropes through the big beans which form the treadles. Children also help to watch the wood fire, which burns on a box filled with deep sand. This fireplace is sometimes set on wheels, so that it can be easily moved from one part of the room to another. The sand in the box prevents any embers from setting fire to the bamboo floor. Little girls are tiny editions of their mothers, dressed exactly in the same fashion.

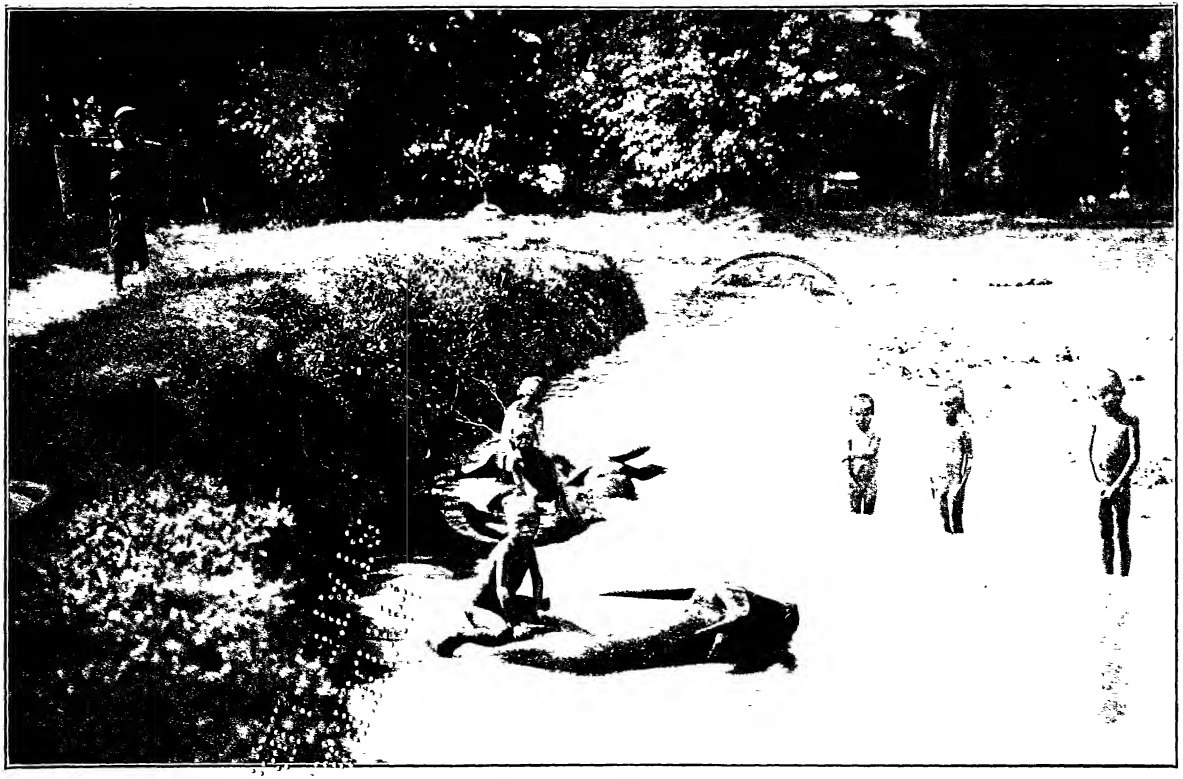
Little boys become useful in many ways. To bring water to the house is the work of women and girls, but a boy will often go to the well to help his mother. When he is still very small he is taught to ride on a buffalo. He has no fear of these great beasts, and they obey the slightest touch of the bare toes of their little masters. They are wise beasts, and they walk, or run, or lie down when ordered to do so. The only time when buffaloes are inclined to be disobedient is when the children have taken them to bathe in a stream. They obey the command to lie down with many grunts of satisfaction, and the children splash and swim in the water beside them; but when it is time to go on shore the buffaloes strongly object to leave the water, and when there are many buffaloes and many boys the noise of the shouting and splashing is great. When a boy begins to learn to ride on a buffalo he is lifted on its back, and sits behind a bigger lad who already knows how to manage the ponderous beast. Very soon a child gains courage to ride alone, though for some time he requires help in mounting his great steed, whose

slippery sides are steep for short, fat legs to climb, and when the boy is very small a big brother or friend often gives him a "leg up." Once mounted he quickly feels at home, and stands, or kneels, or squats without danger of a fall.[1] He soon learns to climb alone, and mounts by pulling down the head of the buffalo, then climbs on its neck by the help of its horns; he never climbs by the tail of the beast, as is the custom in many Eastern lands.

All winter the cattle and buffaloes wander over the dry paddy lands, eating the grass by the sides of the streams and the stubble that was left when the harvest was cut; but with the rains the serious herding begins. Paddy lands must be ploughed and harrowed, and, as they are all under water, there is no food for the cattle, which must be driven up the neighbouring hillside to find grass among the bushes and trees of the jungle. Generally a number of boys go together, herding quite a big drove of animals. The jungle is a place full of terrors for little people. There are not only leopards and bears and tigers, but also spirits, both good and bad. Some trees are well known as spirit trees. If, when there is no wind, one branch of a tree shakes its leaves, while the leaves on the rest of the tree are still, then the boys are certain that a spirit is moving in the tree. Every boy has heard of ogres, terrible monsters, with curly black hair and long sharp teeth, who live on human flesh; and there are tales of a great white tiger, the ancestor of the Shan race. No one has seen him, but he sometimes passes through the country, followed by fifty ghostly leopards. They leave no footprints, but, when they sharpen their claws on the trees, the marks may be seen where they have scored the bark. It is not surprising that the real and unreal dangers of the jungle make the children herd their cattle in company.

A small boy generally eats the first meal of the day about eight o'clock. His breakfast consists of

[1] See illustration at p. 156.



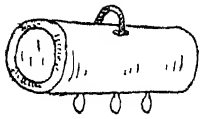
BOYS AND BUFFALOES.

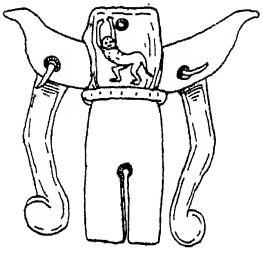
plenty of rice and a little curry made of vegetables, with perhaps a very little meat. Before he starts for the jungle his mother prepares his second meal. She takes two pieces of banana leaf: in one she puts curry, and in the other rice—the curry and rice are never mixed in the leaves—and ties a strip of green stem, torn from a bamboo, round them. Sometimes she has no curry to give to her little son, but the boy goes contentedly to his herding with his packet of plain rice. A Shan boy eats rice as an English boy eats bread; it is his "staff of life." He never sees bread of any kind, as flour is a rare commodity in the market. Shan children never have the protuberant stomachs of other Eastern races. Perhaps the reason is that they eat at least three times in the day. Their meals are not as large as those of people who only eat twice, also they eat rice that is well cooked and soft. Children learn to eat very neatly with their fingers. Sometimes they use chopsticks,[1] but more often they roll the rice into little balls, which they dip into the curry. Well-taught children use one hand for food, the other for the lacquer cup that holds the water. When they see English people using forks and spoons instead of their fingers, they think that it is a very strange custom, and they believe that our hands must be very dirty, or very poisonous.

If the day is wet Shan boys seldom wear any clothes. Wet clothes dry more slowly than a wet body, and, unless the day is cold, children prefer to go naked. They carry their food in cotton bags, and wear huge hats, made from the leaf sheaths of the bamboo, and also they cover their shoulders with rain capes made of the leaves of the "twi," a kind of screw-pine. When the jungle is reached the cattle go where they please: the children watch that they do not stray too far into the depths of the ravines; they can guess where they are from the jangle and clang of their bells. Buffaloes wear great wooden bells,

[1] This is more a Chinese Shan than a Shan custom.—W. W. C.

oblong in shape, with two or three tongues inside. Cows and oxen wear copper and wooden bells. Those of copper are not unlike Swiss cow-bells, but the wooden ones are quite original in shape; they have two tongues, which strike the bell on the outside. Sometimes they are carved, generally with the rude outline of a monkey. Shans are always unwilling to sell their wooden cow-bells. They cannot be bought in the bazaars, as each man carves his own, and even when offered a sum far in advance of their value they will not part with them; they fear that if they do so bad luck may come to their cattle.[1]





The children spend long happy days in the jungle. Some sleep while others watch. They play many kinds of games, and are very fond of climbing trees. They climb well, and use no extraneous help, though they seem to walk up the trees. Their knees rarely touch the trunk,[2] and they climb with a strong grip of fingers and toes. Many of the children carry small bows. One kind is a cross-bow, and the arrows are of wood, with neither barb nor feather. These are purely toys: if they reach the object aimed at, they do no harm. A very different weapon is the bow which is used with clay pellets the size of marbles. It is double-stringed, the strings uniting in a wide twist—which makes a sort of pocket—in the middle: this twist makes a starting-point for the hard pellets, which go with considerable force, and children learn

[1] A Shan magistrate fined a man five rupees for stealing one of these wooden bells, saying: "The lazy scamp! If he had stolen a copper bell I would have fined him one half of that sum; but as he might have made the wooden one himself, I doubled the fine for his laziness."—W. W. C.

[2] See illustration at p. 52.

AFTER A BATHE.

BOYS WITH RAIN-CAPES.

to aim wonderfully well. They often hit small birds, but are sorry and ashamed if they are so unlucky as to kill them, believing that to kill any creature is a great sin. They always hope that their captive will not be seriously injured, but will live to grow tame; sometimes they are successful, especially if the bird is a bulbul, the most easily tamed and charming pet in the world, but more often the unfortunate prisoner dies. If, however, it lives for some hours after being hit, the boy does not consider that he is very guilty when it dies, and he probably bakes it in the embers of a fire, and eats it, not mentioning the fact when he goes home.

When the sun is high in the heavens the children know that half the day is done, so they eat their second meal. The jungle is full of wild fruits, and although the great crop of yellow raspberries is over before the rains begin, still a few are left, and there are crimson ones, that ripen late. Children are fond of these crimson berries, in spite of the fine hairs with which the fruit is covered. There are also wild bananas in the jungle, full of hard seeds, but sweet in flavour, so additions are often made to the midday meal. Children unroll their green packages of food with care, knowing that to spill any of the contents would be most unlucky. If before eating, or when eating, food is accidentally spilt, a boy knows that he ought not to continue his meal. Sometimes a very hungry small boy may pretend that he threw the food on the ground on purpose, for the birds or dogs, but only a very young child would tell such a story. Grown-up Shans at once stop eating, and leave their food untouched, if any of it falls on their clothes or on the ground.

When the sun is sinking in the western heavens the cattle must be brought together for their homeward journey. As a rule they are easy to find. Children very soon learn to follow the spoor of any animal, even on hard and stony ground. They help each other to track any missing beast, and the finder calls

to the others to stop the search. There are marvellous tales of messages that have passed with incredible swiftness from one district to another. The probable explanation is not difficult to understand. When a Shan calls to another Shan at a distance his voice does not sound loud, and yet his message is easily understood. The voice of natives of Asia or Africa is not louder than those of Europeans, but, although we have never ceased to exercise our voices, we certainly have lost the faculty—which they still possess—of hearing distant sounds: we may indeed hear, but so indistinctly, that the finer tones of words, called to us from a distance, cannot be understood. A message is probably sent from one place to another by voice communication: one man calls to another, who again calls to a more distant place. In a country where newspapers do not exist, and where a post-office may be a hundred or more miles distant, all news is very acceptable, and any one who receives a message, or tidings of distant friends, is glad to be able to send it to some one else.

The children are in no haste to go home, as their evening meal is not till eight o'clock. The cattle too are not eager to be tied up for the night. Each cow has her calf with her, and there is no milking to be done. Where natives of India have settled in the Shan States they keep cattle, and sell the milk, but it is chiefly bought as a medicine, not as a food. Shans say that the taste of cow's milk is unpleasant, and they think that its smell is horrible. They have an acute sense of smell, and can tell in entering an empty room if its last occupant has been Indian, or European, or Kachin. It is comforting to know that they consider that English people have a pleasant aroma! A Shan generally dislikes any odour to which he is unaccustomed. When he smells cheese for the first time, he is filled with disgust, and covers his nose with his hand. Shans judge the quality of earth as much by its smell as by its appearance.

IV

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE daily lives of Shan boys and girls become more and more separated from each other as they grow older. Education—that is, reading and writing—is not considered necessary for women. Girls remain at home. They help their mothers to cook, to spin, to weave the thread that they have spun, and dye the plain cloth dark blue or black. They also learn to weave elaborate designs that look like embroidery. They learn to wash the clothes by beating them with a stick, while they fold them again and again as they beat, sprinkling them many times with clean water. They also learn to cut out and sew their own garments when the cloth is woven. Shan boys do none of these things. It is true that they have learned how to cook their own food and wash their own clothes, but they only do so when they are away from home. From the age of seven to ten their school life begins. Rich men may send their sons to schools in Mandalay or Rangoon, but most boys spend their school life at the monastic village school, learning how to read and write their own language.

The monks, though all professing Buddhism, are divided into several sects. The most uncompromising and ascetic are those of the Mengkyaw order. These are strict vegetarians; they eat neither fish nor meat, and do their best to live up to all the teachings of their religion. They are found in all parts of the Shan States. The monks who are next to the

Mengkyaw in strictness are the Tawne sect. These are also strict in their observance of the Buddhist law, but perhaps a little less so than the Mengkyaw. Their monasteries are seldom in villages; they prefer to live in the jungle, or at least some distance from other houses. The ordinary sect of monks found in all Shan villages is the Nalong. There is another sect named the Sawti, but their numbers are not many. They do not join the other sects in worship, and they seldom visit any monasteries except their own. The sect that is least strict is the Poikyaung. These no doubt know a little of the Buddhist Scriptures, but many of the Buddhist commandments and precepts they entirely ignore. They often dress like laymen, and wear jacket and trousers, instead of the toga-like robes of the other sects. The Poikyaung monks are mostly found in Yün-nan, or on the borderland of China and the Shan States.[1] All the sects, with the exception of the Mengkyaw, may eat meat when it is presented to them already cooked. A Shan father has therefore a choice of several types of monasteries to which he can send his boy when he is old enough to go to school.

Shans are divided into what might be called two castes. All who are related, however distantly, to the Sao-hpa,[2] all who make their living by agriculture, all silversmiths, and respectable merchants and traders, belong to the upper caste. The lower consists of fishermen, butchers, all who make or sell intoxicating liquors, all who keep pigs, or who sell opium. To a certain extent the little children of both classes play together, but as they grow up their intercourse becomes less, and their school life divides them still more. The son of a trader is educated by monks of the Mengkyaw or Nalong order; a fisher-

[1] Many of the Poikyaung monks smoke opium, and, for that reason, seldom go to Mandalay or to Rangoon to worship, as they would be despised by their Burmese brethren.—W. W. C.

[2] Ruling chief.

man's boy would be sent to a less strict monastery, probably to the Poikyaung, if there were any of these monks in the district.

A boy has already learned at home how he should behave at the monastery. He knows that before entering he should remove his shoes. This he does each time he enters his own home. He also knows that when he speaks to a monk he should remove his turban, and kneel, with head bent; the lower his head the more polite he is. He knows that when he takes a present of food to a monk he must set it on the mat beside him, and not expect that the monk should take it from his hand or thank him for it. He has already learned that a gift is most blessed to the giver, and one of his first lessons is that it is more blessed to give than to receive. He should always remember that in exchange for his offering he receives three great gifts—the gift of happiness before offering, the gift of happiness while offering, and the gift of happiness after offering. At school he learns many lessons from the monks. He is taught to read and write his own language, and perhaps Burmese as well. He sits in any position that pleases him on the floor. He squats on his heels, or lies on his stomach, elbows on ground like a rifleman. His position does not matter, and no one tells him to sit still. He writes with a soapstone pencil on a slate made of wood which has been blackened, and he never learns his lessons in silence, but always repeats them at the top of his voice. Even when he is grown up, and can read quite well, he continues to read aloud.

Boys are taught to recite a great many of the sacred Buddhist Scriptures. Some of these are in Pali, some are in Shan, with many Pali words interpolated. These are all memorised, sometimes with little knowledge of their meaning, though the monks do their best to explain and translate the ancient writings to their pupils. The boys have often great reverence and love for their teachers, and when they grow to

manhood they return to the monks for advice, and the advice given is generally wise and kind. A good monk has an enormous influence for good in a village community. He listens impartially to both sides when there are disputes, and he smooths down many quarrels with calm and wise words.[1] He does not preach long sermons, but he often discourses on the Buddhist commandments, such as:

"Do not destroy life."
"Do not steal."
"Commit no impure act."
"Do not lie."
"Do not drink intoxicating drinks."

And he speaks wise words on social affairs:

"Never kill the friendships of others by telling stories that might separate friends. Do not gossip about your neighbours' affairs, but, if you *must* speak of them, use only sweet and pleasant words. Do not grumble at the weather, and remember that there is a specially uncomfortable hell waiting for you if you do so. Do not accumulate money, unless you are going to use it for good acts. If you have money, spend it in digging wells in a dry land, in building bridges where streams run deep, in erecting monasteries and pagodas, so that the Religion may not be forgotten. Always remember that it is your *intention* that will give you happiness in your future life. If you build so that men may praise you, your reward will be during your present life, but it will die with you. He who has much money, and does not spend it for the good of others, is to be despised, because he is making himself poor in the time to come."

All these precepts, and many others, are taught to the schoolboys. A Shan boy also learns a little arithmetic. He counts on his fingers—a habit retained

[1] In some places, such as Hsen-wi, an old man is appointed as official pacifier, through whose conciliation many disputes are settled out of court; this is in addition to the good offices of the monks.—W. W. C.

COUNTING ONE AND THREE.

CLIMBING.

through life; but when he says "one" he does not touch his outstretched first finger, as an English boy might do, but doubles up the little finger of his left hand, by using the first finger of his right hand to close the little finger. The third and fourth fingers, bent on to the palm of the hand, indicate the number "two." The first five numbers are always counted on the left hand, by doubling up its fingers, one after another, by means of the forefinger of the right hand. For "five" the whole hand is shut. "Six" is sometimes counted by closing the left hand, opening it, and again doubling up the little finger as in "one." Sometimes the numbers after five are counted on the right hand, by closing the fingers one by one, always beginning by closing the smallest finger first. It may be noted here that when a Shan beckons he holds his hand palm down, as if he were playing the piano; he moves all his fingers, in beckoning, as a hand striking a chord. He never points with one finger. Should his hand be empty, he points with the whole hand; should both his hands be full, he protrudes his lips in the direction in which he wishes to point. He does not nod for "Yes," or shake his head for "No," and he never shrugs his shoulders, or raises his eyebrows superciliously. He sometimes scratches his head when puzzled, and when very much surprised gives an exclamation and immediately covers his open mouth with his hand. When he calls to any one at a distance he shouts "Hü!" in a high tone of voice, and continues to shout "Hü!" until the answer "Hü!" comes in return.

Uneducated Shans still use oblong "tally-boards." They make a little notch at one side to represent each two-anna piece, longer notches at the other side are

cut for each four-anna piece, longer cuts at one end for the eight-anna piece, and still longer scores at the other end for the rupees.

Besides reading and writing, and a very little arithmetic, the monks teach the schoolboys geography, but it is not the geography known to the Western world. They teach that our world is one of four great islands, and that it is flat. In the middle of the islands is a great and sacred mountain, whose foundations rest on an enormous fish. This fish generally sleeps, holding its tail in its mouth, but sometimes it wakes, bites its tail, then shakes itself with pain. This causes the mountain to shudder and quiver, and the four great islands—of which our world is the southern one—tremble. This is the origin of great earthquakes. Small shocks, that are hardly felt, are caused by the little men who live below us, under the crust of the earth. Sometimes they feel lonely in their dark home, so they knock on the roof of their world, and their knocking makes the tremors which we call a slight earthquake. When Shans feel such a shock they run out of their houses, and, kneeling down, answer the little men by calling out, "We are here, we are here!"

Schoolboys, unless they live far from the monastery, return to their homes at sunset to sleep. When, however, they reach the age of eleven or twelve[1] they leave their homes for a time, don the dress of a monk, and spend their days and nights in the monastery. When going through their course of religious training, as embryo monks, they obey the most rigid rules of fasting. At certain times they pass whole days without eating, and on no occasion do they eat solid food, between the hours of twelve in the morning of one day and an early hour, before dawn, next morning. Towards evening they may be very hungry, but no boy tries to evade the rule. He would consider it dishonourable and unmanly to break his fast at a forbidden hour, so he accepts the rule quite

[1] They are sometimes older, if required to help in work at home.

AT SCHOOL.

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cheerfully, and probably quenches his hunger with long drinks of water or tea.

I do not propose to write a long account of a boy's life at school: it very much resembles that in a Burmese monastery, and this has been fully and sympathetically described by Sir George Scott and Mr. Fielding Hall.

A monk—"Sao-mun" or "Glorious Lord," as he is called—rarely leaves the monastery alone. A file of little disciples follow behind: the tallest walks immediately behind the monk, the smallest marches at the end of the row. Each one carries a yellow paper umbrella, or a big palm-leaf fan, and every boy ought to look at the boy who precedes him, and not allow his eyes to wander to right or left. As a rule they are very circumspect and sedate, but sometimes they are allowed to break the line. There are many pigs in a Shan village, and whenever a little pig lingers behind its companions it is attacked by the village dogs. Sometimes a small pig keeps a determined front to its enemies, and as long as it does not turn tail it is safe, but more often it rushes blindly away, squealing desperately, and its fate is a speedy death unless the boys can beat off the dogs. As to save life is a meritorious act, the sedate little boys are allowed to break the line, and run to the rescue. There is a joyful rush and *mêlée*, a flutter of yellow garments, and a frantic black piglet leading the van. Sometimes pigs throw themselves under the protection of the Church, by taking refuge in the monastery courts. There they live unmolested, and there they bring forth their young ones. These increase and multiply until the good monks become oppressed by too much pig. None may be sold, as some one might only buy a pig to turn it into pork. When the monks feel that they can no longer harbour these refugees, a village council is held, a resolution is made, and, at an early hour next day, there is a great pig-hunt. The pigs must be caught, but they must on

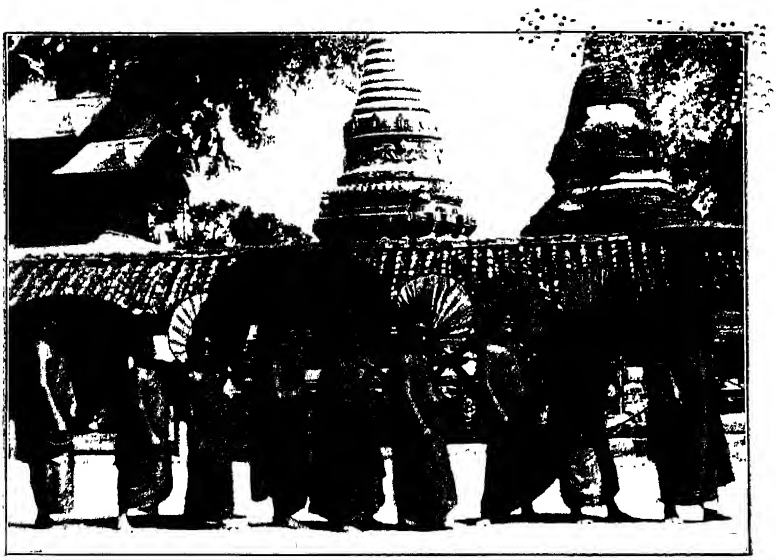
no account be hurt,[1] so many men and boys join in the chase, and there is tremendous shouting and squealing. At last all the pigs are caught, from the lean old grandmother to the fattest baby. Each is tied to a pole with ropes, each pole rests on the shoulders of two men, and a great procession goes to the jungle, six or eight miles away, and the pigs are set free.

Shan children may acquire merit in many pleasant ways. They may wade in the cool waters of pond or marsh, to pick the sacred lotus-flowers for the temple. Then the monk may tell them delightful stories of a holy Buddha who lived long before Gautama, and who was so holy and heavenly-minded that wherever he stepped a lotus-flower appeared. One would imagine that this peculiarity might become rather embarrassing to the holy man, as we are told that the lotus-flowers were as large as the wheels of a cart.

When Shan boys wear the yellow robe, and live at the monastery, their games generally take a religious form. When their morning studies are over the monks sometimes leave the children to amuse themselves. Their favourite playground is the open space outside the monastery walls, close to the stream; there they make mud pies, in the shape of miniature pagodas—in a long row—which sometimes cross a village street, with gaps between them to allow people to pass. No grown-up person would dream of touching them, or even stepping over them. It would show a want of education and politeness to step over any one who may be lying on the ground, or over any kind of food, so it would show a lack of religious training to step over a heap of sand if it represents a pagoda, even though its builder has only been a little child. It is true that these small buildings do not last a day, pigs knock them over, chickens scratch in their ruin, but the children have

[1] While I was living in Namkham, a butcher was accused of killing one of these monastic pigs, and was officially fined 300 rupees, the Shan "price" for a human life.—W. W. C.

BOYS MAKING SAND PAGODAS.



A MONK FOLLOWED BY SCHOOLBOYS.

gained some merit by trying to make holy things. Sometimes they carry sand and stones from the stream and build a larger pagoda, two or three feet high: many hands pile it up, and pat it into shape, and they crown it with sweet jessamine, ornamenting it with gold and silver paper pennons, which flutter in the breeze.

In the early mornings Shan boys go from the monastery, through the village, to collect food for the monks. In country districts so much food is given by the people that the monks generally remain in the monastery, and boys alone do the food-collecting.[1] They carry large baskets, slung from a pole; two boys carry one basket. Begging-bowls are not often seen, as they are much too small for the very liberal supply of food. There is always a greater quantity of rice, vegetables, and fruit than can be consumed by the monks and boys, so no traveller or visitor leaves the monastery empty-handed. I knew a Mohammedan policeman who, losing his wife and all his children by plague in Rangoon, wandered aimlessly through the country, feeling that every incentive to work had vanished. The Shan monks took him into their monastery, and fed him for weeks, and he said his prayers, aloud, to his own God, under the shadow of the Buddhist pagoda. I knew a Hindu mendicant from the Punjab who lived for many months a guest in a Shan monastery. The monks gave him uncooked rice and vegetables, so that he might eat food cooked in his own fashion. He was a picturesque figure, dressed in an orange-coloured garment, with a rosary of great brown beads round his neck, and he often sat with the monks discussing the mysteries of his religion and theirs. They respected him because he, like The Buddha, had made the "Great Renunciation," and had left his wife and child in India to wander a beggar through the world. Europeans are apt to

[1] This is the usual practice of collecting food, but in many parts of the Shan States the food is carried to the monasteries by devout women.—W. W. C.

despise Hindu ascetics, and they blame them for deserting their families, but it must be remembered that in the East the wife and children of a "holy man" do not suffer as a forsaken wife suffers in Europe. She can easily earn enough to keep herself and her children in food and clothing. She is respected as the wife of one who in poverty and weariness is seeking for the "Right Path," and however much she may long to see her husband, she would not hinder his search for the "Truth."

The Hindu mendicant who lived for many months in the Buddhist monastery had left his home, in the north of India, to wander through Nepaul. From there he went into Tibet, then to Manipur, and, through the hill passes, down into Burma. There he learned some Burmese, and it was through that medium that he and the Shan monks could communicate with each other. He reached the Shan States at the beginning of the rains, and the monks invited him to remain with them until the wet season should be past. Sometimes he sang and crooned Indian hymns, to the accompaniment of a weird one-stringed musical instrument; then he seemed happy, and was willing to talk to people, and tell those who could understand him tales of the old gods of India. At other times he threw aside his garments, and, covered with ashes, crossed his arms behind his back, and sat for hours, holding his feet, in an extraordinarily uncomfortable position. Then the monks said sadly to each other, "Our Lord Gautama also tried all penances, and he found that there was a better path, but each man must seek that path for himself."

I recollect that one day I found the chief monk and his guest in deep argument, the subject being two great rivers. One was the River of Death.[1] All

[1] Shans say that they believe this river to be to the "northward." This gives no certain proof, but may be a hint that the early home of the race was in a northerly direction, beyond the Yang-tze.

—W. W. C.

Shans believe, as did the Egyptians of old, that at death the soul goes to that river, where a boat waits to take him across; and when a Shan dies his friends place a coin in his mouth, to pay the ferryman who takes him to the other side. The other river must be crossed before the highest heaven is reached, and the Hindu said that every one sooner or later reached its shore, and had to search out his own way across. To some it was an easy and quick crossing, to others it was a slow and painful struggle to reach the other side, but every one got home at last. The Hindu and the Shan monk had some difficulty in understanding each other, and I in understanding them, and when I was going away the Hindu said to me, with a smile that lit up his thin face, "It is good for us that God understands all languages."

Sometimes, in the moonlit evenings, the chief monk came, with the Hindu mendicant and a following of boys, to look through my telescope at the moon. They were quick to notice, after two or three visits, that they always saw the same side of the moon's face, and they asked me to let them know when they might come to see its other side. When I explained that that side was always hidden from us, the monk said: "If in my next life I am born into the spirit world, I hope I shall remember, if I am on the spirit mountain, what this side of the moon is like, then I shall know both sides; the spirits on that mountain, round which the moon travels, must see the other side." He was always anxious that every boy should look through the telescope, and he took as much trouble to hold it for the smallest boy as for the biggest. Many of the constellations are named in different groups to the European and Arabic arrangement, some stars being taken from one constellation and added to another. It is possible to identify some of them. The Great Bear is called the "Elephant's Head"; Leo is the "Drinking-cup of the Cat"; the Pleiades is the "Fan"; the Pole Star is the "Head of

the World"; Cassiopeia is the "Snail." The children were much disappointed that the stars did not appear larger through the glass, and they always hoped that they would really see the Snail, or the Fan, or the Cat drinking out of its cup, and were surprised when I told them that I had never seen them.

Unless a boy intends to become a monk he only wears the yellow robe for a few weeks or a few months. When he lays it aside he becomes the ordinary schoolboy once more. Boys have many games, which they play all the year round. They often make islands of turf, bank up the streams with stones and mud, and build dams, where they float their small "dug-out" boats. Many games have their own special season, but a few are favourites all the year round. All boys play with tops from December till April, but this game may be seen in any month when the ground is hard and the rain is not falling. The object of the game is to spin the top so that it knocks down every other top and remains spinning itself. Mischievous boys are very fond of throwing a spinning top across the bare toes of small girls as they pass with their water-buckets to the well. Some girls kick the offending top into the grass, others pick it up and hold it till ransom is paid for it, but the favourite and popular girl is the one who pretends to be very much startled, who gives a little scream as she jumps aside, who is not angry, but laughs merrily. She is the girl for whom boys will fill the water-buckets—when other boys are not near to see. There is a game played with two sticks—one long, used as a bat, and one short, which must be hit to a distance—that is played at any time. Cock-fighting is a favourite sport with boys; but the cocks are rarely allowed to injure each other. Whenever there is danger of a serious fight the combatants are separated by their little owners. More serious cock-fights take place when the boys have become men and have forgotten some of their monastic

training. During the rains stilt-walking is a favourite pastime, but Shan boys do not excel in this amusement, and it is only when they are small that they attempt it. Kite-flying is popular in the windy months—March and April—but the favourite game is "Mak-nim." Great beans, an inch and a half in diameter, are set up on end in a row, and each boy in turn tries, with another bean, to knock down as many beans as possible. This is the simple form of the game, which much resembles skittles, but "Mak-nim" may become a much more difficult sport, in which only one bean, out of many, must be knocked down, the other standing beans remaining untouched. Boys are fond of climbing trees, and they sometimes swing from the great aerial roots of the banyans. They also play at a game which is not unlike the English one of "Queen's Chair," but Shans call it "Riding on Horseback." Two boys grasp each other's wrists; the third boy does not sit upon their hands as on a chair, but astride as on a horse.

Shan girls have busy and happy lives. They have their own work to do—fetching water, washing the clothes, cooking, spinning, and weaving. They also help their parents in different trades—modelling and baking pots, sewing bamboo hats, boiling and pounding bark for paper, rolling tobacco into long cheroots. They are not hard-worked; no one is very rich, and no one need be poor. Wealth counts for nothing in the social position of men or women; pretty clothes are considered the correct attire for a child or a young girl, but no girl is ever ashamed of a friend because her dress is shabby. If a girl goes without a new jacket and gown at festival times, and dresses herself in faded garments, she joins her friends quite sure that their welcome will be as hearty as if her clothes had been

new and fine. There is no respect paid to money or dress by Shans, who live far from what we call "civilisation."

Girls cannot read or write, but they know a great many of the Buddhist Scriptures by heart; the men and boys of the family repeat them aloud in the evenings, so girls learn them from constantly hearing them recited.

Before the big festivals girls have great fun cooking paddy to make a kind of "pop-corn." The paddy is shaken in an empty pot over the fire, and when the ears are hot they "pop" and jump in the liveliest fashion. The rice bursts out of the chaff, turning into delightful little balls of the purest white, excellent to eat. When girls wish to take an offering of food to the monks they very often make the "popped" rice. They carry it to the monastery in a scarlet basket, with a bunch of flowers and a bottle with water. The rice is given to the monks; the flowers are placed in one of the vases near the door of the image-house; the water already in the vase is thrown out, and the fresh water added.

Little girls have a very happy time during the festivals; they wear their best and brightest dresses, and a group of young girls is like a flower-garden. Some wear jackets of the palest blue, of apple-green, or lilac, or amber, or crimson. Their panelled skirts are gay with every hue, and threads of gold are interwoven through the colours. One young girl asked me to interpret the "charms" that ornamented two of the panels of her skirt. She knew that they represented English words, and she longed to know if the "charms" were lucky. I read the magic words with difficulty; they were upside-down, and were partly covered by silver discs. The "charm" was MADE IN GERMANY. I told her that the words could do her no harm, and were lucky for those who had written them, but I thought that they brought no good fortune to us. These words may be bought

in any quantity through all the Shan States, where unfortunately such British "charms" are rare.

Shan girls have no affectation: their movements are graceful, and free from self-consciousness. They laugh merrily, and have a great deal to say to each other. They like to walk hand-in-hand, and they often caress one another by pressing their lips to their friends' cheeks (they do not kiss on the mouth), but they make no sound with their lips when they kiss. In Shan the same word is used for "kiss" and "smell"; so if a man wishes to express to his sweetheart "I would like to kiss you," he says, "How sweet you smell!"[1]

Their games, then, are different from those of the boys, with whom they seldom play, unless they meet at the house where some one lies dead. On such occasions they play with sticks or pebbles, beans or seeds, which, when thrown up into the air, are caught on their descent on the back of the hand. This game can be played in many different ways, and is at all times a favourite amusement. Another game is "Bears catching each other." Lines are drawn on the ground, and girls, who are separated into two groups, divide the lines among them. Each girl runs from her own line across those of the opposing set, and tries to reach her own lines again without being caught. Many games have the name of the "Bear"; this is strange, as Shan children are much more afraid of tigers and leopards than they are of bears. Possibly their ancestors, the originators of these games, came from the north, where bears were dreaded by the people, as they still are in Kashmir. "Young girls catching bear," is the name of another game; also "Sitting bear." In these one or two girls—blindfolded—try to catch their

[1] I recall once having done a kindness to a poor Shan, he leaned over and smelled the sleeve of my coat, saying, "Hawm long, hawm lang" (most fragrant), meaning, "you are very sweet, very dear to me."—W. W. C.

companions, who form a circle round them, holding hands.

Across the borders, in Yün-nan, Kachins are the "bogey" men to Chinese Shan children, whose mothers silence their crying by saying, "Hush! the Kachins will hear you and come to take you away!" This threat is sometimes literally fulfilled in Yün-nan, for Kachins now and then swoop down from the hills and, raiding the villages on the plains, take children and young people to be their slaves. Formerly in the Shan States, now British territory, the same state of affairs prevailed, and the Kachins, the Highlanders of the country, harried the Shans, the Lowlanders, who were invariably beaten. It was not easy for the people of the plains to retaliate, as the Kachins made—and still make—their villages on the tops of hills, the only approach being very steep and narrow paths. They no longer raid the people of the valleys on British soil, but watchers in Shan villages in Yün-nan fire guns at intervals through the night, warning the hill men that there are village people awake and watching.

Girls are fond of playing with cowrie shells or the seeds of fruits. A row of small holes is made in the ground, then the cowries or seeds are thrown or flicked into them from a distance. Girls have no dolls, and there is no attempt to make images of cloth or wood for playthings, to represent babies, though children are fond of nursing puppies or kittens, pretending that they are children. I remember showing some grown-up Shans a European picture of children and dolls, which greatly surprised and puzzled them; they believed that the dolls represented a dwarf race of living people, whose extreme smallness greatly astonished them. I found it difficult to make them understand that they were only toys for children. With the exception of wooden tops, and whistles made of clay in the shape of birds and beasts, which can be bought in the markets, Shan

CHILDREN BATHING. A favourite attitude.

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children make their own toys of seeds or shells, sticks and stones, and with these they are perfectly happy. Girls are fond of nursing their smaller sisters and brothers, making good and careful little nurses. They do not spend as much time in games as do the boys, because they help their mothers in so many ways at home. They love their daily bath in the stream, wading, splashing, and throwing the water at each other in fun; and, although the children often try to upset one another in fun in deep pools, neither boys nor girls are really rough or unkind in their play. They bathe naked until nine or ten years of age; then wear petticoats, tied tightly under the arms. Shans do not excel in swimming, and, as they know the danger of the strong currents and whirlpools in great rivers, rarely attempt to cross from shore to shore, contenting themselves by swimming close to the banks downstream.

DRAWING OF A BUFFALO BY A SHAN SCHOOLBOY.

Children, and grown-up people too, are fond of playing practical jokes. If they find a dead snake they cannot resist the fun of placing it, coiled as if alive, in grass close to a path. They watch with delight the sudden stop and speedy retreat of those who, coming along the path, see the dangerous reptile. Sometimes a woman, making a *détour* to avoid the snake, finds the laughing children crouching behind bushes. As a rule she is not angry, but, after enjoying the joke against herself, squats down among them to enjoy the fun, waiting with them until the practical joke has been successfully played on some one else.

CHAPTER V

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS

A SHAN boy is considered to have reached manhood when he has been tattooed. Until he has enough courage to endure the painful and trying operation his status is that of a child. Plucky boys may be tattooed as early as twelve years old, but more often they wait until they are fourteen. Shans probably learned this custom from the Burmans, as the Siamese, who are so closely related to them, tattoo themselves very slightly, or not at all. Shan men are always tattooed; occasionally only one leg has its blue decorations, but the rule is to tattoo both legs from waist to knee, the thighs being completely covered with an elaborate design in dark blue. This ornamentation does not always end at the knees, but may be continued to the ankles. The backs of boys are seldom tattooed, though patterns on the back from the waist to the shoulders, sometimes in blue, more often in red, are added from time to time. The leg designs are usually much more artistic than those on the back, which have no symmetry. Sometimes a design of squares, with a letter in each, may occupy the space under one shoulder-blade, while the other side of the back is perhaps decorated with small circles or weird beasts or birds. Tattooing in red sometimes fades, but the blue appears to be indelible. The designs show more distinctly on young men than on old, because with long exposure to the sun Shans lose the fairness of skin that characterises young people.

YOUNG GIRLS FROM TEN TO TWELVE YEARS OF AGE.

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They say that the pain of the tattooing process is less trying than the intolerable itching that follows, which lasts for several days. When boys are to be tattooed they are generally given a certain amount of opium to deaden the pain, and, during the period that follows, their friends sit in a circle round them, giving the wretched boy such advice as this: "If you scratch yourself you will spoil the beautiful patterns on your legs." "You wriggle too much, people will think that you are only a little boy." "Remember that if you spoil the tattooing no girls will admire you."

Tattooing on the legs is chiefly practised as a decoration: it is a sign of manhood; no girl recognises the fact that a youth is a man of a marriageable age until his legs can show the blue markings. Designs, added from time to time on the back or arms, are charms to ward off wounds or accidents. Love-charms are tattooed on the arms or on the tip of the tongue. Fine wires of gold, or small discs of gold or silver, are sometimes inserted under the skin of the arms, back, or chest. The wires are supposed to keep at a distance the evil spirits that bring sickness, the discs are charms to prevent all kinds of wounds. The latter vary in shape, but are generally like coins, a little less than a threepenny-piece in size, divided by lines into four quarters, and in each quarter one letter is engraved—these are more often in Burmese than Shan characters. One letter symbolises the scale of a fish, one is the symbol of a monkey, one of a crab, and one of a peacock. They represent certain animals in whose bodies the Buddha is supposed to have lived before taking the form of a man. Many stories are told of Gautama's early lives, and how the creatures in which he passed a short time of his animal existence were more clever and wise than their fellows, and their emblems, representing him, are believed to carry a measure of safety to those who wear them.

No ceremony marks the passing of childhood into

womanhood. Girls do not tattoo unless they are crossed in love, when a small charm may be tattooed on one of their arms or on the tip of the tongue.

The dress of a marriageable girl in no way differs in shape from that of a child or married woman, but the skirts, jackets, and turbans of children and girls—also of young matrons—are of brighter colours than those worn by older women. Girls and women wear fine circles of cane, which fit tightly round the leg under the knee; five or six may be worn on each leg. They are seldom seen, as they are covered by the dress; but when a girl crosses a deep stream, raising her skirt above the knee to keep it from the water, the circles, which look like black garters, are visible. The one great difference distinguishing a young girl from a marriageable woman is the hair. The head of a baby girl is shaved, with the exception of a tuft of hair on the crown, which, as she grows older, is allowed to become long; the rest is cut into a short fringe, which is only allowed to grow long as she approaches a marriageable age. It is worn twisted into a tight coil on the top of the head.

Shans wash their hair two or three times a week; they loosen the coil and comb it out several times in the day, and are much concerned if it is not thick and long. Women who may have thin hair sometimes cut it off, presenting it to the image-house, where it hangs among other curious offerings. They do not expect any immediate answer to their sacrifice, but hope that in their next life they may have luxuriant tresses. When they are thus shorn, they either buy a switch of hair in the market or wear that of a brother or son which had been cut off when he became a monk. A Shan woman has no desire to keep secret such an addition to her coiffure. When she washes her head in the stream, the additional tail is also washed; then waved in the wind to dry. Should her friends see her, she does not feel in the least abashed, but talks to them, waving her additional locks with

the greatest indifference. She is not ashamed of her purchase; why, then, should she be ashamed of washing it in public?

The turbans of Shan women completely hide the hair, but often, especially when the weather is hot, women wear neither turban nor jacket; the upper skirt is also discarded, and the under skirt, or petticoat—always dark blue or black in colour—is tied very tightly under the arms by a string which is knotted across the chest. If a Shan girl is working, she is not ashamed to be seen by her friends, whether they are men or women, in this undress attire; when, however, she is not working, she is much concerned if she is seen *décoiffée*; she feels that there should be an apparent reason for appearing in *déshabille*. Shan women, when they become elderly, sometimes work nude to the waist, especially when they carry rolls of cloth, newly dyed, to be washed in the stream, but one rarely sees young women in a semi-nude condition.

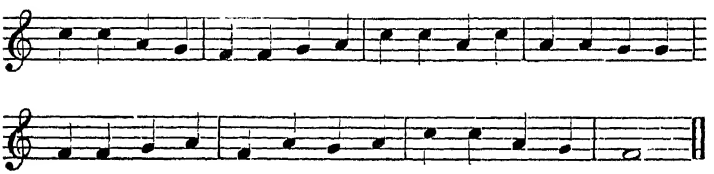
The ears of a girl are pierced when she is a baby, the holes in the lobes being gradually stretched to admit larger and larger ear ornaments. These are seldom rings; they are sometimes cylinders of jade or coloured glass, more rarely they are of gold, ending with a golden rosette set with rubies. The favourite ear ornaments for both young men and maidens are rolls of bright scarlet cloth, which are not unbecoming, though the large holes in the lobes of the ears are, when empty, very unsightly. Many of the statues of the Buddha have these large holes in the ears.

Young men, when they wish to look their best, especially after they have been tattooed, become very particular as to the style and twist of their turbans, which are made of flimsier cloth than those worn by women; they are of thin cotton, or muslin, or silk, and are worn so that the knot of hair is shown in the middle. It is most amusing to see two lads assisting each other to arrange their turbans. One holds the looking-glass—which is seldom more than

three inches square—while the other twists and retwists the folds. Sometimes, after many attempts, the boy loses patience, rolls the offending turban into a ball, kicks it into a corner, then tries again with another strip of cloth. Only bachelors give themselves trouble in the arranging of their headgear. When they first join the ranks of manhood, they are very proud of the fact that they have been tattooed, and roll up their trousers as far as possible to show the blue markings.

Girls are entirely unchaperoned, having from childhood a great deal of freedom. Their liberty is quite unfettered. During the daytime water is generally taken from the nearest well, but towards sunset a more distant one, in the rice fields beyond the houses, is the favourite. As the girls draw water, or rather ladle it with bamboo dippers, into their buckets—the water is near the surface—the young men, their day's work done, pass and repass the well. They walk slowly, in pairs, arm in arm, throwing many keen glances at the merry groups of girls, sometimes pausing to exchange a word or two. Young women are in no way secluded, and in the evenings, when the last meal is over, it is customary that the parents should go to bed early, leaving the entrance room free so that the girls may receive their visitors alone.

A young man does not compromise himself, or the girl, if he comes to see her in her own home. He visits her quite openly, sometimes playing short tunes on a gourd flute outside the house before he enters. Often the tunes are in a minor key, and are very melancholy in their cadences. This tune, which is a favourite, is played again and again without any variation:



A BOY.

YOUNG MAN WITH GOURD FLUTE.

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If a young girl dies before marriage, having had no lover, the youths of the village in turn play sad little tunes to her, on their gourd flutes, as she lies dead.

A Shan girl is generally found at home in the evenings. She sits on a low stool or on the floor, and spins, her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, showing her pretty arms. She makes a very charming and fascinating picture in the half-flickering light from the wood fire, the borders of her turban gleaming, her jacket made of some brightly coloured velvet, and the panels of her skirt sparkling with threads of gold.

When a young man has made up his mind which girl he wishes to marry, he spends some money in buying love letters. These are usually written in poetry, by a professional letter-writer. He does not send them to the girl—if he did so, she could not read them—so, when he pays his evening visits, he brings the letters with him, then reads or sings them to her, throwing as much meaning and sentiment into his voice as possible. The girl, of course, is the subject of the poems, which in many lines and rhymes tell her that she walks as gracefully as a duck swims, that her face is like the full moon shining in the night of her hair, that the palms of her small hands and the soles of her tripping feet are pink as lotus-flowers. Here is a short love song;[1] some are of great length:

Thou fairest and best, more precious than rubies,
Thou choice of my heart, I pray thee now listen,
While I weave in fit measures, and smooth-flowing cadence
My tender sweet song.
Thy form is so graceful, as tall, and as slender
As the finely wrought bow of the skilfulest archer;
Thy dark heavy eyebrows shade eyes of a doe
In rich pastures feeding.
Thy skin is as soft as the jacket thou wearest,
Made, fair one, by thee of the finest of silk.
If now in thy youth to any thou leanest,

[1] Translated by Rev. W. W. Cochrane,

Bend quickly towards me, the industrious peasant,
Who thy rice-bowl will keep full of rice of the sweetest,
The fruit of my labour and hard-handed toil.
Hark! I will tell thee, as the flame of love kindleth.
How ardent my passion, thou choice of my soul:
If in a great pool I should see thee there drowning,
I in it would plunge, most reckless of life
Or if in a deep well thou shouldest fall tripping,
I would rush to thy rescue, as no other man.
It is fate that our stars must come in conjunction,
Like Sam-law and U-pym,[1] the far-famèd lovers who dwell in the sky.
So harken I pray, and make thy decision, then early we'll set
The glad wedding-day.

If a would-be lover is objectionable to a girl she does not hesitate to tell him so, but sometimes a young man will not take a refusal, and Shans crossed in love have sometimes gone mad. Love-philtres are in great request, but, if the case is desperate, there is said to be a certain cure. The man goes, on a cold winter night, to the house of the girl he loves, and sits in the darkness till dawn under the stairs of the veranda. He must not roll himself in a blanket, so suffers a good deal from cold, and is generally cured after one vigil. This prescription is most efficacious, and a second trial is seldom necessary. Winter nights in the Shan States are sometimes very cold; the air in the daytime is heated by the sun, as the sky at that season is cloudless, but at night the temperature falls rapidly. Sometimes in winter

[1] Sam-law and U-pym are the subjects of the most popular and widely read Shan love-poem. These lovers lived some centuries ago; both were children of wealthy parents. It was a case of passionate love at first sight. After a year of happy married life, U-pym met a tragic death at the hands of a jealous mother-in-law; Sam-law, in faithful devotion to his virtuous and beautiful bride, slew himself with his sword and fell beside the dead body of his wife. As a reward for their true love and faithfulness, they were translated to the sky and are permitted to meet whenever their star-palaces come in conjunction. It is peculiar that the above love-poem was written by a Buddhist monk.—W. W. COCHRANE.

the ground is white with hoar-frost in the early mornings, so the difference in temperature between the warm days and the cold nights is very great.

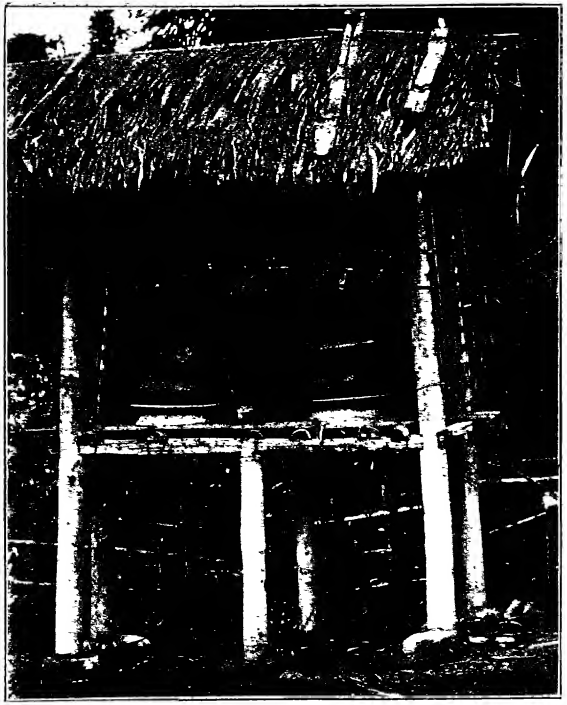
On religious feast-days young men and maidens have plenty of opportunities of associating with each other, when men, women, and children go to worship at the monasteries of other villages. Shans always walk in single file, and girls—in the long line of people—naturally keep near each other. It is easy for two or three young men to join the procession immediately before the line of girls, and two or three others may bring up the rear. The young folks are very merry; laughter ripples up and down the line; there is seldom a pause in the conversation. Shans have such acute hearing that a young man can easily be heard by a girl at some distance behind; no one talks of private affairs, as the conversation may be heard by all, but in these long walks the young people are excellent friends and comrades. In the dry season paths leading through the rice fields are dusty and hot under foot, then, when the people reach the cool shadows of great trees, they are glad to rest. They sit in groups on the ground; betel-boxes, filled with areca-nut and spices, are handed round, while men smoke. Shan women do not often smoke, unless they have acquired the habit in Burma. Shady trees may be found at intervals, near paths in the valleys, planted there many years ago by men who have died long since and are forgotten, who cared for the trees when they were seedlings, watering them in the dry weather, and constantly covering their roots with soil during the rains to prevent the running waters of the rice fields from sweeping them away. If there is no stream or well near a resting-place, there is generally a bamboo stand, covered by a tiny thatched roof shading two great water-pots. Women and girls bring fresh water to fill them day by day, having been taught that a "cup of cold water" given to tired and thirsty wayfarers brings much reward in a future life.

If there are no water-pots, girls passing the resting people sometimes pause to offer water from their full buckets; if their offer is accepted, they are glad, even if they are left with empty buckets, and they go again cheerily, it may be to a distant well, to fill them again.

When Shans drink water they rarely touch the dipper with their lips, but, tilting the head well back, pour the water into their mouths.

Where there is only a muddy stream, and clear water is required, a shallow part is chosen and sand is formed into circles, each three or four feet in diameter; they are depressed in the middle and shaped like the craters of burning mountains. Into the circles the water filters, becoming clean as it passes through the sand.

Many old customs are dying out, and in some parts of the Shan States young people do not exchange betrothal gifts. The giving and taking of presents is, however, still the custom among the Northern Shans who live on the borders of Yün-nan. The girl receives a ring or a silver bangle from her lover, and gives him one of her bracelets, a ring, or her turban. If the engagement is broken off, there is sometimes difficulty in returning and getting back these gifts, the aggrieved party refusing to take back or give up the presents; till this is done, it is not etiquette that either man or maid should again become betrothed.



WATER-POTS.

SAND FILTERS.

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CHAPTER VI

MARRIAGE

SHAN girls are seldom engaged to be married before the age of fourteen, and, if they do not fall in love, they often remain unmarried until they are eighteen or twenty. The average age, as far as can be guessed in a country where no one really knows the date of birth, is about sixteen. Men marry at any age after sixteen, but more often wait until they are eighteen or twenty. It is considered proper that a husband should be older than his wife; indeed, no woman would marry any man whom she thought younger than herself. Little children engage themselves in fun, promising to marry each other when they are grown up, and they often remain true to their childish vows. In such a case the wife continues to call her husband by his baby name, which he bore when they first played together, which is forgotten by every one else.

There is no betrothal ceremony. Shan parents rarely try to force their daughters to marry men whom they dislike; but occasionally, if they refuse their consent to a marriage, young people take the matter into their own hands and elope. A little house is easily built in the jungle; bamboos growing wild are free to all; so the young man chooses a quiet spot near a stream and far from a village; there he builds a temporary home for himself and his bride. A new bamboo house is delightfully pretty; it is green all over, inside and out. The upright posts are green,

and the mat walls are green also. The floor, also green, raised many feet above the ground and reached by a slender ladder of bamboos, is so high that no fierce wild animal can enter. Sufficient food for some days is provided; then to the green home, hidden in the jungle, he brings his bride. A runaway marriage is considered no disgrace: a wedding ceremony is not necessary to constitute a marriage among Shans, as, if a girl goes with a man to his house and lives with him there, she is looked upon by every one as his wife. Whenever there is opposition on the part of parents, irregular marriages are popular. Young people are soon forgiven, they return to the village to a new home, and the romantic little house is abandoned.

If parents on both sides give their consent to a marriage, it takes place with a certain amount of ceremony. When a man asks a girl to be his wife and she agrees, he returns to his home and asks his mother or sister to tell his father of the engagement. The father, if pleased, does not speak to his son on the subject, though, if displeased, he gives his opinion in a decided and forcible manner. If satisfied, he asks a friend—who is generally an elderly man—to visit the girl's father in order to discuss the proposed marriage. A certain sum must be paid by the father of the bridegroom to the father of the bride, the amount of money varying according to the beauty and wit of the girl and the wealth and position of her lover. If she has many admirers a large sum may be demanded for her hand. This is a survival of the old form of marriage by purchase. If a girl is determined to marry a man whose father is very poor, she may help him to pay the sum demanded. A woman's earnings are her own before and after marriage, but if her father and mother are old or unable to work and she has no brothers, she is expected to give her earnings to help in the home. Shans are very dutiful children, and treat an old father and mother with kindness and reverence.

SHAN MEN.

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When there is no question of poverty, a girl may spend her earnings as she pleases. Any woman—even the daughter or wife of a chief—may weave her cloth, selling what she has woven, or become a trader without loss of social standing. Every woman can make money in some way. Plain white cotton cloth may be woven, then dyed blue for sale in the market. Girls may also embroider the ends of pillows and weave cloth of elaborate patterns in silks or wools of many colours. In some way, if a girl is really anxious to marry a poor man unable to pay the sum demanded, she can always help him privately. The amount asked is not large: usually one hundred rupees is at first suggested as the price by the father of the girl, but after much bargaining the half may be accepted, twenty-five to be paid at once, the other twenty-five to be given on the wedding-day.

If after marriage the husband and wife separate—with no fault on either side save incompatibility of temper, the wife returning to her father's house—half the amount that has been paid for her must be returned to her father-in-law. If a woman separates from her husband and wishes to marry again, her new lover must first repay to the father of her first husband the original amount paid for her. This sum can be legally claimed, but Shans try, as much as possible, to settle such matters out of court; even if the case be won much money is lost in fees.

If a man dislikes his wife, although she may have committed no fault, he may send her away, but he cannot claim the money that was paid for her, and must give her a writing, before the elders, which sets her free; she may then marry again if she wishes to do so. Where there are children they sometimes go to one parent, sometimes to another; in cases of divorce there is no absolute rule. When they are very young they are always given to the mother. If the husband dies and the widow remains for some time in the house of her father-in-law, a small sum should

be paid to him should she marry again. It is quite correct and customary, but not obligatory, that a widow should marry her deceased husband's brother, but in such a case no money is paid for her. A Shan does not marry his deceased wife's sister.

It was customary for great chiefs to take as their chief wife one of their step-sisters by the same father, but by a different mother. To marry a full sister, or an adopted sister, was never allowed. Some time ago the son of a chief in the Northern Shan States took as his wives a girl and also her mother. This double marriage with near kin met with universal condemnation throughout the country. In old times the punishment for such unseemly marriages was death; now there is no actual punishment, but public opinion is strong against such unions; any persons marrying within the prohibited degrees of relationship being boycotted and expelled from the district.

Before the date of the wedding can be fixed the horoscopes of both girl and man must be carefully studied, many visits being paid to the wise men of the village. There is in every Shan hamlet at least one wise man—often there are two or three—famous for his knowledge of the meaning of omens and known as the interpreter of dreams. When a Shan wakes from sleep remembering an extraordinary dream he tells it to his friends, who listen with profound interest and attention; no one would think of suggesting that he might have eaten too much for supper on the previous evening. It is lucky to dream of a horse, elephant, or tiger, a live snake, silver, precious stones, flowers, a friend who is dead, an open umbrella, of flying in the air, of crossing a river in a boat, of rowing upstream, of thunder and lightning, of eating something sweet, of hiding from some one—a vision of any of these things is believed to bring good luck to the dreamer. It is thought unlucky to dream of a marriage, of copper

YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN.

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coins, of running water, of bathing, of a bite from a snake or dog, of the moon, of boiling rice, of a boat going downstream, of a horse running downhill, of descending a stair, of eating meat or sour fruit, of wearing new clothes—all these are considered bad omens; but the worst of all is to dream of the loss of a turban. It is extremely fortunate to dream of holding the moon in the hand. If a Shan dreams that his hair has become white he is very pleased, as it means that he will live to a good old age. Difficulties often arise in the interpretation; if in one dream there are both good and bad omens, then only the wise men can interpret the meaning. Until a marriage is an accomplished fact every remarkable dream, not only of the bride and bridegroom but also of their relatives, must be carefully narrated to the wise man, who judge if they are omens of future happiness or of bad fortune. Soothsayers are sometimes exceedingly clever in giving ambiguous answers to their questioners. It is considered unlucky to marry on Thursday or Saturday. No weddings take place in the months of fasting or on the fast days which come in every month throughout the year. A day which would be lucky for the bride might bring misfortune to the bridegroom, and *vice versa*, so marriages are neither quickly nor easily arranged.

When a propitious day is chosen, invitations are sent by the parents of the young people to bid their friends come to the wedding feasts. Guests arrive on the evening before the ceremony, supper being prepared for them that night. As a rule, marriages take place about three o'clock in the afternoon. In the early morning of the wedding day the betrothed man and maid bathe in running water near their respective homes. It is not etiquette that they should see each other that day until the ceremony in the afternoon. A marriage never takes place in the morning unless the home of the bride is far distant from

that of the bridegroom; should this be the case, the ceremonial bathing is performed on the evening of the previous day. The wedding is at the home of the bride; the parents of the bridegroom are not present: they are making preparations at home for the reception of the bride, and there is much cooking to be done. A temporary fireplace is made in the open air, and the women among the guests gather round the cooking-pots, assisting with advice and helping to prepare the food.

Friends of the bridegroom give him small gifts of money, but no one gives money to the bride. Sometimes girl friends bring presents to her, such as a new turban or bag, or a coverlet or pillow for the bed, made by themselves expressly for her. No one whose father or mother is dead or who is a widow or widower should give wedding-presents, as they might bring bad luck.

There is no special form of dress for bride or bridegroom; they wear new clothes and new turbans. The every-day dress of Shan men is made of dark blue cloth, but generally a bridegroom wears a white jacket and turban; his trousers may either be white, black, or dark blue. Shan trousers are extremely wide, and often they are made with the "seat" so near the ankles that they look like a skirt. Shan women living near railways or steamers have adopted Burmese dress, but in remote districts their dress is still distinctive. The bride's costume is in no way different from that of other women. Her skirt is of black cloth with two velvet bands near the foot—sometimes it is made entirely of black velvet; it is decorated with panels of woven silks or wools of gay colours, each panel divided from the next by a band of gold. The jacket is of velvet or silk of some brilliant hue. In shape it resembles that of a Burman woman, but has a high, straight collar hiding the throat—fastened by a clasp of silver or, more rarely, of gold. The turban is black, with many rows of brightly coloured silks and gold

A BAND, WITH DRUM, GONGS, AND CYMBALS.

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threads at each end, the svastika playing a conspicuous part in the patterns of the borders. Young women arrange the gay ends of their turbans to hang loose at each side of the head behind the ears. Large silver bracelets are worn, which the bride borrows if she does not possess any of her own. The costume described above is the usual fête dress of all Shan women when young. Sometimes little discs of silver are sewn round the foot of the panels, and dangling ornaments, also of silver, are dotted here and there on the skirt. Anklets are never worn by women or girls.

Early in the afternoon of the wedding day the bridegroom's friends come to his home to escort him to the bride. In front of the procession go musicians, with drums, gongs, and cymbals. They keep excellent time as they march, and the tones of their instruments are not discordant, though there is no tune. After the band come several old men, friends of the father of the bridegroom, then the bridegroom with his young companions. There are no women among them. Monks neither walk in the procession nor are present at the ceremony, which is in no way a religious function: it is a purely civil contract. When the house of the bride is reached the elders are the first to enter, and they offer to the father of the bride a number of baskets full of different kinds of food. The amount given is not always the same, but certain articles are always presented. Tea, rice, meat, and bananas are given in varying quantities, but four eggs and two salt fish are always presented. The gifts must be in even numbers, as it would be unlucky to give one egg or three fish. The presents are divided by the bride's father, who keeps one portion for himself, giving the other to the elders. The bride remains in her bedroom with her girl friends until the presents have been offered and accepted, then the elders ask that she should be brought to her husband. The custom is that they should ask for her three times.

Twice the father refuses the request, saying that he has changed his mind and prefers to keep his daughter a little longer at home; the third time he either goes to fetch her himself or sends her mother for her. Now the bride has a part to play, and she refuses to leave her bedroom. The young married women go to her, begging her to come with them to her husband, who is waiting for her. At first she repels them, hides her face in her hands, and weeps—or pretends to weep—bitterly. It is considered correct behaviour in a bride to shed many tears; even if she is fond of her *fiancé* and glad to marry him, she must pretend to be sorry. At last they persuade her to go to her father, who places her hand in the outstretched hand of the bridegroom, saying, "Here is your wife, you may take her"; sometimes, however, no word is spoken, and the bridegroom receives his wife in silence.

One of the elders now leaves the house, carrying small packets of tea, salt, and rice; these he holds over his head, at the same time calling on heaven and earth to bear witness to the marriage. When the elder returns to the house he twists a white string seven times round the left wrist of the bride and once round the right wrist of the bridegroom. These strings are not tied, so they very soon fall off and are considered of little importance, after the ceremony is finished; in many parts of the country the thread ceremony has fallen into disuse. We read in Ibbotson's "Panjab Ethnography," that "Among the Kurmis the bridegroom, on the wedding morning, is first married to a mango tree. He embraces the tree, is for a time tied to it . . . with a thread. . . . Then the thread is removed from the tree, and is used to attach some of the leaves to the bridegroom's wrist." It is possible that in ancient times this custom may have prevailed among the early Shans, the threads twisted round the wrist being a survival of the custom.

The bridegroom now leads the bride to a low table of bamboo—not more than a foot high—and they sit

together near it, on a mat; there they eat curry and rice in the presence of the wedding guests. The remainder of the money is paid for the bride, who is now ready to leave her old home for the new one. The band goes first as in the former procession. The newly married pair do not walk together; the bridegroom, with his companions, preceded by the old men, follow the band, then the young wife with her friends, but her father and mother remain in their own home. Sometimes the procession goes by a very roundabout way, as it is thought lucky, in going to a new home, to begin by walking in a northerly direction; therefore, if the bridegroom's house lies towards the south, it must be reached by first walking towards the north, reaching the house by circuitous paths. When the young couple are leaving the bride's home, they must return should any person sneeze, again sit on the mat for a short time, then make a fresh start. To sneeze is at all times considered unlucky for those who are going away. Sometimes boiled rice is thrown on the newly married pair, to bring them good fortune and a large family. This custom, however, is often omitted. When the procession is on its way, care must be taken that no paddy-bird (egret) should fly near the young husband or wife, as such occurrence would be considered unlucky. Wedding processions are sometimes of great length. The guests walk in single file, and they cannot follow each other too closely, as in the hot season they all carry large paper umbrellas, open, above their heads. Men in their white and blue garments, women and girls in gaily coloured costumes, and the long row of yellow and amber umbrellas make a brilliant line of colour across the landscape.

At the foot of the stair leading up to the veranda of his father's house the bridegroom waits for the coming of his bride. When she arrives he precedes her up the steps; then, when she has joined him at the top, he takes her hand and leads her to his father and

mother, who are waiting in the doorway of the living-room. The bride usually kneels before them, with her hands palm to palm, and, if she wishes to be very respectful, removes her turban, laying it at their feet. She now takes her place as a daughter of the house, and is ready to share the work of carrying the water or cooking for the family.

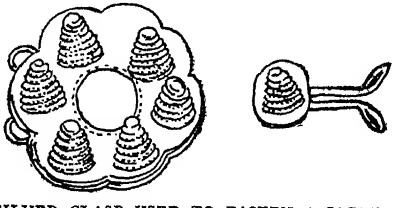
Before evening an old woman escorts her to her bedroom, shows her where the wedding bed (a quilted mat) must be placed, and explains to her that she must always sleep at the left side of the bed, even if her husband is absent. The quilt, bed-covers, mosquito curtain, and pillows are all new, being given by the father of the bride. The husband's pillow must be larger and higher than that of the wife: pillows are shaped like short bolsters, and are stuffed with young shoots of paddy which have been dried in the sun. The bridegroom seldom sees his wife until the small hours of the morning after the wedding day, as his bachelor friends do their best to keep him outside the house. The bride sometimes has a sleep early in the evening on the floor of her mother-in-law's room, as however late her husband may be in coming into the house, it is not etiquette that she should go to bed till he arrives. This is the custom for the first night only; afterwards she may go to bed when she pleases.

Shan marriages do not always turn out happily. The women are very independent, and often leave their husbands without any serious quarrel. If there are children, they are generally a strong link binding husband and wife together. If there are no children, the husband sometimes takes a second wife. This may cause the first wife to get a divorce, which leaves her free to marry again if she wishes to do so. More often she does not object, and lives on good terms with the second wife; then if there are children she looks on them as her own, and is very fond of them.

Shan traders, who spend much time travelling between the Shan States and Yün-nan, generally have

two homes, one in British territory, the other in China, and they may have wives in both countries. I know a Shan woman who was so fond of her husband's son by his Chinese wife that when the boy came to visit her she tried to keep him with her, as she said that she loved him quite as well as her own little girl. If there are two wives the children call the first the "Big Mother," the next the "Little Mother." There was a Shan in North Hsenwi who married two wives; the first had no children, the second had several sons. The two women were the greatest friends, and after the husband's death, when the eldest son received an important post in the state and went to live several days' journey from his home, he was accompanied by his two "mothers," as both women looked upon him as their son. If a widow with children marries a widower with children, the children may intermarry.

Polyandry is unknown. If an unmarried girl gives birth to a child she has no legal claim on the father, but must support the child herself. If the father is a man who does not intend to marry her, she is considered disgraced; but, if the father of her child was the man to whom she was betrothed, but who has died without marrying her, she is not blamed at all. Shans are more often monogamous than polygamous; only ruling chiefs follow the example of their ancestors and have many wives. Shan women do not appear to be very jealous, and the many wives of chiefs appear to live together without much friction.



SILVER CLASP USED TO FASTEN A JACKET.
The smaller piece fits into the middle of the larger.

CHAPTER VII

OLD AGE AND FUNERAL CEREMONIES

As men and women grow old they spend more time in prayer, offering many gifts to the monastery and temple. After fifty years of age women cease to wear bright colours; even their turbans become a uniform black, as they fold them so that the brightly coloured borders are hidden. They wear no ornaments, with the exception of the silver clasp fastening the collar of the jacket. As they grow too old to go to the religious feasts at other villages, they become the caretakers of the house, the guardians of the home and garden. They spend much time in sweeping the floors of the nearest monastery, an easy task, as the schoolboys have already swept the whole place in the early morning—old women often use brushes of peacock's feathers. The sweeping is rather a pretence, but they like to feel that they are helping to keep the holy place clean. They also carry away withered flowers, arranging fresh blossoms, filling the vases with water. Sometimes flowers are arranged and rearranged many times in the day by one old woman after another; clean water is thrown out of the vases, more clean water being added in a wholly unnecessary way; but no one objects, and each old woman feels that she is an important factor in keeping the place clean and beautiful. Young women do the hard work of the house, but there are many light tasks which old people can do, so they know that they are still useful members of the family. They can watch the fire, and see that the sticks do

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not roll off the box of sand on which the fire is made; they can also watch the rice as it cooks, stirring it now and then, occasionally adding a little water so that it does not burn; they can feed the chickens, and, when the work of weaving is too tiring for them, they can still spin. When they are very old and their eyes grow dim, they can work no more, but their children and grandchildren are good and kind to them; each fine morning they are helped down the stair into the garden, where in the cold weather they sit in the sun or under the shade of trees when the days are hot. Sometimes they go a few steps farther to the pathway outside the garden, where they rest on a bamboo seat, talking to their old friends, telling each other stories of the good old days when they were young.

An old man also goes to the temple; he is escorted by a little boy, proud to be trusted to take the old man there and bring him home again in safety. Sometimes old men remain in the monastery all day listening to the monks, sleeping in the shade of the big indiarubber trees—grown in nearly all monastery gardens—or sunning themselves in the open courts when the weather is cold. Sometimes they may be heard repeating the Buddhist Scriptures with the schoolboys, recalling the lessons that they learned so many years before. Old people lead calm and placid lives. Shan children are very patient with the old, learning also to be particularly tender-hearted to those who are helpless or in any way afflicted. Children are taught that the spirits of people who are mad, or "wanting," may be with other blessed spirits on the sacred mountain, so they are always kind to idiots and imbeciles, as they say that the poor deserted body should be cared for and treated with reverence. Children have no fear of such people; if Shans are eating and an idiot comes to the door of the house the children at once run to offer him food. I recollect a poor madman in a Shan

village who would wear no clothes except a long piece of cloth twisted round his body, one end trailing on the ground behind him as he walked. He lived in the corner of an empty "zayat,"[1] and every day the village children brought wood for his fire, also rice and fruit. He could cook his own food, and did not seem very mad, but the Shans said, "Truly his spirit is not in him; who but one who has no mind would allow his dress to sweep the dust of the ground?" Idiots are generally good-tempered; perhaps because they have never been teased or ridiculed, and they know that in any house they may enter they will be treated as welcome guests.

When a good old man or woman dies the relations are sorry, but they are also glad. They are sorry to lose an old friend, but they say, "He did many good deeds in his life, he was upright and honourable, he will certainly be happy in his next life. He had lost his teeth, and could not enjoy his food; his eyes were dim, he could not see; but now he is with the good spirits on the spirit mountain, or will soon be reborn a happy human baby. If we grieve too much for him, people will say that we think that he has gone to a place of torment!" I remember a very old man whose son cared for him as for a little child. One day, on asking if he were well, the son replied: "I am glad to be able to tell you that my father is dead." It seemed to me a strange answer, as I knew that he had been a good son, loving the old man and caring for him. He said, "He was such a good old man, he will soon be very happy again; I greatly feared that I should die first, leaving him to the care of strangers." There is much more sorrow when a baby dies; each mother is sure that she is the best mother that her baby can have, and it is no consolation to her to feel that another mother may be good to the child when its spirit again takes a human form.

[1] See footnote on p. 106.

AN OLD COUPLE.

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There is often real sorrow when husbands and wives and brothers and sisters are separated by death, and friends lament the loss of friends; but after the first sorrow is over they generally accept their loss in a philosophical spirit. This is not always the case, for the eyes of a Shan woman sometimes fill with tears when she speaks of her child, though years have passed since she lost it in death. There is no great fear of death; they all feel that they have already lived and died so often. Death and its mystery is not talked of in a whisper, but is a favourite topic of discussion in Shan homes. They do not think of death as of a calamity that only comes once to change the whole course of existence; they think of dying as an incident in life, a change from one life to another, an event that has already happened to them all many times. There are places of punishment—fiery hells for the expiation of sins committed on earth; but there is no everlasting punishment, and they believe that in the end, when the good in the spirit of each conquers the bad, they will at last arrive at Nik-pan,[1] the abode of the blessed, the "City of Peace."

After death a corpse is washed with water—sometimes scented water is used—then placed with the head to the north towards Mount Meru, the great spirit country. Women prepare the bodies of women for burial, men do the same office for men. If possible, the dead are dressed in new clothes, which are in no way different in shape or material from those of living people. If by accident a spark of fire burns the cloth of garments to be worn by the dead, they must on no account be used for the purpose, and the body should rather be dressed in old clothes, which though shabby, may be untouched by fire, as burnt clothes might bring suffering to the spirit of the dead. If clothes to be worn by the dead are new, it is the custom to tear them a little, so that the spirit, if still

[1] Nirvana.

in the body, may easily escape. In old times a corpse was dressed with the opening of the jacket to the back, instead of being fastened in front in the usual way. There seems to be some doubt as to the reason of this custom; some held the belief that the spirit escaped from the back of the body, so they thought it good to have the opening of the dress at the back. Others believed that spirits, when they were clothed, wore their garments with the front to the back. The ghost of a dead person, they think, remains on earth out of the body, but near it, for three days. At this time it is shapeless, having neither a human nor a spirit body; in a few days it acquires either the one or the other. Shans do not cremate their dead, only the bodies of monks are burnt, and the ceremonial is the same as in Burma. The bodies of those who have died natural deaths are buried. The coffin is an oblong wooden case decorated with brightly coloured paper, which is cut into geometrical patterns. The dead person is placed in the coffin, on a fine bamboo mat, and if nearly related to a rich family or to the chief, a layer of sandal-wood is placed under the mat. The thumbs of the dead are tied together in front of the body; the arms are not bent, but remain straight; the great toes are tied together. If a chief dies his face is gilt with pure leaf-gold before he is laid in the coffin.

An offering is in all cases placed on the tongue of the dead, being the passage-money for the boatman who ferries the spirit across the river of death; this offering is generally a small coin of silver or copper, though if a great man dies, gems—generally rubies—as well as gold and silver, may be placed on the tongue. The funeral of an unimportant person may take place within twenty-four hours of death, but if the dead man has held a prominent position in the State his body may remain unburied for a week or more, while messengers are sent from village to village through the country inviting every one to attend the funeral. Outside the house where a dead person of importance

is lying men sit on the ground, beating drums, gongs, and cymbals, to scare the evil spirits which might attack the helpless disembodied ghost, and for the same reason guns are occasionally fired.

In the house women chant sentences, sometimes a few words in praise of the dead, sometimes aphorisms on the uncertainty of life. These sentences are sung in a minor key, and one woman after another sings in wailing tones :

When a Shan child is really frightened or hurt its cry is not different from that of its Western brothers, but when it pretends to be hurt—crying because it wants sympathy—it wails in the tune of a funeral dirge.

As long as the body of a dead person remains unburied it is watched day and night. Women sit at the left side of the body, men at the right. At intervals the wailing stops; then one friend after another recounts the good deeds of the dead. When a child lies dead they recall simple incidents of its life, such as, "He gave me his flowers when he saw that I carried none to the temple"; "He cried over the body of a dead puppy, and there is much merit to the pitiful"; "One day he thought that I was tired, and he came to the well to help me to fill my water-buckets." Every friend tries to remember only what is good, even the smallest incidents of kindness are recorded.

There is feasting all day for the guests. At night people watch in relays, and through the darkness may be heard the clang and throb of the music, the rise and fall of wailing voices. Relations and friends bring presents, which are presented after the funeral to monasteries in the name of the dead. The merit of these gifts goes to the spirit of the dead person, so that he may enjoy more happiness in his next life.

The presents are a curious assortment: European biscuits and tins of milk, bottles of lemonade and ginger-beer—brought from Burma by Chinese traders—paper umbrellas and palm-leaf fans, brooms, water-bottles, mats rolled up and tied with red cord, pillows, bedquilts, betel-boxes of scarlet lacquer. All these articles, and many others, are brought to the room where the dead person lies. There are sometimes small bamboo tables in Shan houses, but these are only used at meal times, when dishes with food are placed upon them; there are no shelves, so all presents must be laid on the floor; sometimes there are so many that the floor is covered with them; crossing the room is not easy, as it is not good manners to step over anything. With the exception of the sad voices of the women there are no signs of mourning at Shan funerals. People wear their brightest garments; scarlet baskets, lacquer trays and betel-boxes of the same bright colour, lie in heaps. There are paper umbrellas of every shade of yellow; they lean against the mat walls, lie in rows on the floor, or hang from the bamboos overhead; and, decked in brighter colours than anything else in the room, is the coffin.

When the funeral day has come—the dead person having died a natural death—the coffin with the dead is carried from the house through the door of the living-room on to the veranda and down the steps to the open space in front of the house, where it is placed on the funeral bier. There it remains for an hour, while friends guard it in relays, some watching while others return to the house to eat the funeral feast. The food is supplied at the expense of the nearest relative. If the deceased has been an influential man feasting may go on for several days, but the chief feast is on the day of the funeral; another is given on the seventh day after the burial of the dead, and sometimes a feast is also held on the anniversary of the death.

When the guests have all finished eating, the presents, which have been tied to long poles, are brought out of the house by women and carried sometimes behind the coffin, but more often before it. The first set of men chosen to carry the bier raise it and rest the long supporting poles—fastened at each side of the bier—on their shoulders. Women nearly related to the deceased walk immediately behind, touching the bier with their hands. The coffin is not hidden, and above it is a large canopy, sometimes in two or three tiers, ornamented with coloured paper in the same style as the coffin. The paper used is gaudy and transparent, resembling that of which English Christmas crackers are made. From each corner pennons, made of gold and silver paper, flutter. The bier, with its canopy, is of no great weight, but appears exceedingly top-heavy, swaying from side to side on the shoulders of the men. There is sometimes considerable risk of an accident when the bearers of one side are on a high and narrow path, the bearers on the other side being two or three feet lower as they walk on the rice land. In front of the bier go a number of monks—sometimes only two or three; but if an influential man has died, fifty or even a hundred may walk in front of the coffin. They carry a long narrow strip of white cotton cloth, one end being fastened to the bier. It is held quite loosely, but a stranger might imagine that each monk was assisting to drag the bier forward. If the men related to the deceased are not helping to carry the bier they walk immediately behind the women.

A child has a very simple funeral; but in old times, when orphan children died, the village folk acted *in loco parentis*, uniting to give them great funeral feasts, in the hope that they should not again be orphans in their future life.

If a young girl dies unmarried it is the custom to knock the bier—and if possible the coffin also—against a tree on the way to the burial-ground. By

doing this it is hoped that in her next life she will not have the misfortune to die unmarried. Among Eastern races the primary aim of marriage is to have children. The Shans do not now remember the origin of the custom of knocking the coffin of an unmarried girl against a tree, but no doubt the practice dates back to times when the tree was looked upon as an emblem of fertility, playing an important part in the marriage ceremony. The dead girl was married to the tree, so that in her next life she should not again die childless. "The tree, long after it had ceased to be worshipped as the home of the great gods, or to be regarded as the parent of mankind, still held a firm place in the devotions of the people as the all-powerful patron of universal fertility."[1] A tree plays a symbolic part in the wedding ceremonies of some of the races of India, and when in Kashmir I heard of a young girl who was formally married to a tree, which was cut down the same day because some one had prophesied that her first husband should die on the marriage day. As she was a Mohammedan she was married soon after for the second time.

Sometimes a horse is presented to a monastery in the name of the dead. When such a present is given it is led in the funeral procession, and a servant walks beside it, holding a large golden umbrella open above its head, showing that it has been dedicated to the temple. Monks do not ride unless they belong to one of the Chinese Shan sects, but a horse may be of use in carrying baskets of food to the monastery.

A Shan funeral is generally a noisy affair; there is all the time so much danger that the coffin and the whole erection above it may topple over, that the bearers grow greatly excited, much advice being shouted by the mourners behind and by the onlookers. Whenever there is a halt, if the day is hot,

[1] "The Sacred Tree," by Mrs. J. H. Philpot.

A FUNERAL.

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women offer water in the name of the dead to any one who may be thirsty.

When the procession arrives at the burial-ground, at some distance from the village, the bier is carried to the open grave, preceded by the monks and followed by all the men who have accompanied the funeral; women do not follow as far as the grave, but remain kneeling together at a little distance. The monks repeat sentences from the Buddhist Scriptures; during the final recitation an earthenware bottle full of water is brought, and, as the words are said, it is slowly emptied, drop by drop, on the ground beside the open grave. This is done at the completion of any service of dedication, or when an agreement is made, and, in old times, the Earth was called upon to witness the close of the transaction. When the water-bottle is empty the coffin is lowered into the grave. Sometimes it is raised again and lowered six or seven times; when it descends for the last time, a rope, which had been placed with one end in the grave, is pulled out with a jerk in the direction of the north, to help the spirit of the dead person to begin his journey to Mount Meru, the great spirit mountain, which lies, it is believed, north of our world.[1]

Implements of trade are not buried with the body, but food, such as rice and tea—also tobacco—is sometimes placed in graves; a toy is occasionally buried with a child. When the grave is filled with earth the bier and canopy are placed above it, remaining there until white ants complete their destruction. Unless the dead man has been an important member of the chief's family, no tombstone is raised to mark the spot, and no one visits the grave. The dead are not forgotten; bamboos, supporting long streamers which flutter from them like flags, are erected during the great festivals in their memory, but these are placed in the village near the monastery and not beside the burial-ground.

[1] The rope ceremony is often omitted.

On the seventh day after the funeral another feast is held, and it is generally believed that the spirit of the dead returns and is present, or, if not present, is aware of the feast held in his honour. Guests at funeral feasts and other gatherings of Shans, are well behaved and orderly; nothing of an intoxicating nature is drunk; they are all good-tempered and peaceable. The relatives, when the feasting in honour of the dead has lasted for days, are perfectly exhausted, often quite ill from watching and fatigue.

The death of a Shan woman with her unborn child is the greatest misfortune that can occur to her own and her husband's family. It is believed that the spirit of the dead woman becomes a malignant ghost, who may return to haunt her husband's home and torment him, unless precautions are taken to keep her away. To begin with, her unborn child is removed by an operation; then mother and child are wrapped in separate mats and buried without coffins. If this be not done, the same misfortune may occur again to the woman, in her future life, and the widower will suffer from the attacks of the ghost. When the bodies are being removed from the house, part of the mat wall in the side of the house is taken down, and the dead woman and her baby are lowered to the ground through the aperture. The hole through which the bodies have passed is immediately filled with new mats, so that the ghost may not know how to return. In such a case no guests are invited, and there is no burial ceremony, though a funeral feast may be given on the anniversary of the death.

Lepers live in booths or huts in the jungle, far from other people, though there is no attempt to segregate them, and they often wander, begging through villages, especially during market days and festivals. When they die their bodies are burnt under the shelter where they lived, more wood being added if necessary to destroy both body and dwelling-place.

When any person has been killed by lightning the

body is not placed in a coffin, but wrapped in a fine mat. The grave is dug in the form of a well, the corpse being placed in it in a standing position. A large earthenware pot, with the opening downwards, is set on the head, completely hiding it, the brim of the pot resting on the shoulders. Shans profess ignorance as to the reason of this custom. It is possible that in former times, if not now, the pot may have been removed after a time and used as a receptacle for medicines. This is still done in certain parts of Africa, a pot being placed in any hole made by lightning, then removed after a time, medicines being compounded in it. The wood of trees struck by lightning is used, when ground to powder, by Shans, as a strengthening tonic. Mr. W. W. Skeat suggests that the custom of placing a pot upon the head of a person killed by lightning may be in order to keep the spirit of the lightning-struck person down; many Malays (*e.g.* those on the east coast of the Malay Peninsula) believe that thunderbolts rise from the ground.

The clothes of one who has died a natural death may be worn by relatives or friends, but those of a person who has been killed by murder, lightning, suicide, or a sudden accident, are generally buried in the grave with the body.[1]

[1] See "Savage Childhood," p. 22, by Dudley Kidd.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HOME

When a Shan is an only son he may continue to live with his parents, even after he has taken a wife; but if he has many brothers he builds a house for himself. He may do so before his marriage, but more often he waits till he has a wife to help him. She does not cut the bamboos or help in the building, but she can be of great assistance in carrying the bamboos, when cut, from the jungle. It is not always easy to find a good position for a new house. Every available site in the village is already occupied, and there is no uncultivated land near. The surrounding paddy lands, which reach the outskirts of Shan hamlets, are cultivated by men whose ancestors have received certain land rights from former chiefs. The Sao-hpa[1] is the real owner of all the land over which he rules, but there are certain hereditary rights over paddy lands, which are respected as long as the yearly taxes are paid, lands being held by the same family from one generation to another. The amount of taxation varies from year to year. It is paid partly in money, partly in rice. When land is required near a village the expropriation is a troublesome and lengthy matter. Sometimes young men unable to procure holdings on the plain apply for jungle land at a distance from the village on the hillside. Such land is easy to obtain, but it is useless for rice-growing, so bananas, or pine-apples, or fruit trees must be cultivated instead.

[1] Chief.

Before a prospective householder applies for a site he must discover whether the land he fancies would be good ground for his future garden and home; he must try to ascertain if his choice would be a fortunate one. It is necessary first to examine the soil. Its scent is the chief consideration; this he can find out at night, but the colour of the ground must be studied too. This can be done in the daytime when the harvest is cut and the earth is visible. It is important that the soil should not be of two colours. It may be yellow, red, or black, but it must not be red with a light streak of soil running through it, or yellow with a grey line; in fact, it must not be land containing two kinds of soil. Another subject to be studied is the nearest stream. It should flow past the house towards the east or north. That, however, is a minor detail, as to change the direction of a small stream is not difficult, and it may be diverted from its course to flow in a new channel past the house. If the soil is good and the stream can be persuaded to flow in the right direction, the young builder goes to the wished-for site late at night. He takes with him five older men, and each of the five carries one grain of uncooked rice. When they arrive at the spot where they hope the future house will be built they place their grains of rice, with great care, on the ground in the form of a diamond, with one grain in the middle. . . . These grains are covered with an earthenware pot or a piece of hollow stem of bamboo, a stone is placed on the top, and a cloth envelops the whole. When this is done the future builder says, "Shall I build my house here?" Next morning he carefully uncovers the grains, studying their position. If they have not changed, he is satisfied that all is well, so he makes his application for the land to the headman of the village. If, however, the grains have in any way changed—worms and ants may cause them

to move—the idea of building a house on the site is at once abandoned and a new position is sought. Even when the grains of rice are propitious and the site has been asked for and granted, there are many other causes to delay the building.

A lucky day should be chosen to commence the cutting of the bamboos. The day must not only be a fortunate one for the builder, but it must also be in the second half of the month, when the moon is waning. Shans believe that if bamboos are cut during the first half of the month, when the moon is waxing, they do not last well, as boring insects attack them and they will soon become rotten. This belief is prevalent all over the East. When the bamboos are felled they should be carried so that the root-end of each stem points towards the jungle where it grew, the tip pointing towards the site of the house, in order that no evil spirits should be brought from the jungle. When the bamboos are cut they are soaked in water for days, or even for weeks. This hardens them, preventing the attacks of boring insects. To build a small house, sixty or seventy large bamboos and at least a hundred small ones are required. When the bamboos are all prepared a propitious day must be found to begin the building. If an unlucky day is chosen the builders may fall from the rafters and hurt themselves. When the chief builder, with the assistance of the wise men of the village, has discovered the lucky day, he takes offerings of rice, tea, fruit, and flowers, places them on a scarlet tray, and lays the tray, with the offerings, under the shade of the nearest tree, invoking the spirits that live in the branches above. The food is left the whole day beside the tree; it is then removed, and may be eaten.

When at last the building of the house may be begun, the hole for the centre post is dug exactly where the grains of rice placed to choose the site were laid. The centre pole is placed in it, and

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from it measurements are taken for the corner posts. The holes are at least a yard in depth; the winds in April blow fiercely, and if the house posts were not firm in the ground the whole house might be blown down. As each post is placed in position in its hole the earth is thrown in and rammed home with repeated blows until packed tightly. The holes at first are not quite filled, and when every post is in position a curious ceremony takes place. The builder, with his friends, indulge in an extra chewing of betel-nut, with the usual lime and spices that accompany it. This is to insure a large supply of saliva, to which the little devils which hide under house posts have a strong objection. The men chew, then they expectorate copiously into each hole, and when the little devil has fled in disgust the hole is quickly filled to the top with earth, the earth being pounded hard to prevent his return. When all the upright posts are in their place, cross bamboos to form a scaffolding are tied together, and the long bamboos which form the beams and rafters are lifted into place and tied firmly. No nails are used. Notches are cut in the upright posts, and the horizontal ones are dovetailed into them. A pointless knife, square at the end, makes a chisel; the hammer is a node of bamboo, with a handle rudely fashioned. Bamboos are split into flooring boards, and are tied to the strong horizontal posts. As this kind of floor "gives" under foot, it makes a fairly comfortable bed or seat, but at first, to any one unaccustomed to bamboo houses, its elasticity gives a sense of insecurity, and no one can walk across a bamboo floor in silence; each footstep makes a crackling sound.

Mats form the walls. Bamboos are cut into fine strips, and with the alternations of the green epidermis and the white of the inner wood very intricate patterns are made. The mats, when ready, are tied to the uprights. Withes, or rather shreds of bamboo,

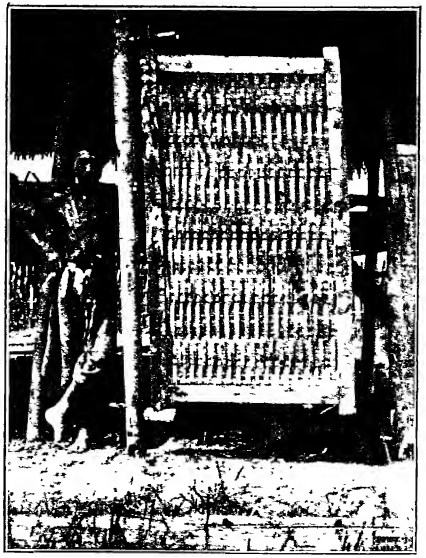
are soaked in water and used for all fastenings, tying one bamboo to another.

Before the roof is thatched a final offering to spirits is made. Each upright post is crowned by a bunch of bananas, flowers, and great banana leaves. If a crow alights at this time on the centre post it is considered an omen of good fortune, though at other times crows and owls are birds that bring bad luck. The Palaungs, a people who live in the hills, make thatch of a tall grass which grows near streams in the jungle, and bring it to the Shan markets for sale. Each piece of thatch is about two yards long; it consists of a thin strip of wood, on which the grass is plaited piece by piece. These pieces of thatch are tied to the bamboos of the roof, beginning at the eaves and gradually ascending, each piece overlapping the one below. To cover a small house eight hundred to a thousand pieces of thatch are required.

In a district where bamboos are plentiful, small houses cost from £6 to £10. This price includes the cost of building, with the bamboos and thatch. If a Shan builds his own house it costs him nothing, except the price he pays for the thatch.

A bamboo house does not last more than three years; it is then pulled down and burned and a new one is built, so there are no very old or dirty houses. Sometimes the upright posts are made of wood instead of bamboo, and they may last twelve or fourteen years; but the walls are more often mats than planks of wood.

A Shan monastery is a more substantial building than an ordinary house. Each upright post is formed out of the trunk of a large tree, and instead of thatch the roofs are tiled. The house of a chief is—after the monastery and image house—the most imposing building in the village, and is dignified by the name of "palace." When wood is required for the monastery or palace the village men and women go to



THE BUILDING OF A HOUSE.

(1) The framework with split bamboo for flooring.

(2) How a door is hung.

(3) Thatching.

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the jungle, and when the trees are cut down they tie strong ropes round the trunks; then a row of people unite in pulling each fallen tree, which has been lopped of its branches, to the village. For this service there is no payment; the people consider that they are gaining some merit by working for their religion or for their chief. Indeed, they seem to regard the work as a sort of picnic, and the logs are dragged along by a very merry set of people.

In a Shan house, when the roof and mat walls are finished, the doors may be made. There are no hinges, so a door revolves in sockets, or it may be tied to the cross bamboo that forms the lintel. In the latter case it lifts up, and is tied during the day to the roof inside, or it is supported on a long stick. It is made of interlaced bamboos, made strong with laths of wood. The key is of wood; it could be easily broken, but there are few burglars in country districts, and little of value in any house.

When the owner of the house arrives to take possession he is welcomed by an old man, who repeats the following speech: "May your home be free from all misfortunes, may you never have anxiety or sickness, may no danger come near you, may your life be full of happiness." The fire is now lit in the entrance room; it is not allowed to go out for seven days and nights, being constantly watched to see that it burns brightly all the time. The embers are not brought from another house; there is no ceremony in arranging the sticks, or setting fire to them. It is lucky to bring from the old home a pot filled with water, and another full of cooked rice; also a bunch of green leaves that do not easily wither. The pots must be carried with care to the new home, as, should they be cracked or broken and their contents spilt, very bad luck would be sure to follow.

In a Shan house the living-room and bedrooms are raised from the ground, sometimes only a few

feet, but more often ten or twelve. This keeps the house dry during the rains. The eaves are deep and overhanging, preventing the rain from beating too heavily on the living-rooms. When there are young calves, the cattle live under the house at night, but as a rule they are picketed close to the entrance, and the ground floor is used as a work-room, where paddy is pounded and weaving is done. The whole of the ground floor under the house is enclosed by a rough surrounding wall of bamboos. The veranda is covered by a fan-shaped roof; it is reached by a wooden stair or a bamboo ladder. Although the steps may be very steep Shans always descend face forward, never backing down a stair. The living-room—which is also the kitchen—enters from the veranda, and it is the largest room in the house. There is sometimes a very decorative corner in it, where baskets—the receptacles in which offerings for the monastery are carried—hang from the roof; they have quaint pointed covers, and are gaily painted in bright scarlet and gold. In the corner, raised by a bamboo stand above the level of the floor, there is sometimes a large wooden chest, also decorated with gold and scarlet paint and mosaic designs made with small pieces of looking-glass. In this box sacred Buddhist writings are kept. Before it is a row of vases filled with marigolds, sunflowers, orchids, or pink and white lotus blossoms, according to the season. Roses are rare in districts far from railways, and although the jungles are full of wild peach and apricot trees, their delicate and lovely flowers are never used as sacred offerings. Sometimes, if the veranda is large, a low platform is raised at one end and the box and baskets are placed there instead of in the living-room.

There are no shelves in a Shan house. Ropes are tied across the rooms at the sides near the mat walls, garments and quilts being thrown over them. Great hats, worn by all Shan men, women, and

HUSBAND (AGED 18) AND WIFE (AGED 15) AT HOME.
Chest for sacred books in the background.

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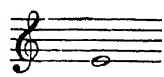
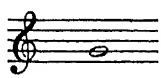
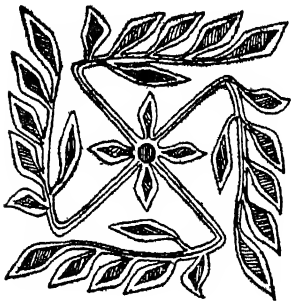
children, hang from wooden pegs on the walls, where they look like shields. At one side of the room hangs a gong, large or small, according to the wealth of the householder. These gongs are always struck as an "Amen" to a prayer, after the recitation of any of the Buddhist Scriptures. In the house of a chief there are at least three gongs, whose tones unite harmoniously with each other. If the great one sounds

, the tone of the next is 

and the smallest  . The gongs are excellent in quality and timbre; they are not made in the Shan States, but are imported from Burma or China. They are struck when the chief is going to eat, to sleep, or to pray; they are not a signal to him that his dinner is ready, or that it is prayer time, but they are a sign to people outside the house that he must not be disturbed. Ordinary people sleep and eat without the sounding of gongs, but they are always struck, in house or monastery, after a prayer.

The bedrooms of a Shan house are behind the living-room. There is no fixed rule as to the occupation of the bedrooms. A young married couple share a room, and when a baby is small it sleeps beside the mother; the father generally sleeps alone in another room for three months after the birth of a child. As children grow up, girls sometimes share a room with the mother, boys sharing the father's bedroom; but this is only when the house is very small. If possible, the beds are placed so that the heads of the sleepers do not lie towards the north, the position in which the dead are laid. To sleep with the head towards the east is considered most healthy. Pillows are shaped like short bolsters; the ends are embroidered in coloured silks with geo-

metrical patterns and flowers, surrounded by strips of brightly coloured velvet. They are covered with pillow-slips, open at both ends, made of washing material. A favourite design for the embroidery which is not covered by the pillow-slip is a variation of the svastika, 卐, not, as usual, severely simple, but with flowers and leaves bursting from each arm. Pillows are never stuffed with feathers, but with cotton or the dried shoots of young paddy. Shans use mosquito curtains of very thick white muslin, not in order to prevent fever, but simply to ward off the annoying bites of the little plagues. When the rice lands begin to be flooded the mosquitoes swarm in countless myriads, but they are not very troublesome in the day-time, only at night.



Shans do not sleep with their wives during the nights of the fast days of each month; they carry their beds and mosquito curtains to the zayats[1] near the monastery. There they spend the night in reading aloud or listening while others read portions of their holy books. The reading continues the whole night, and men read, and listen, and read again, or sleep, just as they feel inclined. During these nights of fasting women sometimes sleep in other zayats set apart for women, but more often they remain at home repeating what they can remember of their scriptures which they have heard so often in their homes recited by the men and boys of the family. When the husband is absent the wife must not lie on his side of the bed, use his pillow, or sit on his seat by the fire.

During the cold months the fire, burning on its sand

[1] Zayats are empty rest-houses. There are several in each village, expressly built for the use of pilgrims or travellers. No rent is asked for their use.

A VILLAGE HOUSE.

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hearth in the living-room, is a great attraction. Beside it Shans receive their friends when the work of the day is done. Neighbours coming in are offered tea without milk, sweetened with sugar or flavoured with salt. No one knocks at the door; if it is closed, any stranger may push it open and walk in, but only the relatives may penetrate beyond the living-room. There is no light except from the fire, and as there is no chimney the smoke rises in a thin column to the roof, to be lost there in the darkness. No one wishes to read or work, so that a steady light would be unnecessary. The people sit or lie on mats on the floor—they rarely sit cross-legged; their usual position may be seen in the illustrations at pages 64 and 170. Chairs exist, rude imitations of European seats; they are seldom used by Shans, and are kept more for ornament than use. Each house is surrounded by a garden, except in the middle of the village, where there are shops. At a distance it is difficult to guess the size of a Shan village. The whole place is surrounded by thick bamboos, sixty feet high, and each garden has groves of bamboo and great leaved bananas. When a Shan makes a garden he must again consider the day of his birth. According to the day the garden must be long towards the north, or south, or east, or west, and because of this, village gardens are laid out in a most irregular fashion. They are planted without any regard to straight paths or trim plots. There is a slight fence all round, but no gate closing the opening through which the path leads to the house. The fence is almost hidden by gourds, melons, cucumbers, and pumpkins, through which wild convolvulus climb, and in the blue tangle of the flowers small scarlet tomatoes may be seen. These make vivid patches of colour, though each tomato is no larger than a cherry. In a straggling row, near the fence, are sunflowers; they are favourites, both as offerings for the temple and for their seed. The whole head of sunflower seeds is toasted before the fire,

the seeds being picked out and eaten one by one as a great delicacy. Gourds are grown for the young shoots, even at a season when the vegetables cannot mature. The shoots, tendrils, and young leaves, when cooked, taste not unlike spinach.

There are always rows of "lady fingers" (okra), maize, peas, and beans. There are not many flowers; the most common are dahlias, marigolds, and lilies, but the verandas of houses are hung with orchids, which blossom in February and March. The beautiful flowers are sometimes worn by girls in their hair, tucked into the right side and partly hidden by their turbans, but they prefer to present their orchids to the temple.

From the veranda of a Shan house little can be seen but the surrounding garden, with perhaps the thatched roof of another house framed in bamboos, and through the green branches a glimpse of blue hills in the distance. When the men and women sit round the fire the children lie on the floor on their backs or on their stomachs, their arms stretched across the mother's lap, which forms their pillow. Men and women talk together; women do not interrupt the men in general conversation, but their opinion is constantly asked, and when they have anything to say it is listened to with respect. The talk runs according to the season. The subject of conversation may be the planting of paddy, or the rains and floods, or the reaping of the harvest. The taxes may be discussed, and it should be noticed that if a chief is mentioned he is spoken of by his title and never by his name. If it is absolutely necessary to name him the voice is lowered to a whisper as a token of respect. We know that to whisper the names of rulers is a custom all over the East. Among Hebrews, one of the names of God was never uttered, as it was considered too sacred for human speech; and possibly the reason why so many of the spirits are nameless is the Shan dis-

like to mention aloud the name of any powerful being.

If the weather is cold, a favourite topic of conversation is the price of German blankets—there are few, if any, English ones in Shan markets. The people gossip a little about their neighbours; then the children plead for stories, and the old tales are told again and again of kings and queens in golden palaces, of mischievous imps, of bad fairies and of good ones, of magic bows and flying horses. The Buddhist "Jatakas" are retold with Shan embellishments, but the stories are probably far older than Buddhism; they must have been used by the Buddhist missionaries, but as many of them are purely animistic, it is not possible now to determine their origin.

Religion is a favourite subject of conversation in Shan homes. Spirits are not looked upon as supernatural, but as natural beings, who may be good or bad, powerful or weak. Gautama himself acknowledged the different regions of spirits, and there are many stories of his temptation by the ruler of the spirits of all evil, so there is no Buddhist teaching in any way opposed to the belief in a very real spirit world in or on the earth and in the air around. Although theoretically a man or woman is rewarded for good deeds or suffers for the bad ones of previous existences, still there is among the people a strong feeling that an appeal, in time of trouble, may be made to spirits. If a flood threatens to sweep away harvest or garden, the owners ought to believe that they are suffering from the consequences of their previous bad deeds, but they really hope in their hearts that they may save their crops if they offer oblations to the spirits controlling the overflowing waters. If their offerings are in vain, and the flood still continues, they feel that the spirits have been permitted to ruin their harvests because of their previous sins. The offering is really a bribe, which may persuade the spirits to put off the evil day.

It is the same in illness. If a man feels ill, and the wise men and women cannot cure him with their medicines, his friends make as much noise as possible by the beating of gongs and the clashing of cymbals. Spirits hate a noise, so if a great din is made they may fly away. Sometimes the patient continues to be ill, so he drinks holy water which has been poured over sacred writings. If, however, he grows worse and dies, his death is the consequence of his previous wicked deeds; because of them the evil spirits have been allowed to kill him. In this way the sufferings of a baby or a little child are explained; it has done no harm and committed no crime in this present life, but suffers for its sins in past existences.

The people do not altogether believe the Buddhism that is taught by the monks. They accept the Buddhist commandments and general belief, but one part of the teaching they do not accept. The monks teach that after death the soul as well as the body is dissolved, and only the essence or moral force of good or bad thoughts or words or deeds remains. These may be surrounded by a human or spirit body, and when that body dies only the merit or demerit again remains the vital element, the person's identity in each case being lost. On the other hand, Gautama taught that he remembered all his previous existences, and in his case the identity was not lost. To a certain extent the teachings appear to be contradictory and difficult to understand. Shans strongly believe that their identity does *not* perish when they die. When a child is born its parents always wonder where it lived in its last life. They believe that the spirits of the dead may go for ages to a heaven or a hell, but more often they are reborn immediately on earth. They believe that the spirit returns willingly to its own human family, so a child may have in it the spirit of its dead brother, or sister, or father, or grandmother, or some other ancestor, who died before it was born. All Shans are fond of discussing these mysteries.

Art. Repro Co.

A Shan baby

When a child is old enough to point with its little hands its mother takes it outside the house, asking: "Baby, where do you come from?" If it turns and points to the door of the house, then the mother is sure that the spirit of her baby has already lived there. It creates no surprise when a boy has the character and ways of a dead grandfather, because he may really be his grandfather himself. If the little one points to the village, it is taken there, and again asked the same question, to try to locate its previous home. In our war with the Kachins a young English soldier was killed, and his grave is in the middle of a Shan village. Soon after his death a baby was born, who, when asked the usual question, pointed persistently to the grave, so the villagers think that the spirit of the dead Englishman lives in the young Shan. They also believe that when friends or relations or lovers die they will again meet, and recognise and love each other. This is not a bodily recognition; to a Shan the resurrection of the body would be impossible and inconceivable, because he believes that he has already lived in innumerable spirit and material forms. His spirit has inhabited stones and plants, insects, birds, and reptiles, afterwards passing into human beings, living first in baby-girls, who sometimes died as children, sometimes grew up to womanhood, and lived to grow old; all those lives must have been lived before boyhood is reached, for a man is considered superior to a woman. There were also uncountable spirit lives; and when manhood is reached some great sin may be punished by the return of the spirit to the body of a lower animal. When people believe that their spirits have inhabited so many different bodies there can be no expectation or hope of a resurrection of any of the bodies.

In Shan homes in the evenings religious subjects are discussed at length. Towards ten o'clock the neighbours depart; some one heaps ashes on the fire; the bedding, which has either hung all day on

ropes in the house, or out-of-doors, is spread on the bedroom floors, and the mosquito-curtains are tied by their corners—they have no poles—to wooden pegs in the mat walls. Some one recites a few lines on the changes and uncertainties of life, then every one goes to bed. Soon sleep and silence steal over the village. If a dog howls in the moonlight it is allowed to howl—that may be its form of prayer; if cats raise their "song without a tune," some one rises and goes out at once to chase them away, as fighting cats bring bad luck to the nearest house.

The night is short for the women. When the cocks have crowed for the second time after midnight—about four o'clock—announcing that they hear the wheels of the chariot of the sun, it is time for the paddy pounding to begin. While it is still dark, the village resounds with the thuds of heavy wood pounding the grain, separating the rice from the chaff.

The first low rays of the sun fill the inside of a bamboo house with hundreds of tiny lights: each chink in the mat walls is a brilliant star.

By six o'clock the village is astir, but with the movement and bustle of the women only, as they do their housework, and call their morning greetings to their neighbours. Men sleep longer than women, and they seldom leave their homes before eight or nine o'clock, unless there is a pressing need for work, or a religious feast or fast. Shans prefer to have their breakfast about eight o'clock, before they go out. Even when they start on a long journey they prefer to eat their breakfast, and have their smoke and chew of betel-nut before they set out on their way through the jungle. Once started they are good walkers, and can do their twenty-five to thirty miles a day, and carry sixty pounds of a load as well. Shans always carry their loads in two baskets, most carefully weighted, so that one basket does not weigh more than the other; these hang at either end of a

VILLAGE HOUSES.

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bamboo pole, which rests sometimes on one shoulder, sometimes on the other. The pole is never carried at right angles to the body; if one basket hangs in front of the right shoulder, the other hangs behind the left. When Shans carry their goods on oxen they are considerate for their welfare, and start on the journey before dawn, so that the animals may rest and feed during the heat of the day.

In the early mornings of winter the plain is lost in a sea of mist, the near bamboos float like islands, and in the distance the mountains hang rose-coloured and mysterious.

CHAPTER IX

CHARACTERISTICS AND CUSTOMS

SHANS call themselves the Tai race. They are Mongolian in type, but until their heads can be scientifically measured, it is not possible to know from whom they are descended. Their language is allied to Chinese, but that does not prove their ancestry, as the fact that many Hottentots in Cape Colony speak only Dutch does not prove that they are descended from Dutch ancestors.

Shans are, for an Asiatic people, very light in colour, but they sunburn easily, their complexions getting darker as they grow older, especially if they are—by their occupation—exposed day by day to sun and wind. Cultivators and traders, who are constantly in the open air, become dark as Burmans.

Shans have long, straight black hair, which is washed, then oiled, once a week, sometimes twice, and even three or four times. Both men and women comb their hair carefully before twisting it into a coil or tight knot on the top of the head. As no hairpins are used, the twist often becomes loose, is taken down, then arranged and rearranged many times in a day. It is quite correct to do this at any moment in public —at a tea-party, for instance, or in the market-place.

The eyes have sometimes a slight tendency to obliqueness, but more often are set almost straight. They are dark brown in colour and are fringed with black eyelashes.

The nose is generally short and straight, often broad

SHAN MAN.

SHAN WOMAN, UGLY TYPE.

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at the nostrils, with a low bridge. The face is rather flat and the cheek-bones high.

The people are of slender build, with small hands and feet, the former more finely shaped than the latter. Men are much taller than women, but few men are more than five feet four inches. A Shan five feet ten inches in height was known in the district where he lived as the "tall one."[1]

There are two distinct types of Shans—the prognathous type, with lips (often thick) and jaws protruding. Others are of a type which is more European, with finely cut nose and mouth. The latter is more admired by Shans than the former.

The features of the Sawbwas and their families have no special characteristics. Girls were often brought from Burma to be the wives of chiefs, and after a war with China—a frequent occurrence in olden times—Shan princesses were sometimes exchanged for the daughters of Chinese rulers; for this reason many of the chiefs are descended from Chinese or Burmese mothers.

Shans are rarely fat, except in childhood. Young girls have plump round faces, but stout men or women are almost unknown, and when such people are seen they are the objects of much mirth and chaff.

Men usually wear shoes, but women are nearly always barefooted. In walking they are careful to keep their feet as clean as possible. When roads are muddy they step through every stream that crosses the path rather than cross by a bridge, so that they may wash the mud from their feet. They naturally walk with the toes turned outwards, go quickly, but rest often, and, when the weather is hot, drink water many times on a journey.

Shans are not very sensitive to pain. I have watched a boy cutting a deep incision in the sole of his foot to

[1] The following is the average stature of Shan men, published by the Ethnographic Survey of India: Shan, 159·4 cc.; Chinese-Shan, 162·7 cc.

extract a thorn, not because the thorn gave him pain, but because he knew that many thorns are poisonous. A few minutes afterwards he joined the other boys in play, running with no sign of lameness.

They are naturally a sociable people, and when going from one village to another, pause to speak to any friend whom they may meet, and also to strangers, saluting them by saying, "Are you well?" "Where have you come from?" "Where are you going?" When their chat is finished one says, "I go," and the other replies, "Well, go!" or, more politely, "Go slowly," which means "Do not hurry away."

Women are little dependent on men, as by their own exertions they can easily support themselves and their children, so men, as a matter of course, allow women to look after themselves, believing that they prefer to do so. A husband will sometimes assist his wife by carrying a heavy child; but it is more love for the child than chivalry towards the woman that prompts him to help her. I have, however, seen a Shan husband carrying water from the well to help his tired wife. They have no form of salutation except to officials or monks, then they kneel, with their hands palm to palm. When men and women of equal standing meet they sometimes take each other's hands, but without any hand-shake. They never touch the turban, in Indian fashion; but when they speak to a monk, or kneel to pray, they bare their heads, placing their turbans on the ground. Nearly all the men can ride; but as they prefer to sit still rather than rise in the saddle, the horses are taught to go at a smooth run instead of a trot. If they canter or gallop (many roads are so bad that only a walking pace is possible), it is never for a long distance. They ride by balance, not by grip. When there are stirrups—made of iron or twisted cane—the heels rather than the toes rest in them; often loops of rope take the place of stirrups, and are held between the great toe and the second. They use no whips, but pound the horses' sides with

their heels, when they wish them to go fast. The point of the stirrup when the heel is in it is used as a spur. A European mounted on a Shan pony is often disconcerted, because when he makes a clicking or chirruping sound, hoping that his pony will go faster, it stops abruptly.

Shans seldom draw their knives in quarrels, and are not often vindictive. They are naturally generous and kind-hearted, and are always very hospitable. They certainly possess consciences, and are often much disturbed in mind if they think that they have done wrong. I know of a curious case of a Shan woman who had married a native of India, a Mohammedan. During their married life she had conformed to his religion and had never brought pork into his house. She continued for some months after his death to live as a Mohammedan, then reverted to the customs of her people. One day she brought home some pork from the market, cooked and ate it, then was overcome with horror when she remembered how distressed her husband would have been had he known what she had done. That night she dreamed that he appeared to her, and said: "I can no longer come to see you, or eat the food which you prepare, because you are unclean." She came in great dismay to my Mohammedan servant, bringing him money, begging him to spend it on food for a feast in honour of the dead man. She was so filled with dismay and repentance that for many nights she could not sleep; she was obsessed with the idea that she had done wrong, and was overcome with remorse.

When Shans are at home, and there is no stranger present, men and women often eat together, but if guests come to a meal it is commonly the custom for men to eat first and the women afterwards. Each man carries a knife suspended from a cord tied round the waist; forks are unknown, but chop-sticks are sometimes used. If a knife is handed from one

person to another the handle must be offered; it is considered unlucky, and also bad manners, to offer the point to any one.

No one knocks at the door of a house; if it stands open, any one may enter; if it is closed, a visitor calls in a loud voice; if no one answers, he may open the door and go into the living-room, but no farther, without being considered rude.

Should any one knock at a door at night, no notice is taken, for it is believed that a passing spirit may knock in the darkness.

Floors have at least one hole, so that sweepings and food to be thrown away may be easily put out of sight. This would not be a very sanitary arrangement if it were not for the many dogs, cats, and fowls, which quickly dispose of anything eatable. In old times, an honourable title given by a chief was "One who may expectorate through a hole in the floor of the palace." The fortunate owner of this privilege might visit the Sawbwa[1] without being obliged to take his spittoon with him. Chiefs have these articles of solid gold; brass ones, made in Mandalay, are used by people of lesser rank, and the common ones are of black pottery, shaped like flower vases, and manufactured in the Shan States. People who chew betel-nut constantly have very black and shiny teeth. This they do not consider a blemish; indeed, they prefer black teeth to white, saying, "All beasts have white teeth."

When Shans gamble the vice takes a tremendous hold upon them: they sometimes play for houses and children, even for the girls to whom they are engaged. It does not follow that in such a case the girl is obliged to marry the winner, but the loser would have to give up his right to her. A form of chess is sometimes played, but it is too slow for real gamblers, who prefer games of chance rather than skill. The

[1] Chief.

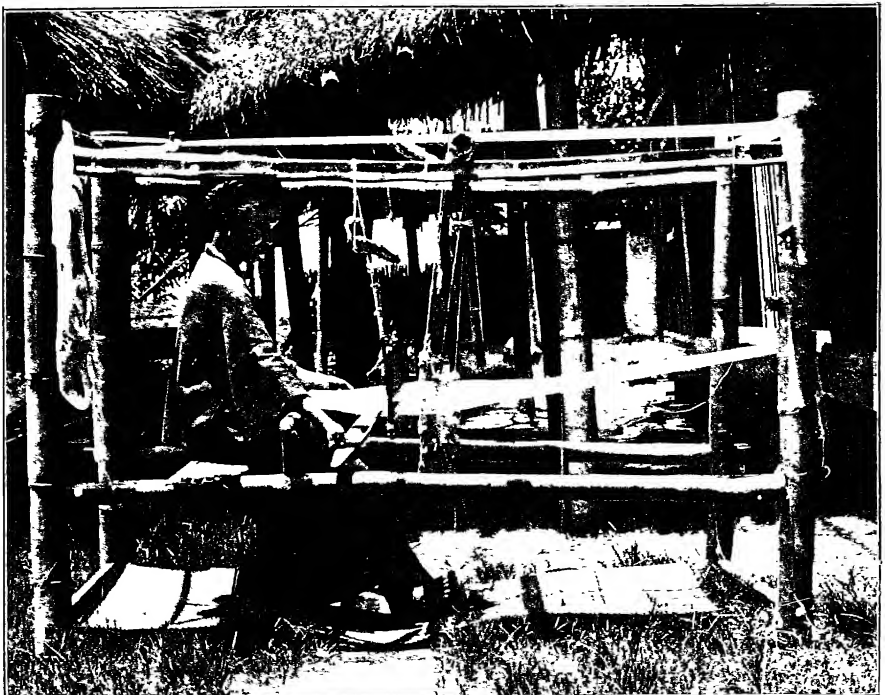
favourite gambling games are played with cowrie shells; one is of the "odd-and-even" type. The cowries are shaken, like dice, in a box, and are then thrown on the ground; the chance of the game depends on the position of the shells, which side is uppermost. The Sawbwas are supposed to control gambling, but a great deal goes on—more at night than in the day—in low quarters of towns and villages, especially in houses where rice spirit is made. Men crossed in love, or those who have had great losses in gambling, sometimes commit suicide; but this is not a common occurrence. More often, men who have lost large sums of money, and have the gambling fever on them, borrow money at exorbitant rates of interest, (thirty-five per cent. on good security being considered a fair rate), and when they lose everything, go across the borders to live in China. Money-lenders are despised by the people; they are often natives of India, sometimes Pathans.

As clocks and watches are almost unknown, no one says "In a minute," or "In an hour." For a very short period of time they say, "In the winking of an eye," or "In a breath"; for a longer period they say, "As long as one takes to chew betel." A still longer time would be, "As long as a potful of rice takes to cook." "Paddy pounding time" is immediately before dawn. Paddy is pounded at no other time, unless an extra quantity of rice is required for a funeral feast, in which case the paddy is pounded through the night. "First cock-crowing time" is soon after three o'clock, when it is still dark, and a little later is "Second cock-crowing time." About eight o'clock in the morning is "Early rice-eating time." "Rice-eating time" is about noon, and "Evening eating time" varies according to the season of the year. In cold weather supper is about eight o'clock, but when the days are hot and fine it is eaten later. Children are never scolded when late for meals; if they remain at play beyond the hour when others

eat, the mother gives them their food cold when they come home. It is usual to express a definite time by pointing to the sky and saying, "When the sun arrives there." Distances are always described as "A morning's walk," "A day's walk," "Seven days' walk," according to the degree of remoteness. Dates are remembered by some outstanding event, as "The year of the terrible wind-storm," "The year of the great flood," "The year after the headman was killed."

Cooking is done entirely by women, who gather wood for the fires and prepare the food. There is no bread, but biscuits thin as wafers are made of pounded rice; these are excellent when newly baked. Large pieces of beef and pork are more often stewed than roasted or boiled. Small pieces are sometimes fried in lard, or rolled in leaves and baked in the embers. Large joints are cooked whole, but are always cut into small pieces before being served. Beef is either well cooked or it may be eaten raw, minced, and mixed with boiled rice and spices. Meat and rice are never cooked together, and cooked meat is never served in the same dish with rice. Besides the ordinary everyday cooking, women make many kinds of pickles. Fruit is often eaten between meals. Salt is always eaten with sour fruits, much improving their flavour. Pineapples, though skinned, are never sliced; Shans prefer to eat the fruit uncut, as in this way they do not lose the juice.

Before the wet season sets in, besides mending the roofs of their own houses, the men of each village join together to repair the thatch of the *zayats*, and clean the tiled roofs of the monastery. For this work they receive no payment, and appear to do it with pleasure. It has been said that work for the monasteries is compulsory. Public opinion would certainly be against any man who refused to assist, but I have always found that they enjoy doing anything that may be required for the monastery. Men (and sometimes women) from every house in the



A SHAN LOOM.

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village help in the work; if they do it unwillingly they certainly show no signs of discontent.

There are many religious festivals. In March boys go through the villages, with drums and gongs, visiting the houses of their friends, and making a great noise. Sometimes this amusement is kept up all night, and householders to get rid of them give them money or sweetmeats. Towards the end of the Shan year, in November, young men of about sixteen years of age visit the surrounding villages, to pour water on the hands, and sometimes on the feet, of the elders. At the same time they ask pardon for any sins of omission or commission of which they may have been guilty during the past year. This apology is only offered to middle-aged or old people.

The water-feast at the beginning of April is a time of great fun for young folk, who are then in the village streets from morning till night, throwing water at each other. Even the more serious members of the community do not escape the infection, and an elderly wife may hide behind a bush, with a pail of water in hand, waiting to drench her husband as he passes. For three days everybody wears old clothes; nothing is spoilt by being wet; the weather is hot; no one fears a cold or chill. It is considered lucky at this time to be thoroughly soaked with water.

Sir George Scott and Mr. Fielding Hall have written many excellent descriptions of Buddhist festivals in Burma, and as these much resemble the religious feasts of the Shan States, I shall give a description of only one of them.

There are two great festivals in the year, one in spring and one in autumn. The most important is in October. For a month before the *fête* the markets are crowded with people; all men, women, and children must have new clothes. The stalls of traders in silks and velvets are thronged by villagers, waiting to buy or barter their goods. Materials for the skirts and turbans of the women are woven at home, but jackets

are of imported stuffs. Women, besides fashioning pretty clothes, prepare great streamers, which, when attached to bamboos, are raised in remembrance of dead relatives or friends. These streamers are from one to three feet wide, and are often many yards in length. They may be of plain cloth, but some are ornamented with geometrical designs cut out of gold paper; others are of thin white cotton cloth, covering many small hoops of bamboo, so that this kind of streamer has the form of a very long, narrow cylinder. It is thought that the streamers may be a survival of serpent worship, but it is a debated point whether this worship ever existed among Shans. At the present time they make no offerings to good spirits; and it may be noted that in their stories the serpent or dragon always takes the form of a beneficent power, which comes to the aid of unhappy but deserving mortals. Long white streamers in some form are to be found near temples in all Buddhist countries. The story which Shans tell of their origin is as follows:

When the great Lord Buddha was alive, a poor widow heard that he was to pass through the village where she lived. Her friends were busy preparing to give him offerings of food or clothes for himself and his disciples. The widow was very poor, having only one or two little copper coins, but she longed to give something to the great Teacher. She was able to buy only a few bolls of cotton, which she teazed, cleaned, and spun, and with the thread thus made she wove a narrow piece of cloth. When the Buddha arrived the villagers crowded round him with their gifts. At first the poor woman waited on the outskirts of the crowd, then she took courage, and pushing through the people offered her little strip of cloth. The surrounding disciples laughed at the uselessness of her gift, but the Buddha received it graciously, telling his followers that of all the gifts that he had received that of the poor widow was the greatest, as she had given him all that she possessed. This, they

EMBROIDERED BANNER.

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say, is the reason why narrow strips of cloth may be seen, near Buddhist temples, in memory of the poor widow and her offering.

Sometimes the streamers are not white, but are embroidered with elaborate designs. Pagodas and birds are represented; there is generally a boat, in which a passenger is being rowed across a river by one or more boatmen, and the water is full of fish. Women who do this needlework explain that a monk is in the boat; but it is quite possible that the boat, boatman, and passenger may be a survival of pre-Buddhist ideas, representing the passage of the soul across the River of Death. The poles and streamers are raised in memory of the dead, and it is believed that they will in some way benefit by this remembrance of them.

When the bamboo, with its streamer attached, is to be raised on the day of the festival it is carried by men to an open space near a monastery; women walk behind and assist by supporting the streamer. They carry fruit and small baskets full of rice, to be attached to the pole. A deep hole is dug: the thick end of the bamboo is inserted in it, the earth being well beaten round it, so that it stands firmly fixed. The baskets of rice and fruit are then fastened on, the people give a joyful shout, and hundreds of birds that have been waiting on the housetops fly to the baskets to eat the grain.

The foot of the pole is next decorated by banana plants, which are tied round it; then the people kneel in a long line, one person behind another, men in front, women behind. They all place their turbans on the ground, while an old man recites a passage on the uncertainty of life. The following is a translation of one of the recitations:

"The time is now excellent; it is brilliant with golden colour; the religion of God is not yet faded in the green Island of the South.[1] Let us meditate on

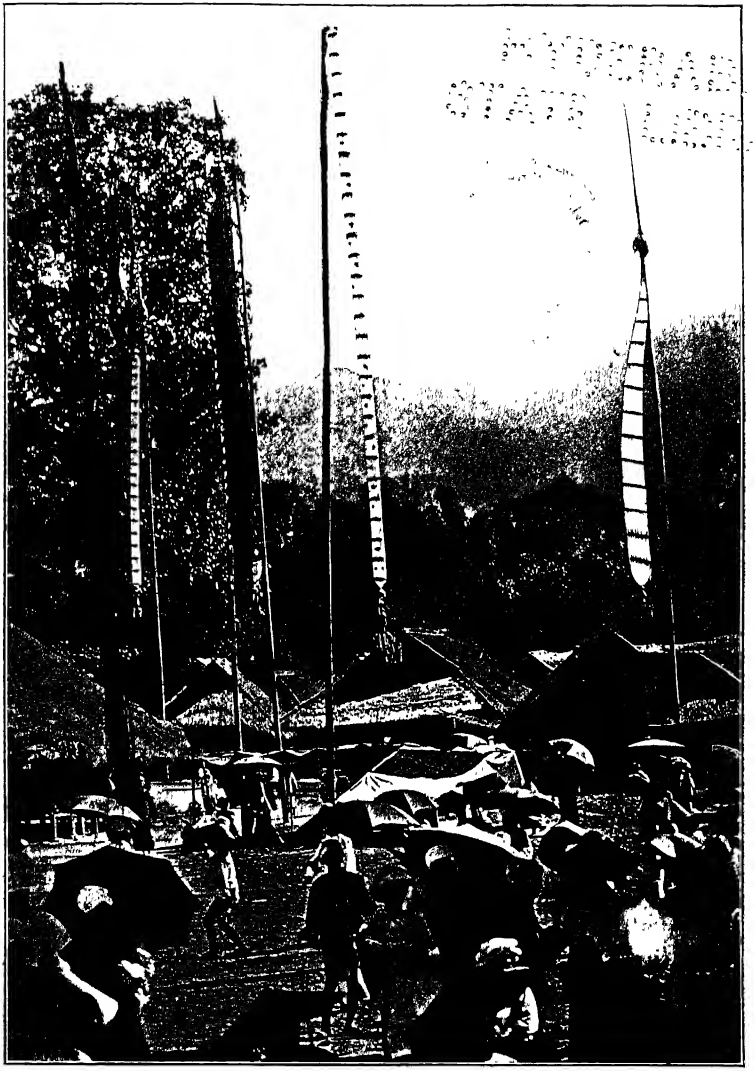
[1] See p. 195.

the transitoriness, the instability of life, in the country of man, in the country of spirits, and in the country of those who have attained to a higher world than that of men and spirits. We may think of the budding, the blossoming, the fruit-bearing and increasing, but if we wish to pass to Nik-pan[1] we must also meditate on the evil consequences of sin, and on the approach of death. Let us put away untruth, meanness and covetousness, and choose that our thoughts should be clean; also let us have happy hearts and understanding minds."

When the recitation is finished men gather in groups to discuss the markets and exchange items of news. The older women return to their homes, for during the festival their houses are overflowing with guests, and the cares of housekeeping absorb much of their thoughts. The young girls are exceedingly interested in the new dresses of their friends. During the recitation their turbans have been placed on the ground, so they must be readjusted when the ceremony is over. When the girls place their turbans on their heads they say to each other in Shan language: "Tell me if my turban is straight; it is quite new, and I wove so much gold thread into it that it is not easily folded." Then there is a great arranging of head-dresses, and the girls look at each other critically, and apparently pay no attention to the young men—also smartly dressed for the occasion in new clothes—who are looking at them.

Before evening forty or more bamboos may be raised on the village green, each with its long strip of cloth streaming in the wind. When the festival is over, any one who requires bamboos may take them, and children play with the long streamers. They have served their purpose; the dead have been remembered. It is considered no irreverence to take the memorial posts down, make use of them, and let the children play with the strips of cloth.

[1] Nirvana, the final abode of the blessed.



MEMORIAL BANNERS.

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In the Shan States women never dance, and men only do so in connection with some religious ceremony. Each small village has at least one band, and men and women march with it from the surrounding districts to attend any great festival in one of the larger villages. Hill people, such as the Palaungs, who may be Buddhists, also come to Shan religious gatherings, but the Kachins do not come down at these times from their homes on the hill-tops.

When women arrive at the village where a festival is being held, they go at once to the temple to pray; the men form a large circle in front of the monastery and all day long and far into the night they dance. They circle slowly round the musicians, each man following his neighbour. They always move from right to left, against the course of the sun; they bend their bodies backwards and forwards and from side to side. They wave their arms and give curious steps, hops, and kicks, in a slow, and sometimes ludicrous, manner. They circle round and round while the musicians strike their instruments with a monotonous and steady beat. The performance is to them a very serious and solemn affair. Boys before they are tattooed take no part in the dance of the men. They form little circles of their own, and have miniature musical instruments made out of old oil tins. They copy the steps and gestures of the men, swaying their bodies in comic imitation of their fathers and big brothers. For three days during the big festival in October the sound of bands is incessant; the throb of drums and gongs goes on monotonously through the night. When the dancers grow tired, they give a weird shout in unison, as a signal for the music to cease, but, as there may be a dozen sets of dancers and bands, there is no silence. As soon as one circle of men cease dancing, another circle is ready to begin. After resting they go into the temple to pray before beginning to dance again.

In every open space during festivals there spring up numbers of booths, at which merchandise is sold. They consist of thatched roofs supported by poles, without any sides. There are primitive restaurants, where food may be bought and eaten. Rice and curry, vegetables, meat, and a kind of paste—not unlike vermicelli—are the favourite dishes. Weak tea, made very sweet, is drunk. Chinamen go through the crowd selling sugar-sticks, also thin sweet biscuits plentifully sprinkled with sesamum seeds. There are processions of paper animals, their heads and tails being moved by means of strings; half a dozen men walk in each. Holiday times are eagerly looked forward to, for then all friends and relatives meet. The *zayats* are crowded, and people in their best attire sit round fires in the open air, smoking, cooking, and eating. It is surprising that bamboo houses so seldom take fire. Careful watch is kept, for if a fire begins accidentally the whole village may be burnt down.

In the crowd may be seen a few women with shaved heads, wearing toga-like garments, which are sometimes apricot in colour, but more often white. These are Buddhist nuns. They lead pure and moral lives, and fast as do the monks, but they are nearly all quite illiterate. Their chief occupation is sweeping and dusting the temple and monastery. They sometimes adopt orphan girls, and dress them as miniature nuns. They take no vows, and may return to a secular life whenever they please, even marrying (when they have ceased to be nuns), should they wish to do so.

In the temples there is always a great central statue of the Buddha, surrounded by smaller images of the same, and sometimes there are kneeling figures of adoring disciples. When an image is presented to the temple it is taken in procession through the village streets, a large golden umbrella being carried, open, over its head. In the monastery one may see rows of golden umbrellas, closed, behind the statues. The

BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

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central figure is of white marble, wood, or brick covered with plaster. The smaller images are occasionally of metal. The statues of the Buddha represent him sitting or standing, those of the disciples stand or kneel. A worshipper may apply gold-leaf to any part of the statue. It is perhaps a mistake to say "worshipper," for all Buddhists are careful to explain that they do not worship the images, and that they only regard them as portraits of their great Teacher, to be reverenced, but not adored. At first, when a statue is new, and it is adorned with patches of gold-leaf, the effect is very curious. The gold may be applied to any part, and for some time the statue may have a gold nose, or a gold ear, one eye may be gilt before the other; there may be golden patches on the body or legs. By degrees, as one gold-leaf after another is applied, the patches grow large, until the white disappears, and the image is completely overlaid with pure gold.

The temples are shadowy places; the high roof is supported by great columns of teak, and the scheme of decoration is dark red and gold. The Buddhist Scriptures are written on rolls of native paper, or on palm leaves brought from Burma. They are carefully wrapped in embroidered covers, and are kept in large wooden chests. Temples and pagodas are guarded, as in Burma, by grotesque animals of stone or stucco. They are Chinese in type; their large mouths are open, and their expression is a diabolical grin.

On calm days the bells on the tops of the pagodas are silent, but they swing when the wind rises—the fiercer the wind blows the louder do the bells peal. Even above the noise of a hurricane can be heard the sound of the pagoda bells. There are none in or on the temples, but one or two large ones hang in the monastery court; they are not swung, but are struck with the antler of a deer at the end of all prayers or recitations.

A Few Shan Ways of Preparing Food

Marrow.—Take the marrow from the bones and mix it with chilies and onions that have been chopped fine. Add a little salt; wrap the mixture in leaves and then boil. Marrow may also be fried in lard with chilies and onions, or it is sometimes rolled in a leaf and baked in the embers.

Water-Snails.—Wash the snails in their shells, breaking the pointed ends. Heat them in a pot without water. A little cold water may be added, also —when the water boils—salt and spices. Young bamboo shoots may be cooked with the snails.

Maize.—The cobs may be boiled in water, or wrapped in leaves and baked in the embers. Another way of cooking them is this: Remove the seeds from the cobs before they are ripe, and pound them in a mortar; add a little salt and strain the liquid through a coarse cloth, then cook on a hot fire until thick, like jelly.

Frogs.—Kill the frogs by dropping them into boiling water. Cut them open and clean them, washing them in very hot water. They may be fried in oil, or boiled, or cut into small pieces and stewed with herbs.

Bean Curd.—Soak the beans, remove the skins, wash well, and soak again in water for about four hours. Grind them until they are a milk-like liquid, then place in a metal pot, cover, and boil for half an hour, stirring with a stick to prevent burning. When the liquid thickens, pour it into shallow pans—it stiffens as it grows cold. This curd is cut into slices and eaten cold, with a sauce made of sour fruits and chilies.

Bean Cakes.—Take some beans and wash them well, then cook all day on a slow fire. Place them in a small basket lined with banana leaves; leave in a warm place for three days. The beans have now a bad smell as they are fermenting. They should next be well pounded with a wooden stick and mixed with finely ground chilies, onion tops, boiled coriander seeds, and

salt. Make the mixture into little cakes by pressing small quantities between leaves; roast the cakes before the fire until they are brown. When required, they should be broken into small pieces, put into boiling water, and cooked for a short time.

Green Mustard Pickle.—Take young and tender mustard leaves; tear them into small pieces; dry them for a day in the sun, then place in an earthenware pot. Cover with a little cold water, adding raw rice and a little salt. Place the pot near the fire for three days, when the pickle may be eaten with meat.

Beef (to be eaten raw).—Wash the beef, removing all gristle and bones; mince it very fine; boil some rice and spread it on a bamboo platter to cool. When the rice is cold, mix it with the raw meat, adding a little salt, and sometimes a small quantity of the blood of oxen. A little saltpetre may be added as well Wrap the mixture in banana leaves for a couple of hours, when it may be eaten.

Pumpkin Shoots.—Take the tender shoots of pumpkins, with the young leaves and tendrils, skin or scrape the stalks and cut the leaves into small pieces. Wash well in water; cut a large onion into fine shreds; mince one or two chilies. Put the onion and chilies—with a little salt—into fat, and fry on a hot fire until the onion begins to turn brown. Squeeze the pumpkin shoots to remove as much water as possible, then add them to the onion that is frying on the fire; stir well, then cover with a lid. Remove the lid every two or three minutes and stir; always cover again. Cook until the shoots are tender.

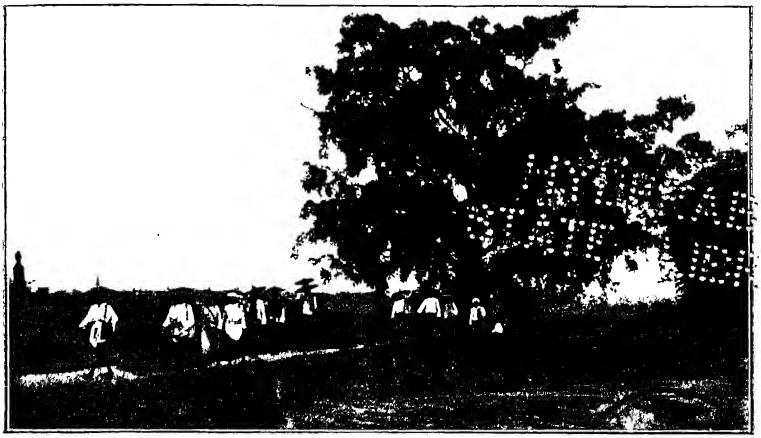
CHAPTER X

VILLAGE LIFE

WHEN Shans intend to build a new village they choose a propitious day to visit the proposed site; when there, they place some grains of uncooked rice on the ground, and covering them with a piece of bamboo, say, "Shall we build here?" According to the position of the grains next morning they decide whether to build or not; if the rice has in any way moved, another place must be chosen.

Houses in a village are built facing any direction, and the streets zigzag round them. The market-place is generally in the middle, though markets are occasionally held outside beyond the houses. The broadest path leads to the house of the chief official. Village paths—one can hardly call them streets—are often crowded with laden bullocks, filling the narrow ways, as they stand waiting for their owner, who is smoking, and chatting with his friends; no one seems to object if the highway is blocked.

The year is divided for Shan cultivators into two periods of hard work, with a resting time between each. The preparing of the land for the rice crop at the beginning of the rains, and the reaping and threshing of the ripe grain at the beginning of the dry season, are times of strenuous labour. During the rest of the year, Shans in country districts lead very calm and placid lives. Traders, who are constantly travelling to China or Burma, are keen money-makers. Other Shans, who rarely leave their villages, unless to



GOING TO MARKET.

NATIVE REST-HOUSES.

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make a pilgrimage to a distant pagoda, do not seem to care for money at all; its possession does not raise their social standing, or make them more respected than their poorer neighbours. The women enjoy the excitement of selling or bartering their goods, but there is no keen competition, and if asked for some article which they have not in stock they are ready to say where it may be found, instead of offering to procure it for their customer.

Markets, or bazaars as they are generally called, are held on certain days; then the village is completely changed; instead of a quiet, sleepy place, all is bustle and activity, and a certain excitement pervades the atmosphere. Before dawn there is more paddy pounding than usual, for perhaps the ordinary amount will not be sufficient for the guests who may arrive from a distance, and extra food must be prepared, so that hospitality may be offered.

Each Shan village has its own bazaar-day (held on every fifth day) so arranged as not to clash with those in neighbouring hamlets. It is astonishing that, without any calendar or newspaper to refer to, Shans never seem to confuse or forget the different dates. It is not difficult to remember one day in each week, but as the market-day is held every fifth day, and the Shan week has seven days, sometimes there are two markets in one week, each recurring bazaar being held on a different day from the last.

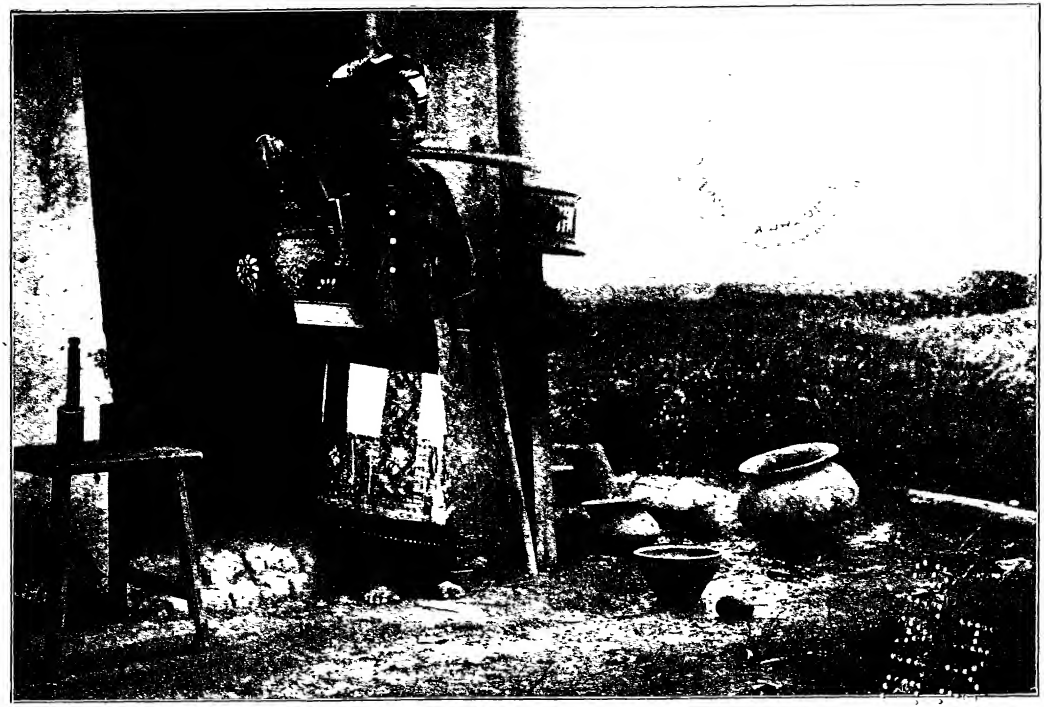
Shans reckon the days of the month from the moon. They are named according to the moon's waxing or waning. There are thirty in each month: the first day on which the new moon is seen is named the first of the moon's waxing, the day after full moon is the first of its waning.

All work in villages, except the exchange of goods, ceases on market days. People who make paper, or hats, or earthenware pots, who weave cloth, or work in silver spend each market day in trying to dispose of their wares. Very little money passes from hand to

hand. If a woman has beans, or tomatoes, or maize grown in her garden that she does not require for the food of her family, she exchanges them for raw cotton or pineapples grown on the lower slopes of the hills, or tea from the upland valleys. Foreign goods may also be procured by bartering several yards of home-made cloth for one yard of silk or velvet. All Shans try to be in their own village on market days, not so much for the sale of goods as for the exchange of news. The centre of the village becomes a Forum, where every subject is discussed, from the weather and crops to politics and religion.

On these days people begin to arrive early from the hills, or from outlying villages; others who have thirty or forty miles or more to walk prefer to arrive on the previous evening, so that they may rest and sleep before the business of the day begins. For hours, from before the dawn till the sun is high in the heavens, long lines of people stream in from every point of the compass. Shans carry their goods in two baskets of the same weight, nicely balanced, suspended from each end of a bamboo pole, which rests on either shoulder. The pole is not at right angles to the body, but is carried in a slanting position. If one basket hangs in front of the right breast, the other is behind the left shoulder, and *vice versa.* Sometimes the pole is placed across the back, at the top of the spine, and grasped by both hands. This position is only used for a momentary relief to the shoulders.

On market days the character of a Shan village is completely altered; its streets are filled by people of strange speech and costume. There are many Kachins, descended from ancestors of Tibetan origin, who come down from their village homes high up in the hills. Nearly all Kachins can speak and understand a good deal of Shan; indeed, the people of the different tribes use Shan as a common language. A



GIRL CARRYING BASKETS FOR RELIGIOUS OFFERINGS.

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hill woman may be distinguished at a distance from a lowlander, as she carries only one basket; it rests on her back, suspended from a band which crosses the head immediately above the forehead. Kachin men carry their baskets in the same manner as Shans. The dress of the men of both races is alike, though Kachins often wear turbans of a brilliant scarlet shade —a colour never worn by Shans. Kachin women weave gaily coloured bags of elaborate designs; the patterns are different from those ornamenting Shan cloth, but both races sprinkle their designs with svastikas; indeed, some of the bags are completely covered by this emblem, repeated again and again. Kachin women wear short skirts descending only to the knees; they are of strong, heavy cloth, bright in colour when new, but dingy when old, owing to the dirt with which they become engrained. Kachins seldom wash themselves; they work and sleep in garments which are rarely removed until they become so ragged that new ones are necessary. Their jackets are of velvet or home-made cloth, black in colour, ornamented by bands of scarlet flannel, rows of cowrie shells, silver discs, and white bone buttons. The turbans of married women are black. Girls wear no kind of head-dress; their heads are unprotected from sunshine and rain except by their thick shocks of uncombed hair. A straight fringe of hair is worn across the forehead; the rest of their tangled locks are cut short on the nape of the neck. In common with other races in the Shan and Burman hills, they wear a great many cane girdles—from ten to twenty or more—some round the waist, others loosely encircling the body between the waist and the knee. These cane rings are generally black, but often one white and two scarlet are worn as well. Fine rings of black cane are worn below the knee. These are sometimes also worn by Shan women, but are hidden by the skirt. The bracelets of Kachin women are identical with those of the Shans, being made by silversmiths of the latter race.

Until we took possession of the country there was continual petty warfare between the tribes of the hills and those of the valleys; now they no longer fight against each other in British territory, though antagonistic in every way: the one race is the antithesis of the other. Kachins look with contempt on Shans, who prefer to lead quiet and peaceable lives on the plains; Kachins have plenty of courage and really enjoy a good fight. Shans, unless they are of the very lowest class, kill no animal; Kachins are ready and willing to kill any beast in sacrifice, or for food, and they look upon revenge as a sacred duty. Shans are honest and, as a rule, truthful; Kachins have a proverb, "I cannot speak unless I lie, I cannot carry unless I steal."

As the two races are so very different, marriage between them is almost unknown. The customs of the two races are also different. Shans pay court to their sweethearts in their homes, but when Kachin girls are of marriageable age they leave their homes at night, with the consent of their parents, to sleep in a house set apart for the purpose; there they meet the bachelors of the village, thus choosing their husbands. This is considered by the parents to be the correct and proper way in which girls should make their choice. The wedding takes place when a girl is quite sure which man she wishes to marry. They say that their marriages turn out much more happily than those of Shans, divorce being practically unknown among them. If a Kachin has property the youngest son is the chief heir, there being doubt as to the fatherhood of the first-born. When a Kachin girl is married she has to walk to her new home between rows of pigs, which are slaughtered as she passes, their blood wetting her feet.

There are people of another race who come down from the hills in considerable numbers; they are a very law-abiding race, known to the English as Palaungs. They descend to the plains, not only to

UNMARRIED KACHIN WOMEN.

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attend the markets, but also to pray in Shan monasteries. Their villages are half way up the hills between the Shans of the valleys and the Kachins of the hill-tops. Before the British occupation, when Shans and Kachins were constantly fighting, the Palaungs lived in peace with their fierce neighbours, paying tribute to them. The growing and drying of tea is their chief occupation. All tea drunk by Shans and Burmans comes from their gardens.

Palaung men wear jacket and trousers of similar cut to the dress of Shans and Kachins, but the costume of their women is more like Kachin than Shan. They wear a loose jacket, generally of home-woven stuff, dull in colour, but for festivals made of bright blue velvet faced with scarlet. The skirt is short, and the clan to which they belong may be known by the width and colour of the stripes running horizontally round the dress. Rich Palaung women wear loose belts —broad and plain—of solid silver, in addition to many cane girdles. They, like Kachin women, wear torcs—sometimes one or more—which hang loosely round the neck, and are so large that they often reach the waist. They are of silver, flat and plain. In their woven designs Palaungs apparently never use the svastika. They are a well-conducted set of people, living according to the teachings of the Buddhist Scriptures. Like the greater number of Shans they drink no intoxicating liquors, unlike their neighbours of the hill-tops, who not only drink, but often get exceedingly drunk!

There are a few Burman traders in the bazaars, but many Chinese Shans come across the borders. The men wear garments cut in the usual Shan fashion, but always dark blue in colour, and their hair is plaited to form a pigtail. Their women dress as British Shans, with the exception of the turban, which is made of a very long piece of thin black cloth, wound round and round the head in a tall cylindrical shape.[1] They

[1] See Frontispiece.

also wear coloured gaiters. The young girls among them have panelled skirts of bright hues, but they lay aside their gay clothes when little more than children, dressing themselves in sober colours at an earlier age than their sisters in British territory.

Shans and Chinese Shans are practically the same race; their speech and religion are almost the same, and they intermarry.

It is generally possible to distinguish men of the Shan races from the people of the hills, even when their dress is the same, from the way in which they hold their arms when they walk. Kachins and Palaungs, keeping time to each step, swing the arms from the side to the front across the body, in a semicircular movement, but Shans swing their arms in a straight line, and do not bring them in front of the body.

The market-place in Shan villages is a large open space, with irregular lines of narrow unpaved paths or passages, bordered by little booths—used as shops—with thatched roofs supported by poles. There are no counters. If the goods to be sold are silk or velvet, or any material which may easily spoil, there is in each shop a bamboo floor, raised about a foot from the ground. The shopkeeper squats inside in the middle of his wares; the buyers sit on the edge of the floor, with their feet on the ground outside. Shans do not ask more money than they consider that their goods are worth, except in the sale of horses and cattle, when there is a great deal of bargaining and haggling over the price. Home-made cloth, also rice, baskets, and meat, are sold at fixed rates, which may vary a little from time to time, but for such goods one merchant does not charge more than another.

Fruit or vegetables are dear or cheap according to the quantities brought into the market for sale. Foreign goods are brought by traders from down country on pack-bullocks or mules to the Shan bazaars. Among the merchants a few natives of India, or even

THE HEADMAN OF A VILLAGE.

A PALAUNG MAN WITH HIS HAT.

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from Afghanistan, may be found, who have settled for purposes of trade in Shan villages.

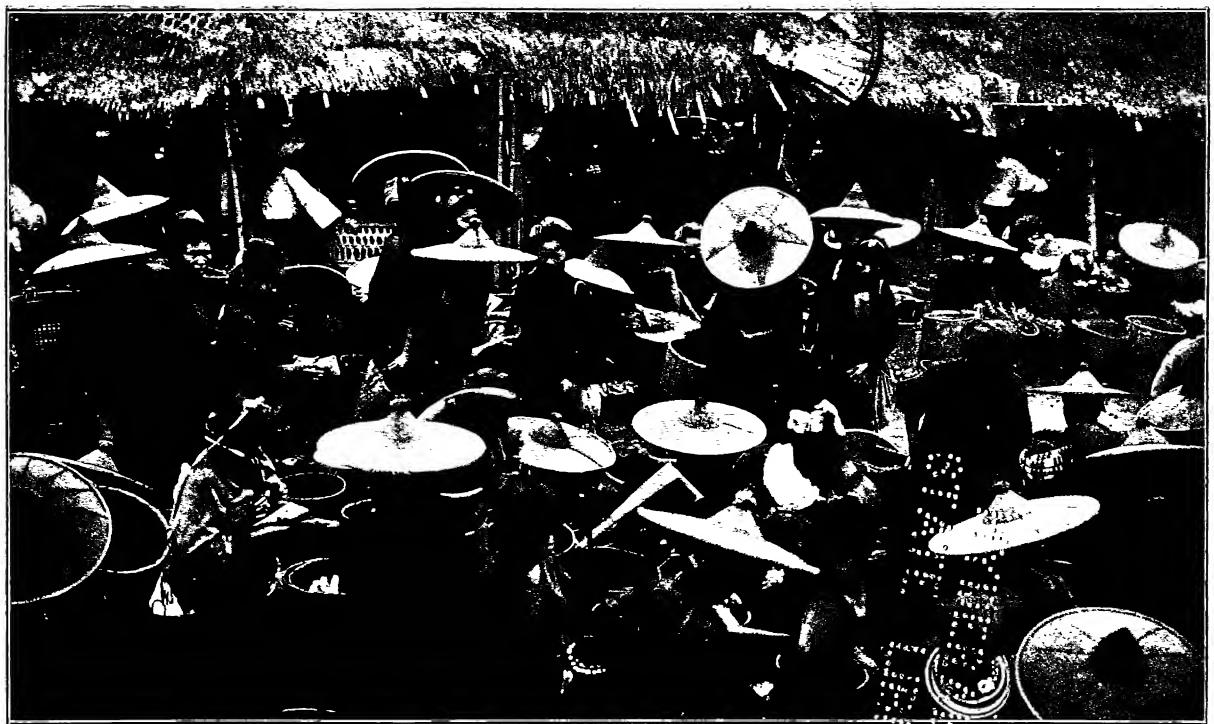
There are practically no articles of British manufacture in the country districts of the Northern Shan States, except a few needles and reels of Paisley thread. Shoes and matches come from Japan, also some thin cotton materials. Silks for embroidery, tinsel-thread, small porcelain bowls, copper cooking-pots, and brass lamps—in which sesamum oil is burnt—are of Chinese manufacture. Cotton goods and coarse muslins come from India. All other goods that are not of native workmanship are "Made in Germany." There are rows and rows of booths where only articles of German manufacture are sold. Kachins can buy the cheap red German flannel which ornament their jackets, also the scarlet braid which, when cut into lengths of a few inches, is made into fringe to decorate their bags; common glass beads—amber, green, crimson, milk-white, and transparent—belts, lamps for kerosene oil, pen-knives, scissors, and pencils—all are German.

Note-books, with Queen Victoria's portrait on the back, and the inscription "Made in Germany" on each; wools for weaving purposes, coloured with German aniline dyes, are replacing the delicate and artistic tints which may be seen in Shan woven-work made on the hand-looms a few years ago, when the weavers made their own dyes from leaves and the bark of trees; German silks and velvets, shirts and woven undergarments, knitted caps for children, hideous in colour; envelopes and writing-paper, enamelled ware, looking-glasses, tiny metal boxes (used by Shans as betel-boxes), blankets, porcelain cups (Shans do not use saucers), and milk-jugs, magenta in colour, and coarsely gilded, bone buttons—all these articles, and many others, made, manufactured, and exported from Germany, fill the Shan markets and pass through the country in the packs of merchants on their way to Yün-nan. German goods are bought

because they exactly supply the wants of the people. It has been said that British merchants make their goods to please themselves, not to please their customers, saying, "Here are our goods; you may come and take them," while the Germans say, "Tell us what you wish, and we shall bring it to your door." Germans certainly make their merchandise to suit their customers, not to suit themselves.

The greater part of these goods sold in Shan markets are of a very poor description. They are "shoddy," not intended to last long; but if they suit the natives better than articles of a finer but dearer quality, why should the British merchant make only the more expensive kinds, for which there is no demand? Shans show wisdom in preferring cheap velvets and silks, which cost little, yet look pretty. There are no chests-of-drawers or wardrobes, though in a few houses there are wooden boxes, in which the best dresses for festival occasions may be kept, but, as a rule, wearing apparel is thrown over ropes stretched across the rooms, and, when so treated, an expensive velvet or silk becomes marked and soiled quite as quickly as one that has cost little. Even with the greatest care, during the rainy season, articles of clothing, whether of good or of shoddy material, become mildewed and spoilt. If only a small price has been paid for the cloth of a jacket it does not matter if it soon looks shabby; if the price is low, stuff may be easily bought and a new jacket quickly made. Each woman sews her own clothes, so there are no dressmaker's bills to pay.

German pen-knives found in Shan bazaars are of very poor steel, but when a Shan is told, "If you pay two or three annas more you may buy a British knife of excellent quality, which will last much longer than a German one," he answers, "Are you sure that it will last longer? Will your expensive knife be more free from rust than my cheap one? This knife suits me well; its price was so



MARKET DAY.

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small that if, during the rains, I forget to oil it and it rusts, I shall throw it away and buy another." I know that this is true, because two of my English pen-knives became so rusted by the damp that I could not open them, and was obliged to buy German ones to replace them, as there was none of British manufacture in the market.

It is a pity that our merchants do not make a more careful study of the requirements of the people. Manufacturers would find it beneficial to their interests to send their travellers through Eastern countries to acquire information as to the exact wants of the people, obtaining patterns of the things they use, at the same time carrying samples of British goods. The articles once manufactured by Shans are now supplied by Germany. They no longer dye thread in different colours for their woven work, because they can buy German twists and yarns of brilliant colours in any quantity. Before German braid appeared in the Shan States the Kachins cut scarlet cloth—woven and dyed by themselves—into narrow strips, to make the fringes for their bags; even now they occasionally cut the cloth instead of using braid, but it is imported also from German looms.

Why cannot our merchants supply these commodities, so that our Eastern possessions may be an outlet for British commerce instead of for German goods? It may be said that the Shan States are so small that commerce can be little affected, whether the markets are supplied by Great Britain or Germany; but year by year more foreign goods invade the East, not only in the Shan States, but throughout our Indian Empire. In our own country surely there would be fewer "unemployed" if we could manufacture and sell more goods to suit the necessities of Asiatic races. German interests in the East are increasing rapidly; should not British commerce also increase in countries under our own rule, where our merchants are practically unrepresented? I do not

suggest that we should flood Shan markets with articles that the people do not require, creating wants for things of which at present they have no knowledge. Shans have not yet learned to buy things which they consider unnecessary. May it be long before the "blessings of civilisation"—as understood in Europe—reach them, and before they consider such things, at present unknown to them, as essential to their happiness.

Shans have a refinement of their own, and their standards are high, for they place religion, the study of their scriptures, and a temperate life on a higher level than money or the comforts and luxuries that money brings. Their lives are very happy. Any man may marry the girl he loves if he can persuade her that she loves him better than any other man. There is always money enough, and food for the children that come to gladden their homes. Starving people do not exist, and there are few "unemployed," because any man or woman may easily earn a livelihood by asking for jungle land, by clearing and cultivating, and by selling the produce that is grown upon it.

In October, caravans of mules, laden with baskets full of persimmons and walnuts, come from Yün-nan as soon as the rains are over. Walnuts have been imported from very early times, and Shans tell many stories of small frontier wars arising from the extortionate demands of custom-house officials, who levied exorbitant export or import duties on this fruit when the merchants brought the nuts across the frontier.

There is no lack of vegetables in Shan bazaars. There are several kinds of pumpkins and gourds, also cucumbers, chilies, ginger, egg-plants, tomatoes, several kinds of beans, peas (picked when they are overripe and hard), onions, and potatoes, the latter small and not very good. There are three kinds of maize; the colours of the grains when ripe are orange, white, and

A BRIDGE.

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black. The latter are most esteemed; the cobs are brought to market already roasted or boiled.

There are many yams and other tuberous roots which, when found growing wild in the jungle, are brought to the villages for sale; also leaves of many kinds of trees and bushes used in flavouring curry.

Lotus seeds are considered a great delicacy. The heads are brought to market, five or six tied together in each bunch. Each head, or thalamus, looks not unlike the "rose" of a large watering-can. The seeds, when young, have a "nutty" flavour, and when fried make a good vegetable.

Many kinds of fungi are brought to the markets, both freshly picked and dried.

The fruit and vegetable section of a Shan market is most picturesque. It is open to the sky, and the people sit on tiny bamboo stools under the shade of their big hats, sometimes holding their yellow paper umbrellas over their heads, the different kinds of fruits massed around them in glowing heaps on the ground.

A more unpleasant division is the meat-market. The lower classes of Shans do not hesitate to kill their cattle, pigs, and fowls for the market, although such a trade is entirely contrary to the teachings of their religion; and a large quantity of meat is brought by the Kachins from their villages. The upper classes of Shans do not hesitate to buy meat; their religious prejudices stop at the killing of animals. They believe that when a beast is dead there is no harm in buying its flesh, but a conscientious Shan would refuse to sell an animal if he thought that it would be slaughtered, even if he had been offered a big price for it. The feeling against killing and butchers is so strong that many Shans, in walking through a village, choose a roundabout way so that they may avoid passing through the quarters where the butchers have their houses.

Mutton is seldom found in the market. Sheep and goats are not often kept by the Northern Shans in

villages that are surrounded by jungle. There are so many leopards and tigers that calves are often carried off by them, and no doubt goats and sheep would fall an easy prey.

During the winter months flocks of goats and sheep are brought in large herds from Yün-nan.

It is not safe for Europeans to buy meat in the markets unless their servants have been present at the slaughter of the animals. Shans and Kachins always eat the flesh of any beast that dies a "natural" death. Indeed, good Buddhists prefer such meat, as no one has sinned by killing the animal.

On the branches of trees, whose overhanging boughs shade the stalls of the meat-market, rows of crows sit, waiting expectant for any small morsel of meat that may fall. Towards evening they are sometimes so gorged with food that they can hardly fly, and sit gasping, with open beak and outstretched wings.

There are also a number of dogs round the meat stalls, waiting hopefully for scraps; but dogs in Shan villages are not the hungry curs of lower Burma and India. They are very noisy, barking loudly at strangers, but, unless they are constantly chained and taught to guard a house, they are not fierce. Shan dogs sleep in their masters' houses. An ownerless dog runs a poor chance of life, as Kachins are always on the outlook for stray dogs, which they kill and eat. They also eat cats, but Shans do not. The domestic cats of the country are not pretty; they are generally striped, a dull black and grey. Both dogs and cats eat rice, and seldom get any other kind of food unless they forage for themselves.

Many Shan cats, like the Siamese, have a peculiar "kink" near the tip of the tail, which one might imagine had been broken and badly mended. Cats with "kinky" tails can boast of an illustrious pedigree. The legend that is told for the reason of the "kink" is this:

Once the Lord Gautama went for a drive in an ox-cart, and with him went the ancestress of all the "kinky-tailed" cats. Gautama was still living as a prince, and had not become "The Buddha," the Enlightened One; but the oxen knew that some one very great and holy was sitting in the cart behind them. The honour of drawing the cart in which the prince sat was so great that the oxen became excited and ran away. Now the road was very bad; the cart was jolted from side to side, and the cat was so shocked by the behaviour of the oxen that she jumped on the back of one of them to remonstrate. Gautama, seeing that her position was dangerous, caught her by the tail, and so lifted her into the cart beside him. He did not hurt her, but all her children, and her children's children, bear the mark of the touch of his hand by having "kinks" in their tails.

Near the meat-market are fish stalls, where many curious eatables are sold besides fish. At certain seasons there are tiny frogs—just emerged from the tadpole stage; also water snails. Earthenware pots are filled with the larvæ of a large beetle, fat creatures that to Europeans look most disgusting—altogether revolting as food, but Shans consider that they are luscious morsels. Another curious delicacy is the larvæ of wasps and bees, considered much more delicious than honey.

Paddy and rice occupy an open space in the market, and there are large quantities of sesamum seed, chiefly interesting to the ordinary British traveller—who has not forgotten the "Arabian Nights"—as the grain whose name was the charm to open the robbers' cave with the magic words, "Open Sesame." The sesamum seed takes the place in Shan speech of the expression "pin's head" in English; and Shans say, "As small as a sesamum seed," when they wish to express that any object is very tiny.

A large open space in the market is given up to the sellers of ponies and cattle. Shan ponies are

small—from eleven to twelve hands in height; they cost from thirty-five to one hundred rupees each. The price of horses of over twelve hands may be from eighty to one hundred and fifty, or even three hundred rupees, according to size and quality. Piebalds are special favourites. Mares are kept for breeding purposes, and are never ridden by Shans. Ponies are generally turned out of the village in the early mornings to forage for themselves, returning at night to a feed of paddy soaked in water, and grass. They are very surefooted, strong, and hardy, and are rarely seen with broken knees. They are seldom shod, and do not seem to suffer from muddy and wet ground during the rains.

Shan cattle are humped, like those of India. There is often great mortality among them owing to the ravages of rinderpest.

There are several booths set apart in the market for the sale of swords, whose wooden scabbards are bound with rattan. Daggers are dainty weapons, with ivory handles and handsome silver sheaths. They are generally worn attached to a tasselled cord —scarlet or green—which is tied round the waist.

Booths for the sale of embroideries and woven work are near each other, and close to them are baskets full of indigo leaves, used in the dyeing of cloth.

It is not always easy to walk from one part to another in the bazaar. The ground is covered with wares of different kinds, and it is not considered good manners to step over anything.

Sometimes there is quite a block of people in narrow passages, caused by the enormous hats worn by everybody. From the veranda of a high house—looking down—a crowded Shan market has the appearance of a field of gigantic mushrooms, owing to the numbers of huge hats. The people are wonderfully considerate; as they are never in a hurry, there is no rude pushing and jostling against each other.

They are very honest; tiny children may be seen alone, wandering through the crowd, sometimes wearing chains and coins of considerable value round their necks, and silver, or even gold bangles, and yet no one attempts to steal their ornaments.

Sometimes small quarrels arise between Shans and natives of India. A Shan girl, out of mischief, sometimes swings the pork that she is carrying against the hand of a Mohammedan. As the latter has a horror of pig, alive or dead, he retaliates by threatening to beat the girl, whose friends come to the rescue. There is a great deal of talk and much bad language, in which the mothers and grandmothers on both sides are fiercely denounced; then by degrees they calm down, and admit that they were mistaken and that the mothers and grandmothers were not really bad; so they become friends again. A Mohammedan in the Shan States explained to me the reason of his objection to pigs. I shall repeat the story as much as possible in his own words, as he told it to me in English.

"Long, long ago Noah built a big boat to keep himself and his family and all the beasts safe from the great waters. When the flood came, Noah brought himself, and his wife, and his sons and their wives, and all the beasts and birds into the boat. Then the rain came down so much that the water tried to come into the boat, so the door was shut tight to keep it out. There was only one window, and it was shut tight too. It was very bad for poor Noah, and for his wife, and his sons, and their wives, because it was very dark, and soon the boat became dreadfully stuffy and most evil-smelling. Well, it rained and it rained, for days and days and for nights and nights. There were with Noah and his family *all* the beasts—not one or two; but elephants, and tigers, and cats, and every other kind of beast that lived in the world. There was no way of cleaning the boat, as the door was tight shut; the one window

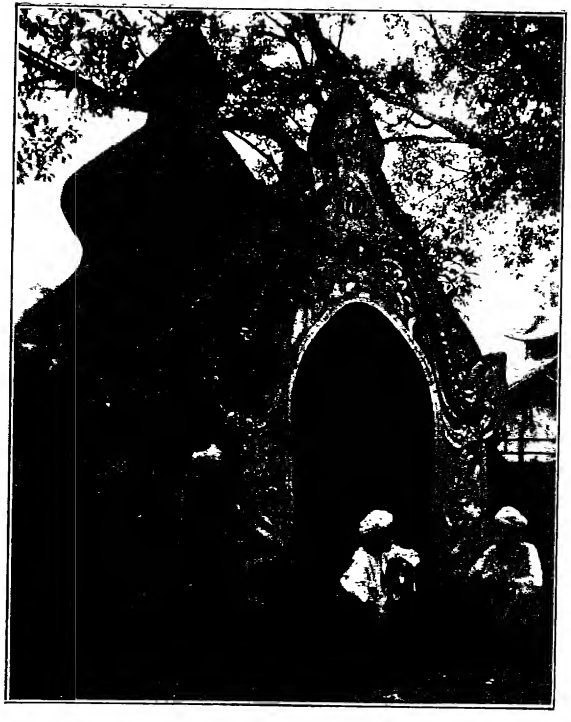
was in the roof, so nothing could be thrown out of it! After a while the evil-smellingness grew worse, and Noah felt that he would like to drown himself! He prayed, and pigs were sent in answer to his prayer. They were not made when the other beasts were made, but were made to clean up the big boat for Noah. That is the reason that we do not touch or eat pigs, for they were made to be the 'sweepers' in the boat, and they do the same work now in the villages."

Agreements and bargains are sometimes concluded in a curious manner. One custom is "Drinking the water of faithfulness." The bargain is repeated over water, which is stirred with a dagger or the point of a sword; the water is then drunk, half by one man and half by the other, both calling on heaven and earth to witness the compact. Another way is by writing an agreement, then burning it; the ashes are sprinkled on water and each man swallows half, saying before he drinks, "May I become very ill or die a violent death if I do not hold good this writing."[1] A common oath is "May I become a beast in my next life."

A Shan village on the Chinese borders has picturesque wells and bridges. Sometimes a well-head is of stone, sometimes of dried bricks, ornamented with stucco, and guarded by strange monsters carved in stone.

There are several kinds of bridges. Sometimes two bamboos are laid side by side over a narrow stream; unshod feet cross them easily, as bare toes grip the roundness of the wood; to any one wearing shoes the crossing is not so easy: the bamboos are not fixed at the ends, and are apt to turn over when touched. Other bridges are of planks, or of interlaced bamboos, and these sometimes are covered by thatched roofs supported on poles. There are also substantial stone bridges, guarded by animals, also

[1] Compare Numbers v. 12-31.



WELLS.

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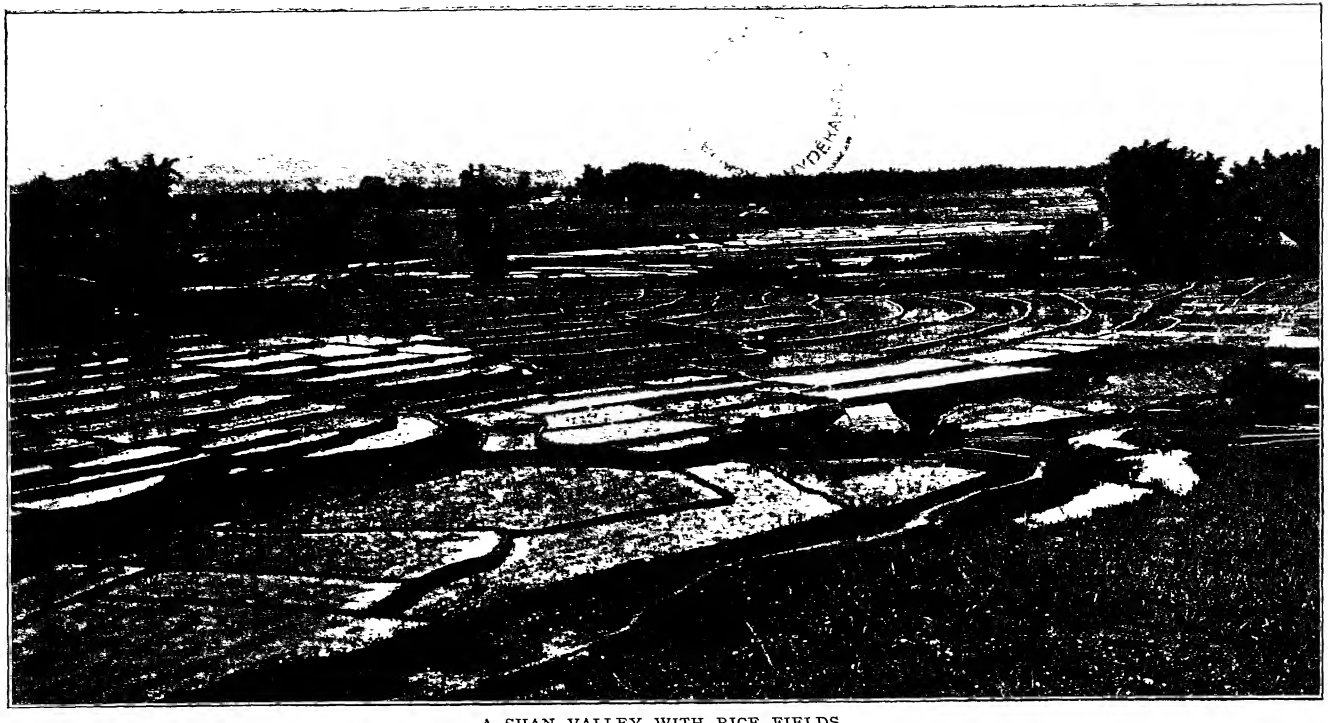
CHAPTER XI

AGRICULTURE

RICE is the staple food in the Shan States. A certain amount of fruit and vegetables, tobacco and sesamum seed is grown, but the principal production of the country is paddy,[1] a grain that can be easily stored and easily exported. If a farmer has more than he requires for himself and his family, a large market lies close at hand, over the border, in Chinese territory. A very large quantity of paddy might be grown in the valleys of Yün-nan—at least in that part of the country which lies close to the Northern Shan States—if some system of drainage were applied to draw off the surplus water from the soil. Numerous streams rise in the hills, and find their way through great marshes to the Shwe-li river. A small amount of land round villages has been reclaimed, but the quantity of grain grown there is not enough for the demand, so paddy and rice from British territory find a ready sale in Yün-nan.

The Chinese Shans do not lead peaceful lives. They are from time to time troubled and harassed by the Kachins, who descend from their villages in the mountains to carry off paddy and cattle from the Shans of the valleys. In some of the Chinese Shan principalities the people do not only dread the Kachins, but also live in fear of their own rulers. There are well-governed principalities, such as Möng-Mao and Möng-hkwan, but Shan traders speak with bitterness of the extortion and injustice of the Chê-fang govern-

[1] Unhusked rice.



A SHAN VALLEY WITH RICE FIELDS.

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ment. It is easy to find coolies who are ready and willing to carry loads from British territory to many parts of Yün-nan, but they often object to enter the Che-fang territory, where, report says, the late ruler was a monster of cruelty; certainly the district has not a good name. In the Chê-fang valley little has been done to reclaim the soil. The streams cut their way through deep black mud and enter the marshes which cover a large tract of country. Reeds grow there to the height of twenty feet, and are the haunt of myriads of wild-fowl.

If a good chief ruled at Chê-fang, who had power to conciliate the Kachins and govern his Shan subjects with justice, there is no doubt that the valley might be well cultivated and bear enough grain to supply a large number of people. Rice grown on British territory and at present exported into Yün-nan, could then find a home market in lower Burma.

In the month preceding the rains the preparations for the paddy planting begin. The grass is cut on the fields, and when dry made into heaps and burnt. Each small paddy field is surrounded by a low turf wall, a foot or two in height and width, which retains the low soil, and the paddy fields extend from the river to the hills in a series of terraces, each one rising slightly towards the hill country so that the ground is on a gentle slope.

After the grass has been burnt the ashes are mixed with manure and spread on the earth, then streams are diverted into little channels to flood each field. The surrounding walls of turf have openings which may easily be blocked, so each field can be flooded to the depth of a foot. Through the rice fields the tiny streams flow gently, the water spreads quietly over the ground, and, flowing to the opening, falls with a tinkling sound over a miniature waterfall on the little field below. When the rains begin in June the ground has been already well soaked, but the ploughing does not commence until the weather is steadily wet.

Paddy plants are first grown in nurseries, where the ground has been carefully ploughed and harrowed. Several agriculturists join to prepare one nursery. Before the seed is sown it is placed in bags—or into closely woven baskets—and soaked in water until it shows signs of sprouting; it is then spread on mats to drain, but must not become too dry. When well drained it is carried in baskets to the nursery, where it is sown very thickly over the prepared ground. At this time an offering of rice is made to the Spirit of the White Tiger, one of the fabulous ancestors of the Shan race.

Ten days from the time of sowing the young paddy plants are an inch or two in height, and their colour is a vivid emerald green. Plenty of water is now turned on to the nursery, so that the paddy may grow quickly. Now the larger fields are being prepared for the reception of the young plants. Every morning ploughing begins before dawn, continuing till eleven o'clock; occasionally men plough in the afternoon as well, but most of the work is done in the morning. At this season the hills are purple in colour beyond the rice fields, and heavy masses of clouds obscure the sun. Sometimes for days the distance is blotted out in mists and torrents of driving rain. Each agriculturist ploughs his own fields. Naked, except for his great bamboo hat—worn above his turban—and a wisp of cloth round his loins, he moves backwards and forwards, guiding his buffalo as it drags the plough through the soft mud: both plough and harrow work under water. Man and beast plod along laboriously, the water closing behind the plough with a gurgling ripple. Buffaloes are strong, and in the Northern Shan States only one is yoked at a time to plough or harrow. The coulter is sometimes of wood, but more often it is made of iron.

British Shans do not work in iron, but Yün-nanese Shans, who know how to do blacksmith work, come in the dry season into British territory, where they set

up rude anvils, making their furnaces out of doors, in the open spaces of villages. There they make the blades of hoes—large as spades, but set at right angles to the hafts—mend ploughs, or make new coulters. Harrows are generally of wood; the large rakes that are used in collecting cut grass and weeds are entirely of wood.

When the little paddy plants are thirty days old the agriculturists meet and arrange to help each other; they like to work in company. If a Shan has a large number of fields, he may hire Palaungs or Chinese Shans to help him, but more often the assistants are his own friends and relatives. Before the transplanting begins a feast is given to all the helpers, who bring their own rice but are given meat and vegetables by the owner of the paddy fields.

The young plants are pulled up very roughly out of the nursery soil. It is true that the ground is soft, but the roots are often much broken; this does not seem to make any difference to the growth of the paddy. The seedlings are tied in bunches and carried from the nursery to the fields. There they are given to the workers, who are waiting ankle-deep in the mud. Both men and women help. They work all morning till noon, then eat; afterwards all going to the fields of another cultivator to help him. This they do day by day, until all the fields are planted. The seedlings are set about a foot apart from each other, their roots being pressed into the soft mud with a quick movement of the hand.

Men engaged in the work sometimes wear jackets, sometimes are nude to the waist, rolling up their trousers above the knees. Women work without the upper skirt, folding up the petticoat so that it only reaches the knees. This is one of the occasions when the black cane rings—worn below the knees like garters—are visible. They wear their oldest jackets and also large hats, which, when tied tightly under their chins, act as umbrellas, and protect their heads from the

driving rain. It is hard and back-breaking work. It cannot be pleasant to stand in slippery mud which swarms with leeches, but the people laugh and sing as they plant. In improvised songs they unmercifully chaff any slow workers, telling them in a monotonous chant that they are like water-snails. If a young man is very slow, the girls put seedlings into the little basket which he wears slung at the back of his waist; then they sing: "Oh, look! Oh, see! Some one is moving so slowly, so very slowly, the little plants of paddy are growing on his back!" It is the custom that men provide the cooked rice for the food of the girl workers. After their midday meal they all rest for a little, then work again until sunset.

When all the fields are planted there is a great feast called the "Sha-hta," when offerings of cooked rice are given to poor old men who live at the monasteries. The planting is finished in July, and the fields remain flooded until a month before the harvest. As the paddy grows tall, the little walls of turf which divide the fields disappear under the waving grain, which turns golden as it ripens. At the time of harvest the people again help each other. The paddy, when cut, is laid in swathes in the sun to dry. The reaping begins in September, October, and even as late as November, according to the kind of paddy: some varieties ripen much earlier than others. The swathes are tied together to make sheaves, and the sheaves are heaped up to make large stacks. A few sheaves crown each stack; they are tied on the top to make a point, the ears being carefully spread out, downwards, like thatch on a roof, so that if rain falls it may run off, the grain inside the stack remaining dry.

After the reaping is over the people rest for two or three weeks; then, before the threshing, they make offerings of pumpkins, sweet potatoes, and boiled rice to the spirits.

There are two ways of separating the grain from the straw. When there is only a small quantity it is

PADDY PLANTING.

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beaten out by hand. The stalks are held firmly, the ears are repeatedly struck on a flat stone until the grain falls off. If there is a large quantity it is threshed by a number of buffaloes, which are driven round and round through the paddy as it lies in heaps on the threshing floor. The rice of the first ears that are threshed is cooked, not as usual by boiling, but by steaming; it is then carried to the monastery and offered to the monks. The buffaloes that have helped in the ploughing and threshing are not forgotten, and an offering—*i.e.* a good feed—of paddy, mixed with boiled rice, is given to them, because of their "kindness in helping in the fields."

After the paddy is threshed each family makes an offering to the spirits, and gifts are carried to the monastery, with grateful thanks for the blessings of a good harvest. Oxen carry the grain from the fields to the village in large baskets, two to each ox, and, on their backs, above the baskets, great bells of brass or copper swing from wooden supports.

Paddy is stored in baskets seven or eight feet high, plastered inside and out with clay, but in times of war it was buried in deep holes dug in the ground. These paddy holes play prominent parts in many Shan stories and legends.

There is a ruined pagoda near Namkham which was built in the end of the seventeenth century. The Namkham Shans tell the following story of its building: "Once there lived a young Shan girl who was very beautiful. War broke out in the country, so her parents hid her for safety in an empty paddy hole. They gave her food and water, and she remained in the hole until the danger was over. She afterwards became the wife of a king, and built the pagoda above the paddy-hole as a thankoffering to it because it had sheltered and saved her life."

In Shan markets, at different seasons of the year may be found the following fruits: melons, pineapples,

raspberries, mangoes, papaws (papayaceæ), peaches, apricots, apples, pears, plums, jack-fruits, guavas, custard-apples, bananas, oranges, limes, and many small jungle-fruits, some sweet and insipid, others exceedingly bitter or sour in flavour. Where Europeans have settled in the Shan States they have planted strawberries, which have grown and fruited well. It is strange that in Burma and the Shan States there has been no attempt to grow fruit on a large scale for jam factories. Almost all jams and preserved fruits which are so much used by Europeans in India, Burma, and Ceylon are imported from England, Australia, and California. On the hills of Burma and the Shan States, raspberries—much larger than the wild raspberries of Great Britain—grow in great profusion, but there has been no attempt to cultivate them or use the fruit, although raspberry jam, imported from England, may be found on every breakfast-table in the houses of British residents in the East.

The climate of the upland plateaux of the Shan States is healthy, if certain precautions, such as mosquito curtains, are taken against fever. The winters are cool—the mornings from November to February are really cold, the ground often being white with hoar frost. There is no dearth of water, but the chief difficulty in cultivating fruit on a large scale would be the scarcity of labour. That might, however, be overcome, as Chinese-Shans pass through the country in numbers to work in the ruby mines of Mogok, and I have no doubt that unskilled labourers could easily be found who would be glad to work on fruit farms if they could be sure of regular employment.

In setting out a banana plantation holes a foot and a half to two feet deep—in which dried grass and manure are placed—are dug ; if there is no manure a quantity of sticks and grass is burned, and the ashes, mixed with fine earth, are thrown into the holes. An

PINEAPPLES FOR SALE.

OXEN CARRYING GREAT BELLS.

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auspicious day is chosen to separate the young plants from the parent stock. The ragged ends of the roots are carefully trimmed, and, in planting, the main roots are turned towards the house; if this is not done, it is believed that sickness will come to the owner of the garden. As each young shoot is planted the Shan addresses it, saying: "Thou art now my child. I shall eat of thy fruit." Bananas, when green, are made into curry, and they are also eaten ripe. They are sometimes cut into slices, dried in the sun, and are afterwards pickled with salt.

Shans believe that good spirits watch over fruit trees and crops, but they are not as strong as the evil demons who destroy the harvests. There appear to be no spirits with power to do both good and evil: the good spirits are altogether good, and the bad are altogether bad, so it is to the bad and not to the good that offerings are usually made. The White Tiger is an exception, as they believe that he is a power for good in the land; but as many of the people believe that they are his descendants, there may be some idea of ancestor-worship in making offerings to him.

When cattle and buffaloes are not working, they find their food on the rice fields after the harvest is cut, or in the jungle; when they are working they are well fed. When any rice is left in the pot after the family has finished eating it is mixed with chaff and bran and given to the cattle.

Shans never keep boiled rice from one day to another, or heat it again after it has become cold. If there are no cattle to eat it, it is thrown to the dogs or birds. Cattle eat the stalks of wild banana plants when they are cut into small pieces and mixed with other food.

Shans talk to their cattle and buffaloes when they are working, addressing them as good children when they work well, but when they are lazy telling them that their mothers, and grandmothers, and great-

grandmothers have been altogether depraved and worthless cows!

Many accounts are given in India and Ceylon of the bad temper of buffaloes towards Europeans; natives in these countries always declare that buffaloes cannot endure the smell of an Englishman, but Shan buffaloes seem to be good-tempered. Occasionally they escape into the depth of the jungle, becoming wild and dangerous, attacking not only men but ponies when they come across their path. Buffaloes all try to escape from the heat of the sun by lying under cool waters or resting in the shade of trees. When they enter a stream or pool they plunge down the bank, then stand for a moment, looking round and sniffing the air; then lie down slowly, with many satisfied grunts, until immersed all but the head and horns.

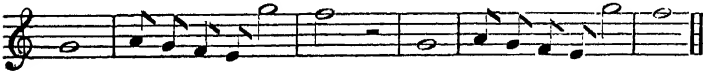
The Shan cattle call is "Hoi" or "Hü." The Chinese Shan muleteers have a curious call—a high whistling note resembling the cry of a kite—when they collect their mules in the jungle or drive them on the roads. Kachins have a call like "Prrrrrr" when they wish their ponies or cattle to go quickly.

Shan ponies are sturdy little animals, eleven or twelve hands high. They are surefooted, and are seldom shod; horses or ponies with broken knees are rarely seen. During the dry season, if they are not working, they are turned out of the village in the early mornings, to feed on the grass by water-courses, returning at night to a feed of paddy that has been soaked in water. They are then tied to a post in a stable or under the house. Piebald horses are believed to bring good luck. Mares are never ridden. If a Shan should be seen riding on a mare his countrymen would consider him mad.

The pigs are almost always black. Sows are very fierce at the time when their young are born, and for some days guard them with care, making determined

rushes at any strange person or animal approaching too near. After a week a sow pays no further attention to her young, except when they make too obstreperous attempts to gain their rightful nourishment. If a sow has a very large litter some of her young ones leave her and seek for a foster-mother with a small family. The curious spectacle may then be seen of a sow with piglets of various ages and sizes trotting behind. Pigs are fed twice a day, at dawn and in the evening. Their food is put into long troughs made of "dug-out" trees. They are fed on swill of bran-and-water, mixed with edible ferns, which are boiled until quite soft.

Pigs act as scavengers in the villages, roaming through the streets all day, returning to their enclosures near the homes of their owners at sunset. The women sing curious little songs when they call their pigs. Here is one of the tunes :



It is interesting to watch the pigs at sunset : a number may be feeding together, but as each hears the call of its owner it leaves the others and hurries home.

Shans in the districts near the Shwe-li river and the Chinese-Shans of Möng-Mao and Chê-fang keep neither goats nor sheep. They say that it is impossible to keep them in the jungle during the cultivation of the rice crop, as they suffer greatly from the thick wet undergrowth beneath the forest trees, and the number of leopards make sheep farming unprofitable During the dry season large droves of sheep and goats are driven down from Möng-hkwan into British territory, where they are sold to the butchers.

Where fowls are kept they roost at night high in the trees of the garden or on the thatched roofs of old sheds. Occasionally they roost under cover, but

it is almost impossible to persuade then to enter a building. Many of the domestic fowls are descended from wild ones, as whenever the people find jungle-fowl eggs they bring them home, hoping to rear the chickens under their own hens. Possibly it is this wild strain that makes Shan poultry so unwilling to roost anywhere except in trees; but this open-air life does not make them strong, as during the rains they die in great numbers. When such deaths occur there is no hesitation in cooking and eating the dead poultry, or selling them in the market. Chickens are hard to rear, especially during the rainy months. They are sometimes lost in the long, wet grass, and the numbers of crows, hawks, and snakes reduce a dozen chickens in a few days to two or three.

Sugar-cane is grown on black soil if possible, on ground that is level or that has a gentle slope. A large and a small kind is cultivated: the former is chiefly used for chewing, the latter for making sugar. When the cane is mature the tops of the stalks are cut off, tied into bundles and placed in water; afterwards they are planted to make the crop of the following year. The ground is ploughed and harrowed, the grass and weeds are made into heaps and burned. In the month of March the earth is well and deeply dug, and the sugar-cane tops are planted. From November to January the cane is cut, then—in order to crush it—is thrown into wooden presses turned by oxen or buffaloes. The juice thus extracted is placed on a fire in copper pots and boiled till it becomes a thick syrup. It is poured into buckets, and, hardening as it grows cold, is cut into slices, then made into bundles, each weighing three and a half pounds. Each bundle is sold for about six annas. This sugar is dark brown in colour; no attempt is made to refine it, but it is sometimes cooked a second time and mixed with parched rice to make a sweetmeat like toffee, tasting not unlike maple sugar.

CHAPTER XII

COUNTRY AND JUNGLE

A SHAN valley in the Shwe-li watershed is beautiful at all seasons of the year. In autumn the distant mountains of Yün-nan seem painted warm blue against the paler and colder blue of the sky. Where the ripe paddy is still growing the fields are golden, and cut sheaves are the colour of amber against the warm brown of the earth.

When the harvest is over cattle and buffaloes wander through the fields, eating the grass which fringes each water-course, or grazing on the stubble left when the paddy was cut. The forest trees show many shades of green, from the dark glossy leaves of the indiarubber to the bluish green of the wild banana and the paler tints of bamboos.

The hot season begins in March, when the sombreness of the forest is broken by brilliant patches of colour. Wild peach and apricot, pear and plum trees are covered with blossoms, but they are hardly noticed among the more gorgeous flowers of the tropical East. Some trees blaze with gold or canary yellow, others are flaming scarlet and crimson. The orchids grow so high on the trunks and upper branches of great trees that their beauty is hardly seen.

In April wind storms, that are sometimes cyclonic in their course, sweep through the country.

In May the strong winds cease to blow, and the faint breezes that sometimes temper the air are not enough to disperse the haze in which the mountains disappear. Distant houses and trees seem moving in wavy lines,

trembling in the hot air, through which the sun shines, a dull red ball. The haze is really smoke from hundreds of jungle fires. Sparks from a fire, or the end of a cheroot thrown into dry grass may start a flame that will burn for days and spread for miles. Through the jungle there are sounds of explosions, first two or three reports in quick succession, then a volley of sound as of a fusillade, then cracking noises like rifle shots. A grove of bamboos has taken fire, and, as each stalk burns, the imprisoned air in the nodes expands, then the joints burst, making sudden detonating noises.

The long-continued drought has the same effect as frost on the country. The trees lose their foliage, and the ground is thick with fallen leaves. The dry grass is every shade of yellow, and red, and brown.

Towards the beginning of June the sky is piled with clouds: they rise in dense masses, layer upon layer, white billowing over dark grey, grey masses pressing upwards over white. At some time in each day there is thunder and flashes of vivid lightning. At first these storms come without rain, then the clouds break and deluge the earth. The haze disappears, and the mountains become visible once more; their colour changes every moment because of the shadows from the rushing clouds overhead. The river—which has been placidly flowing all through the dry season in gleaming curves—becomes a tawny, hurrying flood. It rises to the edge of its banks and sometimes sweeps over the low-lying country, turning part of the land into a lake. Villages—with their groves of banana trees and bamboos—become islands; the houses, built on their high posts, stand above the invading water, and are for the time lacustrine dwellings. Fortunately the floods are not of long duration; the water on the land is seldom more than a couple of feet deep, so the villagers can easily wade from house to house.

There are many breaks in the rains, the water subsiding quickly under the hot sun. In the beginning of the wet season thousands of oddly shaped plots

THE COMING RAINS.

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mark the rice lands. When the sun shines on the flooded earth each little field reflects the sky—mother-of-pearl and white, grey and turquoise blue—each framed in its green turf wall, and at sunset the glory of the heavens seems painted in gold and red on the flooded plain.

Where the ground is near a river, and too low for paddy, the water lies for many months. There pools are formed, covered with lotus plants, some of the large round leaves standing high out of the water, others resting upon it. They often appear to be growing on solid land, as a small-leaved weed sometimes covers the surface of the water. Green tussocks of grass, wet like sponges, are the favourite haunt of egrets, and many species of water-fowl build their nests among the reeds.

Much has been said and written for and against the protection of egrets. There is a law in the Shan States which forbids the shooting of these birds during the breeding season. In a certain village there was a change of Myosa,[1] and there, for some months, the law was forgotten or set aside. In that year twenty men in the place—natives of India and a few Kachins—shot, on an average, two hundred birds each in the breeding season. In the following year the law was remembered and obeyed, so in that valley the lives of at least four thousand of these beautiful and harmless birds were preserved, not counting the young ones which would have died of starvation if the parent birds had been killed.

In early winter, after the paddy has been cut, the valleys are invaded by flocks of water-fowl, and there are even greater numbers in the swamps and rice-fields of the Chinese Shan principalities. The reeds are full of them; duck, wild geese, grebe, tern, bittern, cormorants and many kinds of waders appear and disappear among the water plants of the marshes; birds are more wild and unapproachable there than in

[1] One of the Shan officials under the Chief.

British territory. Nearly all Kachins and many Shans and Chinamen across the borders go armed with some kind of gun; these are often old muzzle-loaders of prodigious length, the stocks bound round with string or bands of leather, yet, in spite of their clumsy weapons, these Yün-nanese are good marksmen; wherever a fire has been lit to cook food, by the side of a path or under the shade of trees, feathers of wild birds may be found, testifying to the good aim of hunters. Every kind of bird is eaten, except crows and kites, vultures and owls.

Shan valleys are separated from each other by spurs of the mountains; the foot hills bordering on the paddy lands are bare or covered with scrub, and the middle slopes are covered with forest. The ground under the great trees is hidden by a thick undergrowth of bushes and large ferns. Towards the tops of the hills raspberries grow in thousands, also wild limes.

After the rains are over the hill paths are in a very bad condition. The sun hardly penetrates through the tangle of creepers, many of which die down during the cold and rainless winter months, and, falling on the earth, prevent the ground from drying. At this season the damp from the soaking earth rises like steam during the heat of the day; the jungle paths are strewn with dead branches, which, heavy with moisture, have broken off and fallen down from the trees overhead. There is no primeval forest; a few trees—such as those of the indiarubber family, also teak, oak, and chestnut—are long-lived; many that are soft-wooded grow rapidly, and soon become covered with a thick mantle of ferns and lichen which find easy foothold on the trunks and branches. A multitude of insects make their homes under the shelter of these plants, and they bore into and spoil the bark of the trees. The creepers, climbing from branch to branch, coiling like great snakes round the trunks, crush the life out of the trees that support them; white "ants" come in armies to any rotten

IN THE JUNGLE.

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wood; they build their tunnels all over dead trees, also undermining them; the first wind-storm blows them down, and the creepers fall with them. Other trees spring up, to be in turn smothered with creepers; they too live their short life and then die.

Where the Kachins have cut down and burnt the forest, to make clearings for their hill-rice—a kind that can be grown without irrigation—there are long stretches of naked hill-slopes; here and there in the uplands are small valleys, where the streams are dammed and rice is cultivated, as on the plains. Near the larger bridle-paths—leading from one village to another—may sometimes be found monasteries, also *zayats* for the use of travellers.

In passing through the country it is not easy to realise that it is the home of many fierce wild animals. Though tigers and leopards are rarely seen, the latter are innumerable, and are almost more dreaded than tigers. They seldom attack people, but each year the villagers lament the loss of cattle and ponies that have been killed by them while feeding in or near the jungle. Sometimes they are trapped, then killed with spears, and their bodies are joyfully eaten by the natives. Owing to the thickness of the bushes and creepers, it is not easy to beat the jungle in order to shoot big game.[1] Shans say that when a leopard attacks cattle or ponies, the method is to seize the quarry by the throat, biting into the jugular veins and drinking the blood of the victim. It is said that leopards hang on the throat for some time, and, when doing so, appear to be quite unconscious of sound; they can then be approached and killed, as they become quite drunk with blood. The Rev. J. F. Ingram, an American missionary to the Kachins, told me that he lost a pony in this way. Its neck showed deep in-

[1] Shans think it is a greater sin to kill a domesticated than a wild animal. Villagers may turn out to beat the bush to help a sportsman to get a deer, when they could not be hired to catch a chicken for his evening meal.—W. W. C.

cisions at each side; there were no claw-marks on the body, and no traces of blood on the ground, although the jugular veins were severed. The pony had not been hamstrung; it had galloped madly round and round in a circle, the turf being torn up and beaten down, showing that the fight had not been quickly over. Sometimes both tigers and leopards slaughter their prey apparently more from mischief than hunger, as in many cases they do not return to the "kill" to eat the flesh. Large herbivorous animals, such as sambher, serow, and wild boar, also barking deer, foxes, and hares, and other small game, are plentiful. Shan bears are generally small; they appear to do little damage to the crops. They are hunted by Kachins; their flesh is eaten, and the fat is sold as medicine.

There are several kinds of monkeys. Large ones go sometimes in company, but often may be seen alone; the small kinds are gregarious, and seldom appear to be solitary.

The jungle-world of birds and beasts sleeps in the heat of the day, though leopards have been known to carry off dogs (their favourite food) at noon. The insects seem to be sleepless; there is a constant hum of wild bees, wasps, and hornets, and, above all sounds, "the stunning cicala is shrill."[1] Butterflies flit in open spaces, where the sun glows; beetles fly blunderingly through the forest, hitting against the branches in their blind flight, then, falling to the earth, lie still, mimicking death.

As the shadows lengthen the voices of birds are heard. The air is full of the cooing of doves and pigeons. Across the path there is a flash of blue—a wild peacock has dived into bosky depths. A jungle-cock is crowing defiance, answering another in the distance. From under a bush steps a jungle-hen, followed by a brood of eight brown chicks. She stands on tiptoe, stretching her legs and wings after

[1] Robert Browning.

her midday sleep; her little ones run round her with many hops and jumps, their wings fluttering, and they chirp continually. The mother hen seems in no way different from her domesticated sisters; she is very fussy, clucking to her chickens as she scratches in the moss and fallen leaves. Try to catch her, and she no longer behaves like a barnyard fowl. She does not attempt to shield her young ones, but, half running, half flying, with many indignant cries, disappears into the bushes. The chickens, though apparently deserted, know how to protect themselves. They vanish in different directions—one rushes under a bush, another dives into a heap of withered leaves; not a chirp is heard; in a moment they have vanished without a sound. After a while the mother hen returns, and, if she thinks that the danger is past, she begins to call. At first she walks in a small circle, and three little ones start out from their hiding-places; then she makes a wider circle, and gathers in two more; now a larger circle still, and all the chickens have answered her call; then she disappears with the whole of her brood into the bushes.

A bulbul finds a piece of melon, thrown on the ground by some passer-by, and flies to call its mate. Now they both come—white-breasted, black-crested, with a splash of vivid red at the eyes, and another under the tail. The bulbul has been called the nightingale of the East, but it does not resemble the European nightingale. It has a sweet but in no way remarkable song; its charm is its boldness, it is so easily tamed.

Sunbirds of brilliant metallic greens and purples, small as humming-birds, hover, like them, over the flowers.

Sometimes flocks of blossom-headed paroquets fly overhead, to be lost from sight, like all green birds, when they settle on the branches of the trees.

Towards evening bats, large and small, flit from their holes in hollow trees. I have counted more than four hundred leaving one tree at the time of sunset.

There are many owls and night-jars, which pass like shadows in the dusk.

Towards night jungle noises grow more mysterious. A barking deer calls from time to time, and there are sudden cracking sounds, caused by the passing of some wild animal, or the breaking of a dead branch.

Through the falling darkness come sounds of voices; a caravan has halted for the night. The packs are lifted off the oxen and placed in a circle. Some of the men search for branches of dead wood to make their fires, others occupy themselves by fastening the oxen to short stakes, driven deeply into the ground. If the wood-gatherers are long in returning, gongs are sounded, to enable them to find their way back to camp.

Every caravan carries one or more gongs, and, in passing through jungle at dawn or dusk, or at night when there is moonlight (no journeys are made through the forest on dark nights), there is a steady beating of gongs, to keep at a distance wild beasts or evil spirits. When the fires are lighted the evening meal is prepared, and, after it has been eaten, men sing and tell each other stories far into the night.

CHAPTER XIII

INDUSTRIES

All Shan women weave cloth for their own garments and for those of their families. Many also sell in the market the material that they have woven. They prepare the raw cotton by spreading the bolls on a mat in the sun, in order to dry them thoroughly.

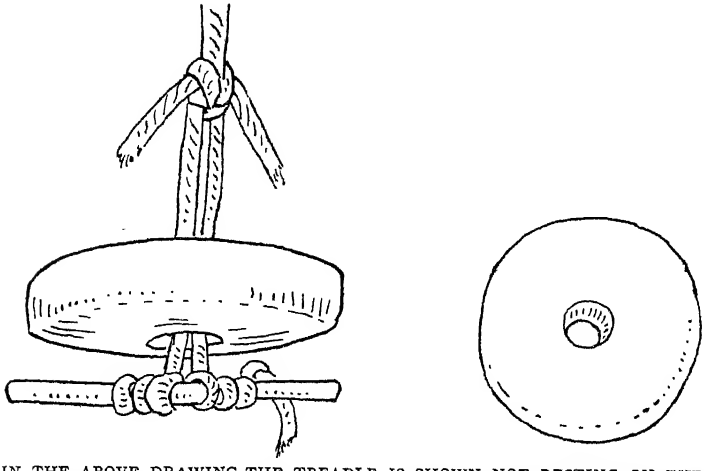
The seeds are extracted by passing the cotton through a small gin made of two rollers, not unlike a mangle in shape. The seeds remain at one side of the rollers, the cotton is drawn between them to the other side. When all the seeds have been removed, an instrument, shaped like the bow of a violin, but with a string of wire, is used as an "opener," being struck through the mass of cotton to clean the fibre and make it light and fluffy.

The clean cotton is made into little rolls, each six to eight inches long, and three quarters of an inch thick, then, after being spun with a wheel, it is made into hanks by winding the thread on another wheel, which is about a foot and a half in diameter.

The hanks are soaked in water for an hour, then rice, boiled almost to a pap, is kneaded into them to act as size, and give firmness and strength to the fibre. They are again soaked in water, so that the rice pap may penetrate all through the thread, and then the strands are made even by being carded with a wooden comb. When the thread is dry the hanks are again put on the wheel, and wound on bobbins, which are generally ten in number. Two (or sometimes four)

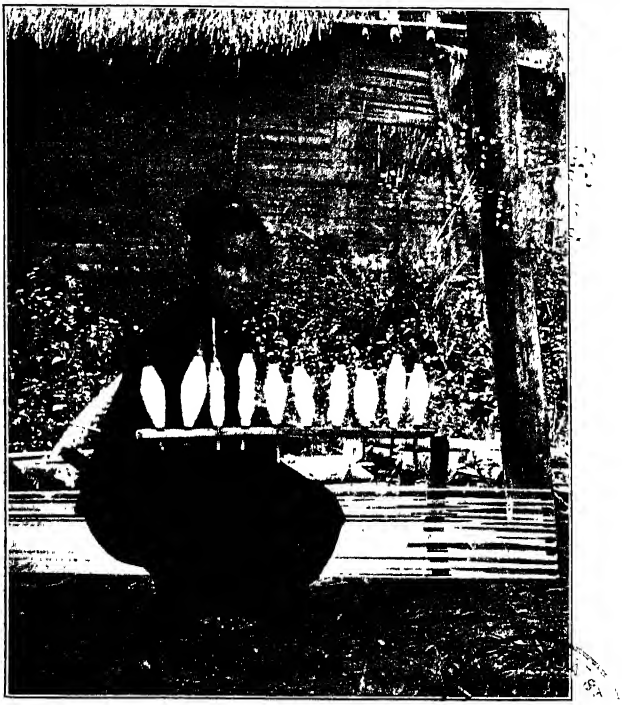
short posts are set firmly in the ground from twenty to thirty feet apart, according to the length of the stuff to be woven. Then the bobbins are carried round the posts, unwinding the thread. This work is done in the open air, but when the thread has been stretched between the posts, it is lifted off and carried to the loom.

Weaving is seldom done in the upper story of the house. The looms, which may be made of bamboo, but are more often of stronger wood, are heavy, so they are kept on the ground, in the open space beneath the living-rooms, and there the women work.



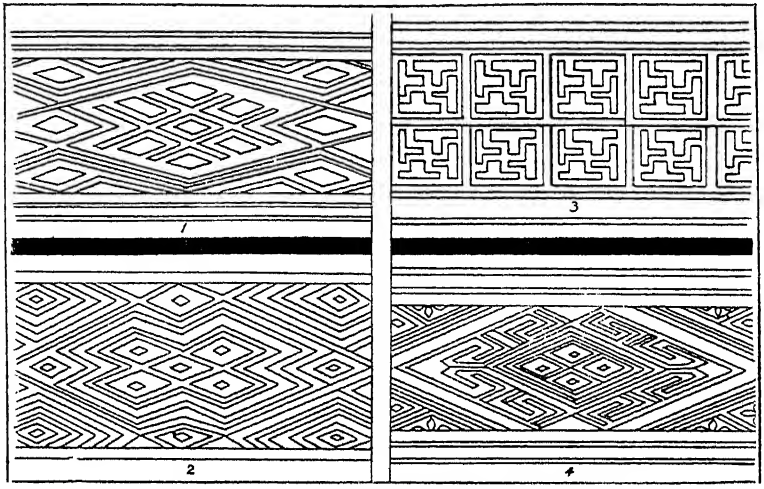
IN THE ABOVE DRAWING THE TREADLE IS SHOWN NOT RESTING ON THE CROSS-BAR, AS IT SHOULD BE IN REALITY, IN ORDER TO ILLUSTRATE CLEARLY ITS MODE OF ATTACHMENT.

Treadles of looms are of wood; they are either square or circular, and a hole is bored through the middle of each. Often they are made of the large seeds of a wild bean, an inch and three-quarters across the flat side, which are pierced in the middle. They are suspended by cords, which, passing from the loom through the holes above-mentioned, are knotted underneath, and kept in place by a slip of wood. In weaving, the treadles remain partly under the toes, partly under the ball of the foot, the rope passing



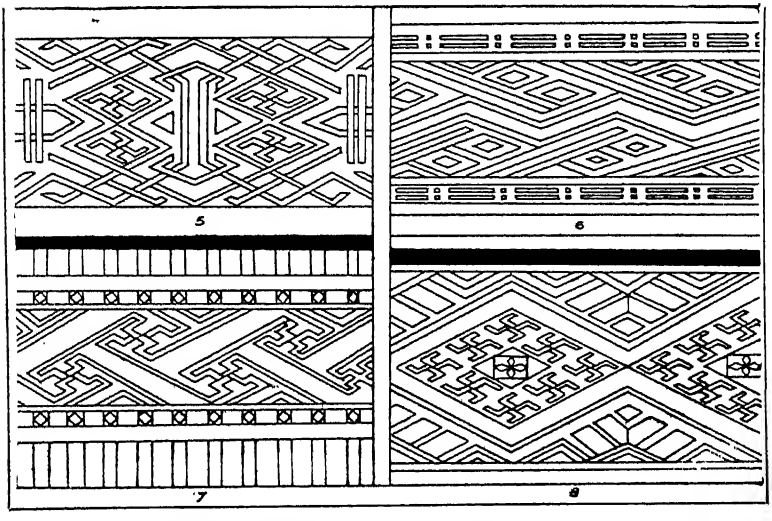
PREPARING THREAD FOR WEAVING.

A COTTON GIN.



1 AND 2, DESIGNS ON THE BORDERS OF TURBANS.

3 AND 4, DESIGNS ON THE CLOTH USED AS WRAPPERS FOR SACRED WRITINGS.

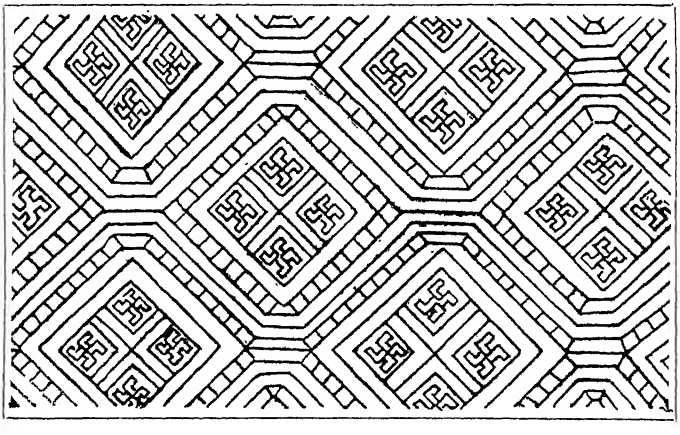


5, 6, 7, 8, DESIGNS ON THE BORDERS OF TURBANS.

between the first and second toes. In entering the ground floor of a Shan house, one often sees a heap of pierced treadles, discarded because of some unevenness which makes them uncomfortable to the bare foot.

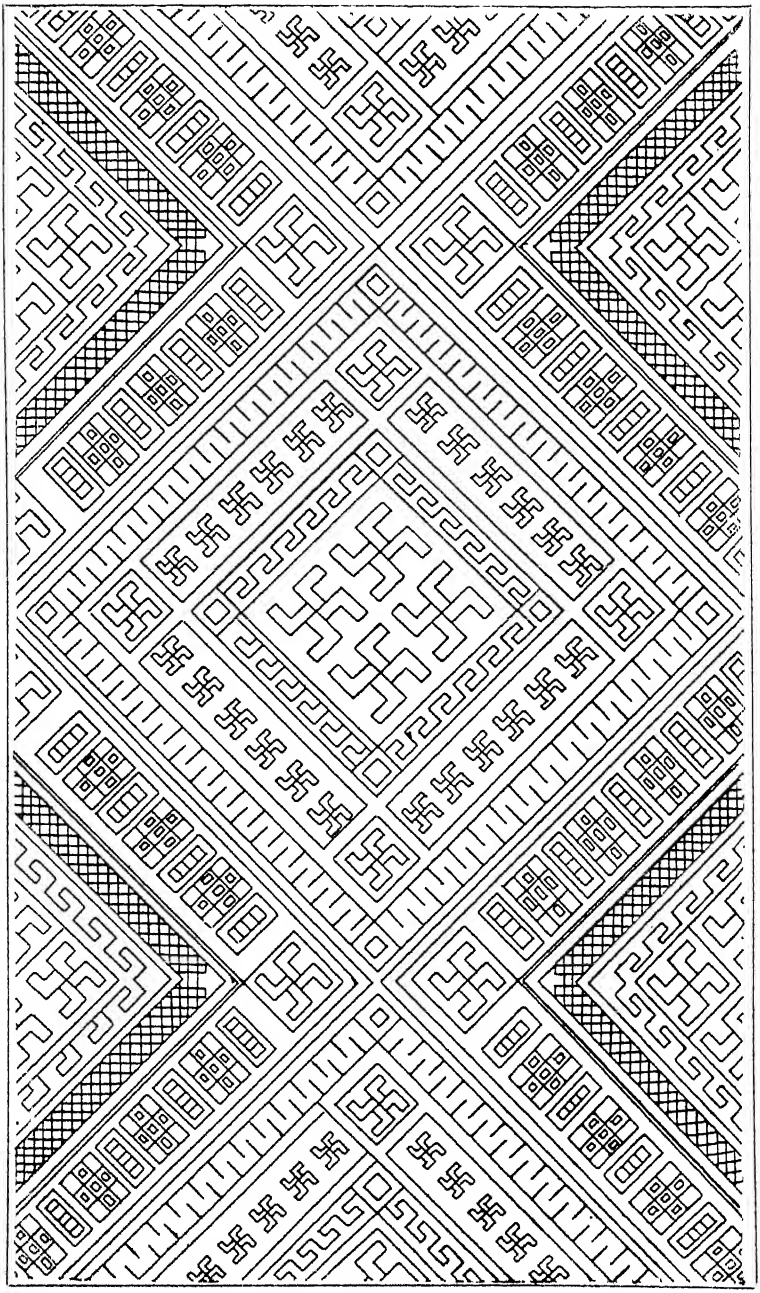
It is possible that some of the whorls—generally believed to have formed parts of distaffs—found in graves and in prehistoric dwellings in different parts of the world may have been the treadles of ancient looms.

A woman can weave five yards of plain cloth in a day; but when patterns are woven in the material, the process is a slow one, especially if the designs are



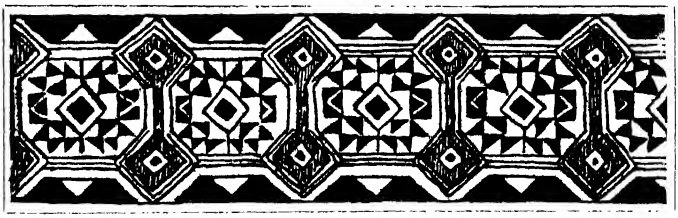
intricate and worked in many colours. Some of the Chinese Shan fabrics are very beautiful; the background of the stuff is of black cotton, but it can hardly be seen for the elaborate patterns, woven in silks of artistic shades, with which it is covered.

The ornamental stuffs made by Shan women have also backgrounds of black cotton, but, although the designs are good, they are in crudely coloured, imported wools, which spoil the effect. In nearly all decorative work the svastika plays a prominent part. The arms of the flyfot generally go from left to right, but they may also be found going in the opposite direction. In the Shan States it does not



DESIGN FROM COVERLET FOR BED.

now appear to be the emblem of the sun, as the weavers give it the name of the "poppy," declaring that the four arms of the svastika represent the four petals of that flower.



When plain cloth is to be dyed blue, leaves of the indigo plant are placed in large earthenware pots, hot water is poured on them, making an infusion that is blue-black in colour. Cloth to be dyed is soaked in the liquid, spread in the sun to dry, then washed and dried again. If the shade is too pale the process may be repeated several times until the colour is sufficiently dark. Cloth may afterwards be beaten with a heavy wooden mallet to give it a glossy and "watered" appearance.

Hats are made of the leaf-sheaths of the giant bamboo, gathered in the jungle at the time when they are ready to fall off the stems, then flattened out under heavy stones and occasionally sprinkled with water. The bamboos for the edge of hat brims are brought from the jungle in the dry season, cut into long strips, made into coils, and soaked in water. When pliable these are smoothed, rounded, and cut into the lengths required. Bamboo leaf-sheaths for the brims and crowns of the hats are trimmed, fastened together with small pegs, and then sewn by hand. Hats sell for four to six annas each. A finer quality is sewn with gold and silver thread and decorated with spangles. All Shan hats are worn over turbans, and in windy weather are tied under the chin with red or green cords. Young men who wish to look particularly smart fasten their hats with silver chains

instead of cords. A much more expensive hat worn by Shan men is imported from China; it is not unlike a Panama hat in texture.

In order to make waterproofs the leaves of the *twi* (a kind of screw-pine) are gathered, spread in the sun to dry, and are then taken home from the jungle. After the little points on either side have been removed, the leaves are cut into even lengths and sewn together, like a closed Venetian blind, each piece overlapping the one below it. These waterproofs cost three annas each, and will last, with care, through one rainy season. Besides being worn on the shoulders, they are much used as coverings for baskets by traders to protect their goods from dust or rain.

The lime which is so much used for chewing with betel-nut is made in this way. A place is chosen in the jungle where firewood is easily found, and where limestone blocks are near at hand. A round hole or pit, six feet in diameter and five feet in depth, is dug. Then a similar excavation is made near it, the intervening ground being pierced near the bottom of the pits to unite them. The first hole is filled with limestones, which are placed with care, leaving plenty of fissures through the mass, so that fire and smoke may pass between the stones. In the second pit a fire is made, then plenty of wood is piled on the flames, the top is covered, so that the smoke and fire can find an exit only through the limestones of the first hole. Lime thus made is sometimes sold without further preparation, but often turmeric is beaten into it, making it red. When areca-nut is chewed, lime is always added, and sometimes cutch, tobacco, and spices folded in a betel-leaf.

In making pottery clay is worked over with water until it is a fine paste, all gritty pieces or stones being carefully removed. It is then formed into lumps and covered with a damp cloth until required. Pots are

made on a stone wheel shaped like a child's top, but flat above; the point rests in a socket, and the clay is fashioned into shape by hand. When the pot has been modelled, it is decorated by patting it all over with a flat wooden instrument, not unlike a "butter-hand," on which a raised design has been carved. Pottery is placed in the sun to dry, then is slowly baked in a large oven, which is kept hot for two or three days. Sometimes, when there is no oven, pots are placed in layers under a shed in the open, and a fire is built beneath them. Shan pottery is seldom glazed, it is very fragile, and although strong enough to hold water, is easily cracked. It is generally red in colour, but pots and flower-vases of a dull black are made in a few villages.

Shans are good workers in silver. They melt rupees or buy bars of silver from China for their work. The large bracelets of the women are made on a copper foundation and are very heavy, often weighing as much as ninety rupees. They are decorated with fine silver wire, also with silver knobs and balls.

Daggers and swords have sometimes both sheath and hilt of silver; those of the chiefs are often of gold.

Bowls of pipes are frequently made of silver, and the mouthpieces may be of silver or gold.

Formerly very handsome chatelaines resembling large butterflies were worn by women. The wings and body were made in silver, covered with blue and green enamel; from silver chains attached to the butterfly were suspended amulets, pincers, and a needlecase. The knowledge of enamel work is fast dying out, and is now almost altogether confined to the Shan silver-smiths in Yün-nan.

Kachins decorate their bags and jackets with silver bosses and buttons, made for them by Shans, who also make the large torcs worn by Kachin and Palaung women, and the silver girdles worn by the latter. In working they use bellows in the shape of a cylinder

with a piston and valve. Women do not work in gold or silver.

As some boys never go to school, and many stay such a short time there that their knowledge of reading and writing is quite elementary, there are many professional scribes, who write letters for illiterate persons. They also copy the Buddhist Scriptures, and compose and write love songs. They generally make their own ink and their pens, which are cut from reeds.

Ink is made in this way. Three stones, or pieces of wood, are laid on the ground, and on them is placed a pot with the mouth downwards, the brim resting on the stones. Underneath are placed bundles of burning sticks, or lamps of sesamum oil. The smoke from the flame is collected in the inside of the pot. If a large quantity of ink is required two pots are sometimes used, one placed above the other, the bottom of the lower being pierced to allow the smoke to rise into the upper pot. Lamps are kept burning underneath for days, then the pots are turned right side up, a little water is added to the lamp-black to form a thick paste, which is made into sticks, then dried in the sun. When required for writing purposes, the sticks are rubbed down in a little water.

Shan paper is made of the bark of the "hsa"[1] tree, brought from the jungle in long strips. It is generally white in colour, but in order to whiten it still more, it is placed in a large metal pot, covered by a cloth, and boiled with water containing lime or ashes. The boiling process, which lasts for three hours, softens the bark, which is taken to a stream and well washed. If any parts are still discoloured they are carefully removed from the rest and reboiled. The fibre is now cut into small pieces with a knife, then placed on a flat stone, and pounded with a wooden mallet weighing at least

[1] The paper mulberry (*Broussonetia papyrifera*).

a pound and a half, until thoroughly reduced to a paste. This paste is made into small balls about the size of ducks' eggs, which are placed in the hollow stem of a large bamboo. Water is added, and it is stirred with a wooden stick until the balls have been reduced to pulp. The pulp is poured into a wooden vat four feet long, two feet wide, and six inches deep, into which is turned a stream of slowly running water, the pulp floating on the surface. Wooden frames covered with coarse cotton cloth are slipped into the water under the pulp, which is gently smoothed on the surface of the cloth in a very thin layer. The frame, when evenly covered with pulp, is raised from the water and gently tipped to drain; the water runs off, the pulp remaining on the cloth until quite dry, when it is stripped off in the shape of a very strong and tough paper. One frame makes one sheet,[1] and the frames are used again and again, the cloth being tightened now and then to form a smooth, firm surface.

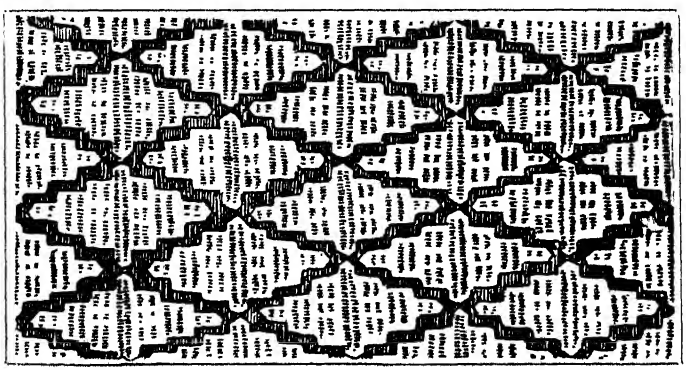
In distilling spirit from rice, fermentation is caused by leaven, prepared from a plant named *ku-sao*. Three quarts of raw rice are soaked in water for about six hours, then dried, and pounded into a coarse flour. The leaven (which is powdered) is mixed with the flour and a little water to make dough. After being well kneaded the dough is rolled out into flat cakes, which are placed on a mat in the sun for two or three days, until quite hard. A small basket is lined with straw, the cakes are placed in it in layers, and set aside for some days, till thoroughly dry. When spirit is to be distilled, six or eight pounds of raw rice are soaked in water, then steamed until quite soft. A handful of the leavened cakes (broken up) is kneaded into the steamed rice, which, after being placed in a basket for a couple of days, is transferred to an earthenware pot

[1] The frames vary in size, and for this reason the paper is not always the same length and breadth. A sheet of Shan paper is generally about 25 inches by 28 inches.

THIS IS PAPER MADE IN THE
SHAN STATES

and covered with cold water. The pot is closed with a thick cloth, so that no air can enter, and left unopened for a week—or, better still, for a fortnight. The rice is now placed on the fire, in a strong earthenware or metal pot, which might be called the "kettle." It is closely covered, but at one side a bamboo tube is inserted, through which the steam must pass. Near the fire are two other pots—a small one set into a larger one; there is a space of an inch between the inner surface of the outer and larger pot and the outer surface of the inner and smaller one. They are kept separated by lumps of clay, and a cover of clay is also made, closing the space between the brims of the outer and inner pots, into which is inserted the tube from the "kettle," through which the steam escapes into the space between the two pots. As the inner pot is filled with cold water it acts as a "worm," condensing the steam, which trickles out in the form of rice spirit—from another pipe in the bottom of the lower pot—into a vessel below. Sometimes spirit is made of paddy or bran, but is more often distilled from rice.

When pineapples are plentiful, pots (or gourds) are filled with their juice and buried for a month or more in paddy. This pineapple drink is sweet, and is considered a good tonic for invalids, but it is intoxicating if a large quantity is drunk.



DESIGN OF PART OF A BED COVER.

CHAPTER XIV

MEDICINE AND CHARMS

SHANS use many herbs as medicines, and boil the bark of certain trees, drinking the infusion. Sometimes bark is pounded between stones, and the dry powder thus made is sprinkled on wounds. Sores and wounds are sometimes bathed with kerosene oil, which is brought by traders from Lower Burma. Charred leather, pounded and mixed with oil, is used as a dressing for sores, for people and also for cattle. Surgery is in its infancy, and bone-setters are more often Chinese than Shan. There are several old men and women in each village, wise in spells and charms, who have a considerable knowledge of the virtues of certain kinds of bark and herbs.

Shans recognise the fact that some diseases—such as sore eyes and small-pox—may be contagious or infectious, and they burn the clothes of any person who has died of the latter disease.

If a serious epidemic occurs in a village, the sick are often left to the care of a few old people; the other inhabitants leave their homes and build huts for themselves in the jungle, living there until they think that the danger is over. If an epidemic has been very severe, villages and even towns have been deserted and rebuilt on new sites.

In old times it was the custom in the Shan States, as in Burma, to bury alive a man or woman under the palace or the gates of a new city, so that the spirits of the dead in guarding the place from human

YOUNG MAN WITH SWORD.

A "WISE MAN."

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enemies should also keep evil spirits, that bring sickness, at a distance.

Epidemics are supposed to be caused by certain bad spirits, who spend their time in travelling from one district to another, so offerings are always placed for them beside a path. A pole with a swivel attached is erected close to a path, so that the demon of the rinderpest may be caught as it passes; ponies in the Shan States are often fastened by a rope to such swivels, which enable them to go round and round the pole without becoming entangled.

Shans suffer greatly from diarrhœa and dysentery at the beginning of the rainy season. Probably these complaints are caused by the water drunk by the people; as the wells are shallow they collect the surface-water of the land, heavily manured for the rice crop. These diseases are most prevalent when the jack-fruit is ripe; the people are very fond of the fruit, eat it greedily, and suffer accordingly.

There is a good deal of malaria at the beginning, and also towards the end, of the rains; but as nearly all Shans use mosquito curtains at night, and the mosquitoes are not bad during the day, there is less fever than in many other Eastern countries. The Chinese Shans suffer greatly from malaria, even in the dry as well as in the wet months. In many districts the villages are surrounded by swamps; even in winter, when there is little or no rain, there is much stagnant water.

Hot drinks are given during fever to induce perspiration, but Shans also recognise the efficacy of quinine as a fever antidote. Merchants bring it from Mandalay, and retail the precious medicine at an anna[1] for each tabloid.

With malaria there generally comes enlargement of the spleen, which causes much pain and discomfort. For this complaint there seems to be no native cure.

[1] One penny.

Owing to the lime in the water, bladder troubles are common.

Goitre sometimes appears in Shan villages, but Palaungs and Kachins suffer more than Shans from this complaint, and the women more than the men. The hill-women always carry their loads in baskets, which, though resting on the back, hang with great weight from a strap placed across the front of the head. I think that the necks of the women may suffer from the strain, and so render them more liable to the disease than the men, who generally carry their loads from a pole resting on the shoulders. I do not assert that the cause of goitre is their manner of carrying, but the men certainly suffer less than the women.

Massage is a very general cure for all complaints, and it is as often done with the feet as with the hands. The patient lies on the floor close to the wall of the house, and the masseuse (women, more than men, practise massage) leans on the wall with her hands outspread against it; she walks slowly up and down on the body of the patient, kneading it with her feet. Mothers constantly rub and bend the joints and massage the bodies of their children. Shans have extremely supple hands, their fingers bend easily backward. Note the right hand of the girl at page 78; it is lightly placed on the shoulder of her companion, yet the fingers bend back at the middle joint.

Powdered lac, made into a paste with oil, is used for burns. For snake-bite a string is tightly tied, tourniquet fashion, above the wound, then after some one has tried to suck the poison out, a paste made of pounded spiders is laid upon the bite. This they believe counteracts the poison.

No religious Shan takes opium, so it is not used openly as a medicine, but native doctors use it occasionally mixed with herbs. The brains of certain birds, and the fat of snakes are used as remedies. The flesh of bats is considered good for asthma, but it must be thoroughly cooked. The blood of monkeys—dried but

not cooked—is thought good for coughs. Bones of tigers ground into powder are given as a tonic to any one recovering from a severe illness, to restore strength. The claws of bears are used as charms against sickness. Scraping the leg or arm with the tusk of a wild boar is considered a certain cure for stiffness or rheumatism. The powdered horn of a rhinoceros is one of the most expensive remedies, a certain cure for all diseases, love not being excepted!

Children under a year old are subject to convulsions, owing to injudicious feeding. The chief remedy is massaging the child's body with sesamum oil.

Shans have faith in European medicines, especially when they have an unpleasant taste. They also believe in Chinese drugs, which are more often mineral than vegetable. Powdered iron and sulphur are commonly used by them as medicines.

The soul of a child is believed to enter into the mother from twenty to thirty days after conception. It is brought to earth by an attendant spirit. It alights on fruit or vegetable food, but not on meat, when the woman is eating, and is swallowed by her. During pregnancy a kind of soft clay is often eaten by Shan women to prevent sickness. Custom forbids a pregnant woman to eat honey or food that is very sour or very sweet, also food strongly spiced with chilies or ginger, and hot drinks. The fruit of the papaw-tree is forbidden, as it is a well-known abortifacient.

The mother, or a "wise woman," gives the necessary help at an infant's birth. If labour is slow and difficult, massage is used to assist delivery and drinks of hot water are given. The water is not heated on the fire in the usual way, but hot stones are dropped into it. This is never done unless the water is to be used for medicinal purposes.

The umbilical cord is severed by a piece of newly cut bamboo which has been sharpened. During the birth the husband does not remain in the room; he

is, however, close at hand and the placenta and umbilical cord are given to him. He first washes them gently, then rolls them in a banana leaf, placing them with care in a deep hole, which he has dug under the steps of the house, covering them loosely with earth. It is believed that it is most important to the future health and happiness of the child that this ceremony should be carried out without any rough handling, as this would endanger the future well-being of the child. It is also important that the father should wear a smiling face while he is digging the hole and depositing the banana leaf with its contents. If he frowns the child will be cursed with a bad temper. Burying the afterbirth under the steps of the house is believed to bring more children to the family. If a child is born with the umbilical cord round its neck it is considered a sign of great good fortune.

A caul is buried with the afterbirth, no idea of good or bad luck being connected with it.

A baby that is born with moles on any part of the body except under the eye is thought lucky.

After the child is born the father and mother sleep in separate rooms for two or three months.

For the first month the mother may eat eggs, rice, chicken and large fish. Beef and pork, small and bony fish, also tea, are considered unwholesome.

If a married woman dies leaving a young baby it is easy to find a foster-mother for it; the father generally giving up all claims to the child, the foster-mother adopting it as her own. It is difficult to find a foster-mother for an illegitimate baby, as to nurse such a child somehow casts a shadow on the morals of the foster-mother! An illegitimate child that is beyond the stage of being nursed is willingly adopted into any home, but when a Shan woman takes a baby to nurse she looks upon herself as its own mother.

Shans have generally good teeth, though they are often very black from the constant chewing of betel-nut. They think that toothache is caused by a worm

that eats away the teeth. Cloves rubbed on the gum is the usual remedy for an aching tooth. Other cures are to chew the leaves of the lime-tree and wash the mouth with water in which the leaves of the guava-tree have been boiled. Shans sometimes suffer from ulcerated mouths, for which they apparently have no native cure.

They are sometimes prostrated by the heat of the sun; deaths from sunstroke occur, but are not common. A wasting disease may be attributed to sleeping in the light of the full moon, but there is no idea of madness in connection with the moon's rays.

There is no superstition about the birth of twins, but it is considered a shocking occurrence when triplets are born, the mother showing animal tendencies that are not human. The mother and children are not treated badly, but both father and mother would feel very much ashamed of themselves being responsible for such an improper event.

Shan doctors should consider well the position of the sun, moon, and stars before they prescribe for their patients.

A child born with a hare-lip brings good fortune to its family, and will also have a happy and prosperous life. It is considered fortunate to be born with two thumbs on the same hand.

The body is held to be composed of earth, water, fire, and air. The seat of life changes its position in the body from day to day: it is sometimes in the heart, but just as often in the head, back, or feet, in the stomach, or it may also be in the tongue. On the day when the life is in the feet, a Shan would think it a calamity if he cut his foot, and the same holds good in regard to any other part.

Shans believe that there are ninety-six diseases. A disease in this life will in no way affect the future life, but, if borne with patience, it has a purifying effect on the soul, and will count as a good deed after death.

To cut the nails of fingers or toes in one's own

house is not unlucky, provided the pieces do not fall through the floor on the ground below; they should be burnt or buried. To cut the nails in the house of another shows a lack of good manners, and by doing so poverty would come to the owner of the house.

To throw hair combings where they might be stepped upon would bring bad luck to the owner of the hair. Combings should be pushed into the thatch of the roof of the house, or hidden in a bush.

There are many ways of telling fortunes. A favourite method is to place a cup or bowl of clean water on the ground: an imaginary line is drawn across it dividing the bowl into two equal halves. If a wife wishes to know if her absent husband is returning home, she names the nearest half of the bowl the "home" side. Holding her hand at least a yard above the bowl, she drops a grain of uncooked rice into the water; if it settles on the "home" side of the bowl then she believes that her husband will soon return. When a girl wishes to know if she will marry a certain man, she drops a grain of rice into water in a bowl in the same way; if the rice sinks down to the near side she believes that the answer is "Yes," if it falls on the far side of the division the answer is "No."

When a husband has been absent for many weeks from home and his wife has no news of him, she takes a large earthenware vase, and filling it quite full of water, places in it flowers and green leaves. If by the end of the week the water has quite evaporated, it is a sign that her husband is ill.

When a man wishes to have the answer of "Yes" or "No" to a question, he draws four lines on the ground. In one space he places cooked meat, in another boiled rice, in another vegetables or fruit. He then says a prayer to the nearest spirit, and, after a little while, he eats the food. If the answer is "Yes" the food seems good, but it has a bad taste if the answer is unfavourable.

Bamboos are never used as firewood unless they have been splintered into small fragments. A joint of bamboo is sometimes placed in the fire for purposes of divination. When the air within the node becomes hot the joint bursts; the fibres are then examined carefully, and according to their position the omen is good or bad.

CHAPTER XV

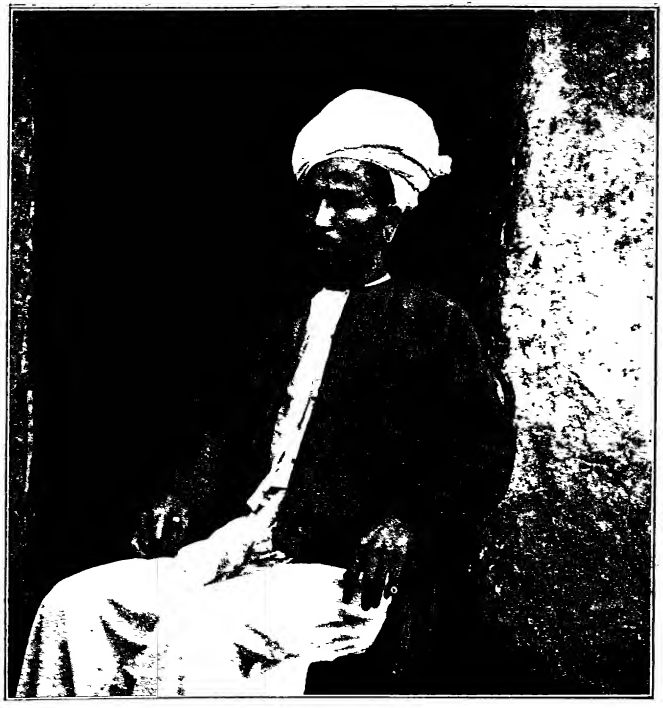
GOVERNMENT

THE Northern Shan States are "a group of Native States lying to the east of Upper Burma proper, and for the most part west of the Salween River, between 21° 31′ and 24° 9′ N. and 96° 13′ and 99° 45′ E. . . . The area of the States is about 21,000 square miles.[1]" The total population is not known, as a census has not been taken since 1901, but it is probably above 370,000.

Each State is governed by a Chief, called by the Shans the "Sao-hpa," by the English the "Sawbwa." Under the Sawbwas are many grades of native officials; some are locally styled "Sao-hpa" by the people, although they have no right to the title. When this is the case, their ancestors were probably ruling Chiefs, who in former times were conquered, remaining subject to more powerful princes, but permitted to govern their districts on payment of yearly tribute.

Before the country was annexed to Great Britain—in 1886 A.D.—each Chief governed his own State, and the King of Upper Burma was his over-lord, to whom he was obliged to pay a heavy tribute. Burman officials tyrannised over the Shans, and, owing to heavy and unjust taxation, the people were in a state of perpetual rebellion against their Chiefs; the Chiefs were constantly fighting among themselves, and were also trying to free themselves from the Burman rule.

[1] *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, 1908.



A SUBORDINATE CHIEF, HIS INFANT SON, AND NIECE.

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The condition of the country whilst under Burma has been described already in the historical chapter, so it need not be repeated here, but I should like to draw attention to the unhappy state of the people under the invasion of the Kachins, who were slowly but surely taking possession of the hill-country. We read in the Parliamentary Papers for 1859–1876: "The Kakyen[1] are a portion of the vast hordes of Singphos that inhabit the mountain districts of Northern Assam, and stretch round the north of Burma into Western China. These extend not only all along the northern frontier, but dip down southward wherever the mountain ranges lead them. . . . They have ousted many Shan tribes . . . and wherever they appear they assume the same character of 'lords of all they can reach,' only to be appeased by some form of 'black mail.' . . . They inspire such terror, that in the neighbouring plains no Burman or Shan will venture alone, or even in company, unarmed along the roads within their reach." This state of affairs lasted until the British annexation, and our Government has worked what one might almost call a miracle; for the first time since the beginning of Shan history, peace prevails all over the country.

The Shan States are interesting examples of government by natives; but although the Chiefs are supposed to manage their own affairs, they are subject to certain restrictions and supervision by the British Superintendent and Assistant Superintendents, who check any tendency to extravagance on the part of the Sawbwas, who are not allowed to run into debt or be absent from their States without permission. Natives desirous of freedom from British rule should seriously study the past history of their States; they would then realise the uncertainty, the unstable and perilous conditions of life under the old régime. If British control should be withdrawn from the Shan States, there is not the slightest doubt that they would be immediately

[1] Kachin.

plunged into war, brother fighting against brother, with complications of Kachin raiding; the old story of internecine wars, which prevailed for so many centuries, would at once begin again. The Shans are at present content to be ruled by Great Britain, though here and there a Chief may long for more despotic power. The people know that their lives are safe, and that they can sleep at night in perfect security in their villages. The Kachins are less satisfied; they still remember the old fighting days, when, in the moonlight, they could descend on a Shan hamlet, kill the men, and carry off any pretty girls, with the cattle and paddy. They have not forgotten that they invariably won their small battles, and do not consider that they have any particular reason for gratitude to us, and they envy their kinsfolk in China, who can still raid the lowlands with impunity. There is, however, no active discontent among them, and they live quietly with their neighbours.

The Sawbwas are allowed to govern their own territories, under the British Superintendent, who does not usually interfere with their rulings in civil or criminal cases between Shan and Shan. "The Superintendent exercises general control over the administration of criminal justice, has power to call for cases, and is vested with wide revisionary powers. All criminal jurisdiction, in cases in which either the complainant or accused is a European or American, or a Government servant, or a British subject not a native of a Shan State, is withdrawn from the Chiefs, and vested in the Superintendent and Assistant Superintendents.[1]" Sometimes in small matters, when the nearest British official is many miles distant, Indians and Burmans accept the decision of the Shan officials; but appeals from their judgment can always be made to the British Government. Assistant Superintendents are stationed in different parts of the country, and they travel from time to time through their

[1] *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, 1908.

districts, and are always ready to listen to complaints or receive petitions. Owing to the distances and the time lost in travelling over bad roads, it might be advisable to increase the number of Assistant Superintendents. The State of South Hsenwi, with an area of 2,400 square miles, has one resident British official (Assistant Superintendent), the State of North Hsenwi, with an area of 6,330 square miles, has also only one. When the country was annexed, torture, crucifixion, impalement, and slavery were forbidden, also capital punishment for crimes other than murder. Although torture is strictly prohibited, undesirable methods are occasionally practised by village headmen and other native officials, in out-of-the-way districts, in order to extract confession from unwilling witnesses. Shans, like other Eastern nations, approve of a certain amount of torture, and think it strange that the English should condemn what, to them, is a most sensible way of discovering the truth. A Shan once said to me, "If I knew that a man had committed murder, how could I witness against him unless I was compelled to speak? If pain made me confess, no one could be angry with me, but if I told the truth without being forced to do so, the murderer and his whole family would become my enemies." The Chinese Shan Chiefs are absolute rulers in their own principalities, and, if they pay their yearly tribute to the Chinese Government, they are not interfered with or controlled in any way. In Yün-nan punishment very swiftly follows a crime, but sometimes the accused is not the culprit.

The revenue is derived from various sources. There are house taxes, taxes on irrigated paddy land, on tea, also an excise duty and other fees, which—for the Northern Shan States—brought in, for the year 1908–1909, the sum of Rs. 9,95,487/10/6. Out of this sum Rs. 9,23,852/14/2 were spent in the country, on public works, medical dispensaries, education, pensions, and the yearly allowances of the Chiefs. A sum of Rs. 1,54,500 is also annually paid to Great Britain as

tribute, a comparatively small price for the maintenance of peace in the country.

Shans have no newspapers; but the cultivators and villagers very soon know if they are being overtaxed, and appeals are made against the demand to the Sawbwa; if he does not listen, to any British official who may be passing through the district. Native officials are sometimes tempted to exact a larger amount of money than is required, giving up the correct amount, but retaining for their own use the extra money that they have demanded from the people. I do not wish to suggest that the people are suffering everywhere from illegal demands for money, made by those in authority over them, but in districts where British supervision is difficult—during the rains many villages are absolutely cut off from all communication with their neighbours—there is a good deal of petty injustice. There is, however, no heavy taxation; and the knowledge that the British Government is ready to listen to complaints, and interfere where the complaint seems just, is a great preventive to extortion and bribery.

The chief cause of complaint by the people in out-of-the-way districts is that very little is done to improve the state of the bridle-paths which unite one village to another. Traders who know the roads of Lower Burma—that have been long under British control—grumble very much when they speak of the paths in the Shan States, where good roads are urgently needed. There are a few cart roads leading down to the railway; but the majority of trade routes and paths to the hill villages are often indescribably bad, and in the rainy season are sometimes impassable. Many of the cultivators have no outlet for their crops, and, when the produce can be used only locally, there is no inducement to reclaim the jungle, where fruit trees of almost every kind might be grown. Owing to deep holes in the paths, the export of agricultural products by pack bullocks takes so long that perish-

A CHIEF'S HOUSE.

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able goods—such as fruit and vegetables—would spoil before they could reach a large market, so it is necessary to dispose of them locally.

If the larger villages could be connected by cart roads instead of by bad paths, trading would increase, and agriculture would be encouraged. Buffaloes and bullocks wear deep hollows across the paths where the ground is soft by constantly stepping into each other's footsteps; these hollows are sometimes two feet in depth—they may be even deeper—so the stirrups of a rider may touch the ground as the pony steps out of one hole into another. Walking under such circumstances would seem preferable to riding—as one can step from ridge to ridge between the holes—but for the fact that there are many streams, and the fords must be crossed in deep black mud. In wet weather, when people come to the markets from the country, their feet and legs are so covered with mud that they appear to be wearing long black boots. Sometimes the chief street of a village is raised in the middle to drain the water off it, or there may be a row of large stones set a foot apart from each other, extending from end to end of a village, and used as stepping-stones in the mud. At the beginning of the rains an attempt is generally made to mend the worst parts of the paths with lumps of turf. The headman calls on all the men of the place to assist in the mending. The people are divided into four sets—some cut the turf, some carry the sods to the path, others place them in position, and the most agile jump and dance upon them. For this work the people receive no payment, and they expect no reward for improving their own village.

There are seldom murders among Shans, as they are more slow to anger than Burmans, and do not grow easily excited in disputes. Formerly murderers, if found guilty, were allowed to pay a fine, which varied according to the position held by the victim during his life. In a case of capital punishment more

than one executioner assisted, and each tried to avoid giving the fatal blow, so that the sin of killing the culprit should fall upon several, each bearing a part. The unfortunate man was killed by reason of repeated sword cuts, no one of which was sufficient to kill him, and died rather from loss of blood than from one fatal blow. It was the curious custom of executioners to taste the blood of their victims, as they believed if this were not done illness and death would follow in a short time.

In remote times Shan soldiers always bit the bodies of men killed by them in battle. It is said that no part of the flesh was actually eaten by them, but the custom seems to point to cannibalism in primitive times. Shans are very indignant if this is suggested, as the idea is repugnant to any Buddhist. Hunters often eat raw portions of animals killed by them in hunting, and they smear the barrel of a gun with the blood of wild fowl or deer, as an offering to the spirit in the gun, whenever they shoot these animals in the jungle.

In all European countries in past times trials by ordeal have been practised. Among Shans these trials frequently take place, not only to reveal the culprit, but also to ascertain who is the best man in a competition. If a new monastery or pagoda is to be built, many aspirants may apply for the honour of doing the work. If all are equally capable men, it is sometimes difficult to make a choice. In such a case the easiest method is to choose one of them in a trial by ordeal. An auspicious day is chosen, and the rival candidates, accompanied by trustworthy witnesses, go to a pond or river; they kneel on the bank, and simultaneously duck their heads under water. The man who can keep his head immersed for the greatest length of time wins the contest. It is not thought that he has stronger lungs, or that he is a better builder, but it is believed that his merit—

acquired in his previous lives—assists him. Diving under water is another form of this trial; he who remains longest under water wins. These ordeals may also be held to show guilt, as the man who first appears at the surface—in a diving test of endurance—they think must be the culprit.

Another form of trial is to place a large cauldron of boiling water on a fire. At the same moment each competitor thrusts a finger into the liquid; the one who can endure with most fortitude the heat of the water is the victor. A similar method is to thrust a finger into molten lead. The one whose hand is most quickly healed is innocent, or he is the winner, if the ordeal is to choose the better man. In a still more unpleasant form of trial the rivals lick a bar of hot metal. The immediate effect of this contest is a terribly swollen tongue for each. The final result of this trial cannot be known for some days. He whose tongue first becomes normal in size gains the contest.

Trials used only to discover guilt between two men are the following: A large fire is made in the open air, and two pots of boiling water are placed on it. A handful of uncooked rice is given to both suspected men, and each throws his rice at the same moment into the water in the pots. The one whose rice is most thoroughly cooked after ten minutes' boiling is innocent. Another way is to put the same quantity of oil into two lamps; the wicks—made of a few strands of new cotton—are of the same length. They are lit simultaneously, and the lamp that burns longest shows that its owner is innocent. A similar trial is the burning of two candles. New ones are chosen of equal length, and the one that first burns itself out belongs to the guilty man. If the candles are long, this trial may be a lengthy process; but a puff of wind, or the nose of an inquiring pig (the candles are generally set on the ground in the open air) may hurry up matters by extinguishing the flame, thus revealing the culprit.

Witches and wizards are in no way interfered with by the people, who look upon them as wise folk who study the stars, and have knowledge of the occult and mysterious things of life. Some are famous in one way, some in another, and when they are not giving advice, telling fortunes, or compounding medicines, they may be found working in their fields or gardens, or following some trade. Sometimes the Buddhist monks are believed by the people to have strange powers. To one—whom I knew personally—was ascribed the power of finding lost articles. Many Shans have told me that they had never appealed to him in vain; he had always been successful, and had told them where to look for the lost thing. My servant once went to him with a friend who had lost a horse. Both men were natives of India (Mohammedans), and were, I think, a little ashamed of consulting a Buddhist monk. He told them that the horse would be brought back that evening, and they were not a little surprised when it appeared at the time specified. As I never lost anything, or had anything stolen from me during the fifteen months that I lived in a Shan village, I cannot personally testify to his detective powers, but certainly the people in the district had perfect faith in him. Although wise men and women are looked up to in a village, it is another matter when they gain the unfortunate reputation of having the evil eye. Such people are shunned by all their neighbours; they are welcome nowhere, and the village folk often unite in expelling them from their midst. The husbands and wives of the unfortunate people—credited with possessing this evil influence—rarely desert them, whether from love or fear it would be difficult to say. When they are banished from the community, they sometimes live with their families on the outskirts of villages, but more often they are obliged to go farther away, to a place where they are not known, or they take refuge in houses belonging to Christian missions, placing themselves under the protection of the mis-

sionaries. When this is the case, those who have evicted them say that Christian spells must be even stronger than the evil eye. It is usual to banish men or women who for any cause are objectionable to the other inhabitants of a district. Shan officials found guilty of making extortionate demands may be compelled to leave their districts.

CHAPTER XVI

SHAN COSMOGONY AND THE CREATION

THE greater part of the following account of Cosmogony and the Creation was written for me, in Shan, by a "wise man,"—whose portrait may be seen at page 178, and afterwards translated into English by Saya Maung Pan, a Shan teacher in Rangoon. Other "notions" were told me by the chief monk of Namkham and by other Shans who spoke Burmese, and translated into English by my servant Mohamet.

The Shans believe that this present world is incalculably old. Hundreds of thousands of years before our world was created there was another world, but of its creation there is no legend. It was inhabited by people like ourselves; there were also beasts and birds, and its rivers and seas were full of fish. At the beginning of that world only one sun existed, and life then was the same as it is now. After many hundreds of thousands of years a second sun appeared, and the trees, grass, and green herbs became the colour of gold. Then a third sun came into the heavens, and the three suns together made so much heat that all beasts died, also all men. Women were still alive on the earth, as they had more blessings than men, attaining a certain merit by becoming the mothers of saints and Bodhisats.[1] After this a fourth sun blazed in the heavens, and all women died. When they were dead no creature was left alive on the earth, or in the

[1] Embryo Buddhas.

rivers and sea, but one enormous fish. Then, as the world grew hotter, and still more hot, the great fish also died; in its dying struggles in the boiling sea it burst, and its fat took fire, burning with such an enormous flame that the whole world was alight, blazing fiercely until it was quite consumed. Some say that seven suns, and some that nine, were created, and the world became like whirlwinds; there was no solid part remaining.

After thousands and hundreds of thousands of years, the world was again created. Shans believe that there have been many worlds created, and after many, many years each world was destroyed and formed again; this world in which we now live will also be destroyed by fire, and will again be renewed.

When our present world first came into existence it was covered with water. At first the water was shallow, but in time it grew deeper, becoming a great deep sea, which rose higher and higher until it almost reached the heavens. There was an endless space to the North and to the South, to the East and to the West, and still the waves of the sea rose towards heaven. When the gods of the high heavens saw that the rising waters threatened to invade the skies, nine of them came down to build again the earth. They looked at the rolling seas, and saying, "It is too difficult for us," they returned again to heaven. Then, as the waters still rose, four greater gods descended from the highest heaven, and brought with them four huge spiders. One spider was sent on the sea to the South, and it spun an enormous web all round itself, the web and the spider forming the Southern Island. That is the island in which we live, which we call our world. The other three spiders were sent to the North, to the East, and to the West. Each spun its web, so that the spiders (with their webs) became the Islands of the East, the North, and the West—islands which no living man has seen, though the spirits of the dead may be reborn in them. When the islands appeared

above the seas the waters remained in their place, rising no longer towards heaven. In the middle of the islands a great mountain rose from the sea; its name is Loi-sao-möng—the central pillar of the world—known in the Buddhist cosmogony elsewhere as Mount Meru.

Shans believe that our world is only one of many others, which, being created, exists for thousands and thousands of years, are destroyed, and are again created. There are different versions of the creation of the world. Some say that the four gods brought down a lotus plant from heaven, having one flower and four leaves. The flower became Mount Meru, and the leaves became the Four Islands.

Our Southern Island is called the Island of Monkey Faces; the water that rises in its springs and rivers flow from the mouth of a great ox. The Eastern Island is named the world of Lion Faces, because the faces of its inhabitants are round like a lion's; its waters flow from the mouth of a great lion, though some say that their source is a white gem. The people of the North Island have long faces, like the faces of horses, and its waters flow from the mouth of a great horse. The waters of the West Island come from the mouth of a great elephant, and the people there have square faces. If we could see the people of the North Island we should die of laughter at the sight; but the people of the North Island would also die with laughter if they should see us, for our monkey faces would seem so strange to them.

After the four worlds and the great central mountain were made the gods created the winds, and placed their home on Mount Meru. These winds are named the Spear Winds, the Sword Winds, and the Sucking Winds; no creature may pass from our island to any of the others because of these great and terrible winds.

The first portion of this earth which appeared above the waters was the part which we now call China, therefore China is the most ancient part of our world.

The inhabitants of the Western Island and the Eastern Island cultivate their lands as we do, and grow rice; but those of the Northern Island live on the fruits of the Padesa-tree, which produces whatever food the people wish to eat.

Although the inhabitants of the Western Island have square faces they are really very beautiful, and the men and women there so much resemble each other that it is not possible to distinguish them; no man knows his own wife from the other beautiful women, and no woman knows her own husband, as all the men are equally handsome. When beautiful children are born in our world we say that they have come from the Western Island.

Here some of our children are born beautiful and some are born ugly. Sometimes the parents are ugly and the children beautiful. The reason is as follows. In the Southern Island (which is our world) there is a gem of nine different colours. When a child is conceived at the time when the gem gives out its white colour, although the parents are ugly the child will be born beautiful; if a child is conceived at the time when the gem is black, although the parents may be beautiful the child will be ugly.

In the four islands there are altogether five hundred and five great rivers.

The sun goes daily round the great mountain, and it shines on two of the islands at the same time. Noon in the Eastern Island becomes morning in the Southern Island, noon in our Island of the South is morning in the Western Island, noon in the Western Island is morning in the Northern Island.

Mount Meru is to the north of our Southern Island, but the sun, in its course round the mountain, seems to shine from the south; the reason is that an enormous mirror hangs in the southern sky, and when we think that we are looking at the sun, we only see its reflection in the glass. This is why we seem to be to the north of the sun. The sun is really north of us,

as it is always circling round Mount Meru, which lies to our north.

The sun is a golden bowl, and on the rim of the bowl sits a peacock; both bowl and peacock are in a crystal box, which rests on a flying chariot. It is not drawn by horses, but has wheels that are always whirling round and round. We cannot hear them, but their sound wakens the cocks, which crow when they hear the distant rushing noise of the wheels of the sun's chariot in the air before the dawn.

The moon is a hare covered with silver, which lives in a crystal house with fifteen windows. It rests, like the sun, on a chariot, and travels round Mount Meru. On the first night of the waxing moon one window is opened, on the second night two windows are opened, on the third three windows are opened. On the fifteenth night all the windows are widely opened, and we say that it is full moon. On the first night of the waning moon one window is closed, then another, and another, until all are shut, and there is darkness. Some people say that the moon is a silver hare that lives in a box; on the first night it opens the lid a little, peeping out, on the second night it pushes up the lid a little more, until at full moon it entirely comes out of the box, returning gradually, the lid closing more and more, night by night, until it sinks down into the box; then the lid is shut, and all is dark.

There is a dark planet, which we only see when there is an eclipse, called the Lord Sura, which sometimes comes between our world and the sun or moon.

The Sun, the Moon, and Sura were three great brothers who made offerings of rice to one of the gods. The Sun rose early and offered rice well cooked and hot, which he took from the top of the rice-pot, and he said, "Oh, great Lord, may I shine warmly and brilliantly in the world!" The Moon made his offering of rice from the middle part of the pot, waiting

until the rice was cool. He said, "Oh, great Lord, may I always be cool, peaceful, and beautiful!" Sura, the third brother, slept too long in bed, so he made his offering of rice from the bottom of the pot: his offering was not only cold, but it was burnt as well. He then reviled the Sun and Moon, as they had taken all the good rice, and said, "Oh, great Lord, make me higher and greater than my brothers." From that time he harboured a bitter resentment against them. One day he went to Mount Meru to see the chief god, and during his visit the god presented him with three pellets, and told him that whoever swallowed one pellet would become immortal. Sura at once swallowed one, and returning to his house, hid the other two pellets under his pillow. He then went out, and shortly afterwards the Sun and Moon came to his house to visit him. They have always been inquisitive, and like to peep into every corner, so when they found that Sura was not at home they went in, and began to look at all his things. They lifted his pillow and found the two pellets, and they each swallowed one; that is why the three great Lords, the Sun, the Moon, and Sura can never die. Sura was very angry when he returned home and found that his brothers had stolen the pellets, so he went out of his house in a rage, and in order that his brothers should not see him, he followed them in a chariot that was dark in colour—that is how the Lord Sura is always pursuing the Sun and the Moon. Sometimes he comes up with the Sun, and sometimes he overtakes the Moon, and they fight; then their faces are darkened, but in the end Sura is always beaten, and his brothers ride on their path victorious. Some people say that when there is an eclipse a great frog is trying to eat the sun or moon, but it is really Sura, the big dark planet.

During an eclipse, Shans say that if the south-east corner of the moon first becomes black and the darkness spreads all over until the moon's face is

hidden, that year's harvest will be bad, and rice will be dear. If, however, the south-east corner becomes black, and the shadow does not cover the moon but moves away, then in that year rice will be plentiful and cheap.

Mount Meru is inhabited by many kinds of spirits. The lowest part of the mountain is defended by dragons; these dragons are like great snakes, and one, the most strong and terrible of all, is their king. Another part of the mountain is guarded by Galons (birds of enormous size), great and powerful. Other parts of the mountain are watched over by ogres, great and hideous. The mountain is surrounded by seven circles of mountains, and between each circle is a belt of deep, sweet water, in which five kinds of lotus flowers grow. When, in the evenings of certain months in the year, the waves ripple gently on the shores of Mount Meru, and the gold, and silver, and beautiful gems that make the sand of its shores are wet and sparkling, then there arise from the water lovely nymphs, who dance and play on the shore, bathing among the lotus leaves in the water. Sometimes the guardians of the mountain see the beautiful girls, and longing to take them, leave their posts as sentinels, coming down to the shore. But when they see each other they become mad with rage, and, drawing their swords, rush at each other; then the flashing of their celestial weapons makes what we call lightning. The nymphs dive under the water in terror, and the guardians of the mountain who have deserted their posts return again, fighting as they go. Their swords gleam, and their spears flash, and Mount Meru seems to blaze with fire. The great dragon king then rises, and believing that the mountain is burning, sends up sprays of water from his mouth to extinguish the flames. Now Galon, the king of those great birds, thinks that the mountain is flooded, so he flaps his wings with such energy that the whole air is troubled, the waters of the seas rise in waves that reach to

heaven, mingling with the water from the mouth of the dragon. The flapping of Galon's wings is the cause of hurricanes great and terrible, and the winds blow the spray from the seas, mingled with the water from the mouth of the dragon, till they reach our earth. That is the cause of our heavy rains. If the water from the mouth of the dragon reached us without the sweet water of the seas round Mount Meru we should all be poisoned. It is therefore fortunate for us that so much of the sweet sea-water reaches us, and so little from the dragon's mouth. Still that little does much harm, and many people are made ill during the rains from drinking the water.

The sound of thunder is caused in different ways. When the peals are not very loud they are caused by the noise from the clashing of the weapons of the Spear Wind, the Sword Wind and the Sucking Wind when they fight.

On the top of Mount Meru, in his golden palace, lives Sakya, the great king of the spirits of the air. Once he fought against Sura, and when Sura threw away his drum, Sakya picked it up and kept it. Sometimes Sakya beats that drum, causing the loud and continuous rumbling of thunder. When we hear a tremendous thunder-clap that makes the houses tremble it is caused by Sakya shaking his own celestial weapon.

The reason why Sakya and Sura fought is this: Long ago Sakya quarrelled with the father of Sura and wished to kill him. Sura's father had seven daughters; the only way in which their father could be killed was by sawing his throat, in order to cut off his head, with a bow of hair. Sakya bribed one of the daughters, "Saturday," to do this, saying that if she killed her father he would make her his queen. She did so, cutting off her father's head. Then Sakya refused to make her his wife, and because of this her brother Sura and Sakya have quarrelled ever since. The decapitated head is held by each daughter in turn on her lap for a year. When one daughter passes it

to another they must do so with great care, as, if it fell, the world would be destroyed.

Outside Mount Meru and the Islands of the North, South, East, and West is a wall of fire. The fire says "I shall burn those islands," and the water says, "I shall drown them," and fire and water strive against each other, so that the islands are neither burned nor flooded. When we see clouds that bring no rain they are really the smoke from that far-off wall of fire.

The furious hurricanes that blow in the month of April come from the flapping of the wings of Galon.

The foundations of Mount Meru rest on a great fish.[1] It is so large and long that each of its scales is eighty-eight "eye-reaches" broad.

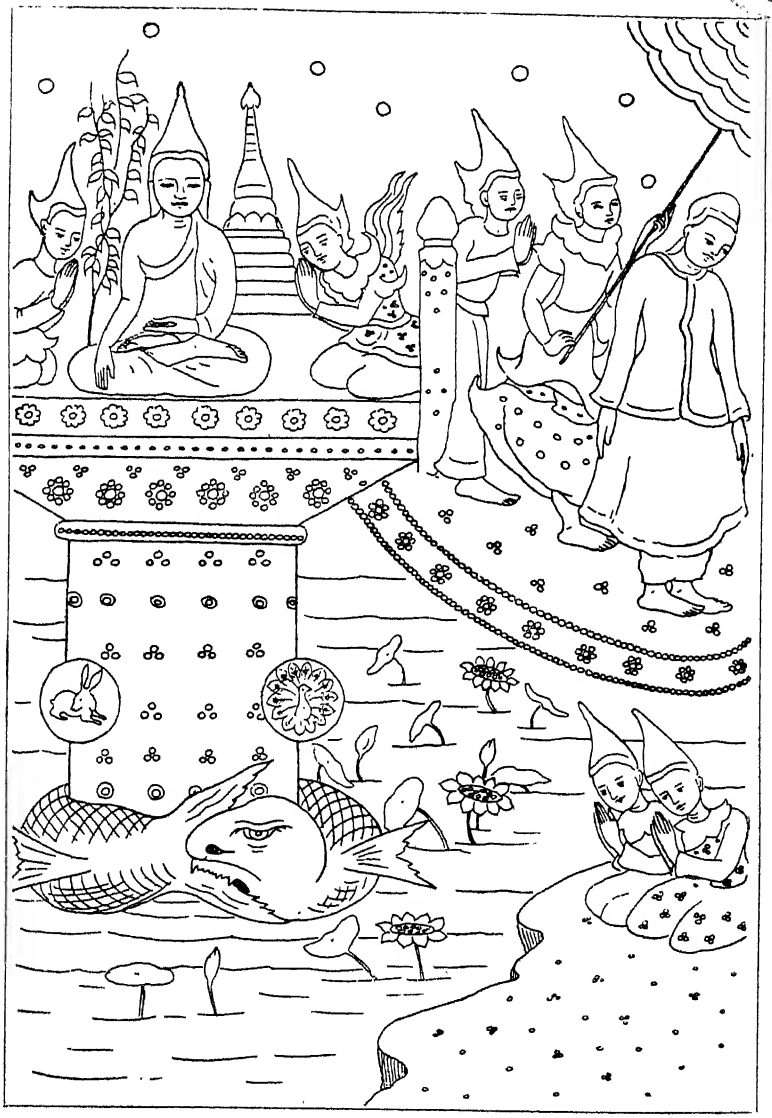
Above Mount Meru are many other heavens, but little is known of them except their names.

Our world is flat and square. One spirit supports each corner, so that the world rests on their hands.

In the centre of the world is fire. All the burning places are there, where the wicked are for a time punished for their sins.

The four gods who created the world made our first parents. Each god made one man and one woman. When these human bodies were formed, of damp clay, they were placed round the celestial fire to dry; that is how heat entered into man. One man and one woman were soon removed from the fire; that is how white people were made. Another pair were left a little longer near the fire and became slightly browned; that is how Shans and Chinese people got their complexions. Burmans and really dark people descend from a pair who were well baked, and the last pair were so long beside the fire that they became quite

[1] This fable varies according to the notions of the story-teller. One version is that Mount Meru rests on the back of an elephant; the elephant upon a dragon; the dragon on a turtle; the turtle on a lake or ocean, and the ocean on wind, or, as some say, on nothing at all.—W. W. C.



MOUNT MERU RESTING ON THE GREAT FISH, THE SUN (A PEACOCK) AND THE MOON (A HARE) CIRCLING ROUND IT. FROM A SHAN PAINTING.

burned; that is the reason why some people are black.

The breath of the gods made the first men and women live, and it is the same till this day, for when the breath of the gods is taken from us, we die.

The elephant, the monkey, and the bulbul are coeval with man, having been created at the same time, before the other creatures. They are wiser than other animals, because they have lived longer on the earth, some time elapsing before the others were created.

In all, counting insects, reptiles, birds, and beasts, there are 100,000,000 creatures.

After all the animals had been created they presented themselves before the gods and begged that a king should be given to rule over them. The doves had a king, the monkeys have always had a king, and each race of creatures had its own ruler, but it was not easy to choose that one who should be the over-lord of all. The animals appealed to the gods to help them, and the gods said, "Speak, let us hear your voices." Then the elephant trumpeted, and all the men and women laughed. Then the bear grunted, and the people laughed still more. All animals dislike ridicule, so every beast became silent. But the tiger stepped forward and said, "Will any one dare to laugh at me?" Then he roared, and no man or woman laughed, for the tigers of long ago were a mighty race. The tiger roared a second time, then even the children were hushed, and the voices of all flying creatures were silent. Now the lion is even greater than the tiger, but he had been called to Mount Meru, by Sakya the king of the spirit-world, and so was absent. Thus the tiger became the king of all the beasts.

As to the rainbow. Some Shans tell one story, some another. Some say that the rainbow is caused by the celestial water that drops to earth when the gods—feasting in the heavens above Mount Meru—empty their drinking-cups. Others say that the rain-

bow is a great snake or crocodile that comes down to the earth to drink. When a second and fainter rainbow is seen it is the dragon's wife who accompanies him. Others say that the rainbow is the halo round the head of the king of the spirits when he comes from Mount Meru to visit the earth.

Some Shans believe that the world rests upon the body of an enormous giant. Fortunately for us, he does not often wake; sometimes he turns over in his sleep and then the earth trembles; when he rises and shakes himself there is a great earthquake.

Considerable modification of stories is found among Shans, even in the same village. Sometimes legends relating to the same subject completely differ. The one told below as to the cause of thunder is different from the usual myth.

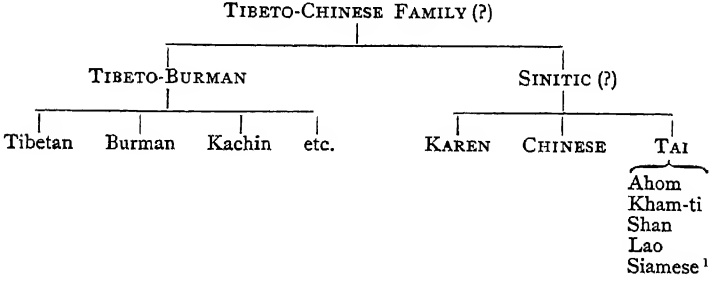
Thunder is caused by the gods when they are on horse-back playing at ball. The sound of the trampling of the galloping horses on which the gods ride, as they follow the ball across the clouds, is the noise that we call thunder; lightning flashes from their hoofs as they strike them against the stars. This idea may be quite modern, evolved from watching polo players down country. On the other hand, it must be remembered that polo is a very ancient pastime in the East, and although it is not a national game among Shans, the legend may have been handed down by a foreign mother from Tibet or Manipur.

CHAPTER XVII

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

BY THE REV. WILBUR WILLIS COCHRANE.

HYPOTHETICAL CLASSIFICATION OF LANGUAGES



THE Shan language is now—apart from borrowed words and traceable foreign influence—purely monosyllabic, and has been so for above two thousand years. The Tai[2] words (the Shans are a branch of the great Tai family) collected from the Chinese *Erh-ya*, dating from the Tchou dynasty, which came to an end two and a half centuries before the Christian era, confirm this, in so far as a limited list of words has any value at all. This is true of all Shan dialects, at least in so far as they have been traced. Shan in all its branches is a tonal language, like its sister language

[1] The position of Shan with reference to the cognate languages may be concisely expressed by the above table.—M. L. M.

[2] *Tai* or *Shan* is now used as a generic word to cover the whole race; the Siamese *Htai*, spelled by the French *Thay*, is the same. The name is said to mean "The Free," or "Free Men."

Chinese. Apart from what Dr. J. L. Cushing calls "open," "closed," and "intermediate" tones, which have references to qualities of the vowel sound, there are eight distinct inflexions of the voice in pronouncing words in the Lao[1] dialect, seven in the Kham-ti,[2] and six among the Shans bordering on Burma. The language, in all its known dialects, is rich, abounding in synonyms. The Shans of Indo-China were without letters until comparatively recent times. Mr. R. N. Cust is certainly right when he says "An alphabet cannot spring into existence in full development from the brains of any people, nor is it the result of a compact at any given period." In commenting upon this statement, the Rev. W. Clifton Dodd of Chieng-mai remarks: "This applies to the non-Pali portion of the Lao alphabet especially. But it also applies to the forty or forty-one Pali characters, for they have been very much modified and adapted." He also says: "The old square Pali characters (viz. *g*, *gh*, *j*, *jh*) represented sounds foreign to the Shan language. Then the tones must be indicated. This double problem of some Pali *sounds* to be rejected, while retaining the character, and of further modification of the powers of the Pali letters, to indicate tones (so far as they would go round), and the invention of other characters to supplement the tone indications, was further complicated by the existence in Shan of sounds foreign to the Pali—for instance, *ü*, *è*, *ö*, *aw*, and *f*. The solution of this complex problem in so logical and satisfactory a form as we have in the Lao alphabet, *must have been a long process. Most probably not decades, but centuries were required.*"

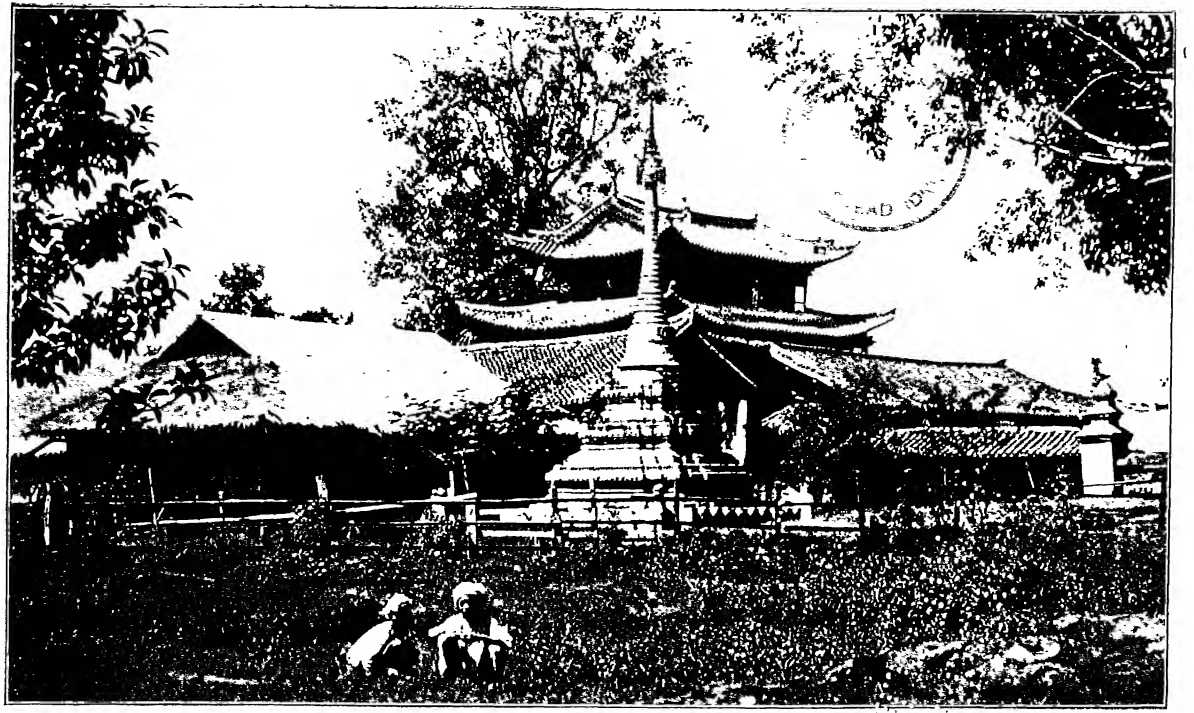
Our next step is not an easy one, namely to indicate at what date this perfected Lao alphabet in its present

[1] Usually called Laos, a branch of the Tai family. Lao is a monosyllable, the "ao" having the sound of "ow" in cow, how, etc. Laos is the plural form of the word, and should not be used in the singular.

[2] Another branch of the Tai or Shan family.

—or practically in its present—form is known to have been in common use. We may then work back to its earlier sources. We have positive proof that this date was before the beginning of the fourteenth century. Both Lao and Hkön[1] chronicles state that the Keng-tung Valley[2] was conquered from the wild Wah by the son of Hpaya Möng-Rai (a Lao nobleman) and a Chieng-mai monk. It is said that they took with them their Buddhist religion, built monasteries, and introduced the Lao written characters with their religious literature. This was before the middle of the thirteenth century. In confirmation of the historic possibility of this, Dr. Dodd says: "I have in my possession a Lao palm-leaf manuscript, which differs in no essential from the present-day manuscript, which gives the date of its writing as earlier than 1300." As far as the modified Pali letters in the Lao alphabet are concerned, a study of their forms makes it apparent that they came from two sources, that is through the Khmers of Cambodia, and the early inhabitants of Siam, before the Laos founded Ayuthia,[3] and through the Mons[4] of what is now Lower Burma. Pali letters were introduced into all this Mon country more than sixteen hundred years ago, by Buddhists from Eastern India. According to Dr. Dodd, Lao chronicles give a connected account of the people whom they call Yoan,[5] from the time they founded Chieng-sen. They came from the Ngai-Lao country,[6] and had twenty-four successive rulers before Möng-Rai and the Buddhist monk conquered the Wah of Keng-tung. The Cambodians—after they had adopted the Pali alphabet—once ruled as far north as Chieng-sen, and for centuries were in contact with these Ngai-Lao (shortened to Lao) and the Yoan or Yon. Possibly the earliest elements of the Lao alphabet came directly from the Cambodian (the latter is still used

[1] A branch of the Lao tribe.
[2] In the Southern Shan States.
[3] The ancient capital of Siam.
[4] Talaings.
[5] The Shans of Chieng-mai.
[6] Ta-li and Yün-nan.



MONASTERY AND PAGODA.

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by the Siamese in sacred writings). Dr. Dodd maintains that the configuration of some of the letters indicates this, but the major part of the Lao alphabet was derived from the Mon (or Talaing) of Lower Burma. Through the influence of these pre-existing letters, and Lao ingenuity, their alphabet was perfected—it was not borrowed complete from any one source. There is no evidence that the Laos adopted the Cambodian letters as a whole. Only a few letters are traced to a possible or probable Cambodian source. Talaing is the chief source.

The statement made by Dr. A. Bastian that "the chief and almost only difference between the spoken tongues of the Laos and of the Siamese consists in the circumstance that the former know nothing of the tones—the artificial display of which constitutes the delight of a Siamese speaker," is wrong; and Terrien de Lacouperie is mistaken in saying: "Should the German scholar refer only to the written Laocian characters, he would be right." On the contrary, scholarly missionaries, who both speak and read Laocian, declare that it is tonal, like all Shan dialects, and that these tones are fully represented in the written characters. The conquest of Pegu by the Shans of Chieng-mai, and the maintenance there of the Lao principality before referred to, could not fail to leave traces on Lao letters. Afterwards, when the Laos were brought into close relations with the Burmans, the alphabet was further modified by Burman influence, particularly from the reign of Alaung Hpaya (Alompra), A.D. 1755

In the Lao alphabet there are forty-six consonants, including one that is sometimes used as a vowel. Less than one half of these are required for purely consonant sounds, the others are duplicated letters that are used simply for tonal expedients, one form, for instance, being used for words of a high, and another for words of a low tone. Some of these tonal signs were used at first by other branches of the

Shans to the northward; but gradually they left them off, though some of them were still in use within the memory of old Shan men now living. The last to go was the tonal sign called by the Laos "the crab's foot." This may be found in sacred writings slavishly copied, but in the rapid business hand is seldom seen. Slight changes have also been made in some of the vowel letters, but these are less striking.

To this slight survey of the growth of the Lao alphabet we must add a word in regard to the abbreviated forms of the same alphabet in use by other branches of the Shan family: the Chinese Shan, the Western Shan, the Kham-ti, and the Ahom.

The statement made by several writers that the Northern Shan alphabets came directly from the Burmese is without basis in fact. The Ahom, the oldest of them all, shows unmistakable connection with the Lao in an abbreviated form. The so-called Burman-Shan alphabet of the present day has been so modified by Burmese influence that the mistake referred to is a natural one, and safely corrected only by careful comparisons. That Lao is the mother-tongue of all known Shan alphabets is now established beyond reasonable doubt. It is possible that the Northern Shans had adopted this alphabet before the conquest of Assam, and took letters with them when they founded the Ahom kingdom. It is possible that the Shans, beyond the borders of the old Lao province of Chieng-mai, adopted the Shan alphabet when it was still in a primitive, incomplete form, and that the alphabet became further developed among the Laos from contact with the Talaings of Lower Burma. Whether the simpler forms of the Shan alphabet are abridgements of the fully developed Lao, or a preservation of the latter in a more primitive form, is not yet definitely determined, but probabilities are strongly in favour of the view that all of the shorter Northern forms are abridgments of the longer and richer Lao alphabet.

A WRITER OF LOVE SONGS.

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All known branches of the Shan family have a considerable literature. This literature began among the Laos. From them it extended by inter-communication with the other branches of the family, particularly by the spread of Buddhism. This early literature is very religious, and is written in metrical form: the Buddhist "Pitagat" (consisting of the "three baskets" of the law), birth stories of Gautama, semi-religious history of the introduction of Buddhism among the people, ritualistic formulæ, etc. Then came writings in both prose and rhyme on secular history, the establishment of States, and wars with aliens. Folk-lore, nursery tales—like "Jack the Giant Killer"—are by no means wanting. Love songs are of daily manufacture, and are made to order. The Laos had letters before the founding of Ayuthia, and undoubtedly took their literature to the southward with them; but the people whom they vanquished were already Buddhists with temples, an organised priesthood, and a literature after the Cambodian type. These Laos—now called Siamese—still use the old "Cambodian" letters in their sacred writings.

Little is known of the literature of the Shans east of the Cambodia River, extending into Kwei-chou, and southward to Hainan and Canton. The former have an alphabet which is said to resemble the old Ahom of Assam. The latter also have writing which Captain J. Calder describes as "like the wriggling of worms," apparently allied to the Laos of Chieng-mai. They use a mixed dialect, but short lists of words, collected by missionaries and others, such as *lai fa*, sky; *tsa van*, sun; *leun*, moon; *ta plao*, star; *fan*, earth; *nam*, water, etc., show that Shan predominates.

The Laos literature is now in use as far north as Möng-Lem, and perhaps beyond. The earliest writings of the Shans, in the British Shan States, were translations or adaptations from the Lao literature; but during the era of Burman domination these were largely (but not wholly) displaced by translations

from the Burmese in all regions except Keng-tung; here the Lao literature is abundant, far exceeding the western (or British) Shan. Historical writings, said to have been abundant, were practically all lost, or wilfully destroyed, during the ravages of Burman conquest. The translations from Burman Buddhistic works are numerous; in answer to the question, "How many?" a Shan Chief recently replied, "Millions, millions; they are innumerable." He said the same of Shan historical works, though but two or three brief chronicles exist. Allowing a fair percentage for pious enthusiasm, the former claim is true. Religious writings, on the native hand-made paper, may be found all over the British Shan States, piled up in corners of monasteries, under sheds that cover images, in wayside rest-houses, and the houses of the people. There are few homes in which at least one copy of the sacred writings may not be found. Many Shans read their scriptures with manifest sincerity and delight. In their homes, in rest-houses, in monasteries, or gathered round an open fire, Shans may be seen listening with reverence to the rising and falling cadence, as their "reader" chants a birth story of their Lord Gautama, or of the beauty and bliss of Nirvana, pictured as the "Home of Happiness," the "City of Gems and Gold," or smiling over semi-religious love songs, when the lovers meet in the sky—when their star palaces come in conjunction—to renew their love in perpetual youth.

The Chinese Shan literature of the upper principalities has been largely drawn from the Mao-Shans. It shows Chinese influence, and many of their legends come directly from that source. The Kham-ti Shans have drawn both from their brethren in the south and from the Ahom of Assam, who have come under Hindu influence. They have no historical writings of any value.

It is impossible here to indicate the rules for Shan

A MONASTERY.

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metrical composition. As in English, the metrical forms are bewildering in their variety. There are verses in short lines, and very long lines, in couplets and quatrains, regular and irregular, with rhyming words at the end of lines, at the beginning, or anywhere between. Many lines in the specimen given below are of unequal length, but all are written according to definite metrical laws. The late Dr. Cushing, the Shan scholar *par excellence*, says: "The Shan language favours poetical composition, by the modulation of its tones, and the abundance of its synonyms. Almost all religious books are written in a metrical style. . . . These books may be divided into two classes, viz. books which are written in a measured prose, and those that are properly poetical."

The following is a peasants' song, sung at the beginning of the rainy season:

PI SA NI YA MA

(THE BEGINNING OF THE [RELIGIOUS] YEAR)

1. Joyously composing and joining,
2. Humming the measures
3. Of musical cadence,
4. Let us try to compose,
5. Displaying our love (of nature)
6. According to skilfulness,
7. Trusting the fragrant screw pine
8. And the hpa flowers (offerings to spirits):
9. Devising and weaving (our song)
10. Of Hsang-Kyan,[1] at the rains beginning.
11. The smoke grey and hazy enters
12. The middle-world, the abode of men;
13. The sky-god flings down his thunder-bolts;
14. The fires along the mountains die gradually,
15. And light rain falls in drizzles.

[1] The sky-god.

16. Behold, the world shuts in, overcast darkly;
17. The cattle wander for tender shoots by the marshes;
18. Buffaloes paw[1] divininglyfollowing the paths;
19. The farmers get ready for labour,
20. Setting and polishing (the teeth) of their harrows.
21. Look, the sky is still overshadowed;
22. Like satin green,[2] in imitation,
23. The golden peacock, with slender arched neck,
24. Struts about in the open fields.
25. The wind rises, beating against the forests;
26. The slender trees sway as it sweeps up the mountain;
27. Out pours the rain densely (the sky), is not clear.
28. From April to July is the fasting season,
29. When old men reverently keep religious observance:
30. When peasants dig and clear their fields,
31. Burning up the heaps of rubbish;
32. When they plough and hoe, breaking up (the soil)
33. In the high and low lands,
34. And gardens (are made) of Burman flowers;
35. Sowing and planting following the beds.
36. The pure flowing water, hindered,
37 Breaks forth and reaches the rice fields;
38. The water-wheels are set up (for the gardens).
39. In June (when the rice is transplanted),
40. When the rain falls in torrents,
41. The sky-god letting loose thunder-bolts,
42. Abundantly descending, innumerable,
43. The streams swollen and rising neck-deep,
44. 'Tis pleasant to see the delicate women transplanting,
45. (And listen to) the sound of their laughter.

[1] The Shan expression "Tu wăn" indicates that the *pawing* was an omen or sign.

[2] "Satin green" is a literal translation. It apparently refers to the sky, but may refer to the peacock.

46. Of some, the skirts are asquint
47. Showing the calves (of legs) slender, so very white and smooth,
48. As skilful they trip along the ridge of the rice-fields.

Specimens of lines from the above poem are given below to show the rhymes:

10. Kwan ōn tăk *hkao*,
11. Möng *hao* kon *kang*,
12. Hkun *hsang* tăk kăm hkawn hsün.

In the above lines the last word of the first line rhymes with the second word of the next line, and the last word of that line forms a new rhyme with the second word of the third line; while the last word of the third line rhymes with the second word of the fourth line, not here given.

There is a change at line twenty-one:

21. Hsăm mön yöng hpè *hkio*,
22. Yung hkăm ngawk hkaw *hio*
23. Sawn tong lè *pyang*.
24. Lom hto lom *htawng* mai kawn *maü*
25. Taw sing ton hiu *hsaü*

The last words of lines twenty-one and twenty-two rhyme, then the last word of line twenty-three rhymes (though it is not a good rhyme) with the fourth word of line twenty-four, and the last word of line twenty-four rhymes with the last word of line twenty-five.

The Shans have many proverbs and wise sayings, a few of which are given below. The meaning of some of them is evident, others are not so easy to understand.

When you are old, though you strive till weary, you cannot learn.

The diligent shall be wealthy; the lazy shall be poor.

If pleasant words enter the ear, no one is angry.
If angry words enter the ear, no one is pleased.

Thunder without rain is like words without deeds.

If people revile, don't answer them; if they are inhospitable, take no notice.

Every pond has its fish; every dog has its owner.
(No one is so poor as to be without possessions, every one has something to be thankful for.)

Don't bathe if there is no water.
(Do not undertake impossible tasks.)

If you eat slowly, you will not have stomach-ache.
(Take time for deliberation, and you will make no painful mistakes.)

If your arm breaks, let it break in your sleeve;
If your head breaks, let it break in your hat.
(Keep your troubles to yourself.)

Do not lift your jacket to show your back.
(If you have done anything disgraceful, hide it.)

If a stone breaks, you cannot join it again.
(There is no use crying over spilt milk.)

What is difficult to understand, place before you;
What is easy to understand, place behind.
(Be not afraid to tackle difficult problems.)

It may rain early, mend your roof; though the sun shines, carry your raincoat.
(Prepare for emergencies.)

Do not knock a clay pipe on a stone; do not set a wooden pipe near a fire.
(There is a fitting time and place for every act.)

If you eat hurriedly you will have indigestion.
(More haste less speed.)

Sometimes the proverbs are in rhyme, such as:

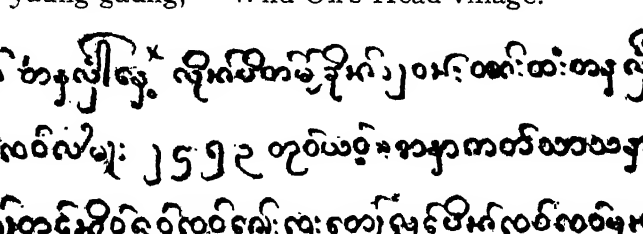
Hit loi tak lai,
Hkai loi loi tak tai
(Work slowly and you will get,
Wish only and you will die.)

It may be well to add here a few notes on the names of people and places.

If a Shan is asked the meaning of his name, he probably answers: "Just nothing at all; it is only a name," and the answer would be quite correct. Whatever meaning the vast majority of Shan names may have had originally, centuries ago, that meaning has, during the lapse of ages, faded out. "Ai" is a generic for all boys, equal to our "boy," "kid," "sonny." "E" is the generic for all girls. Children are often given names that cling to them through life, from some characteristic, such as "Pawk"="stubby," or "Lik"="little." Formerly, perhaps, more than now, it was somewhat fashionable to name children after animals, as: Mr. Tiger, Mr. Leopard, Mr. Crab, though such names are by no means infrequent even now. Perhaps no names are more common than those for precious stones or ores, as: "Gold," "Silver," "Ruby," etc. Some Shan names are identical with Chinese names; for instance, "Lu" is a name that has been used for both Chinamen and Shans. Many names of places on the frontier are taken from the Chinese; so also on the Burmese side, names are freely borrowed from the Burmans.

Many names of places, like many names of persons, carry with them now no definite recognised meaning. It may be that they were the names given to the places by some alien race, before Shan occupation, and have been handed down from generation to generation without sense or significance, to the usurping race. In other cases new settlers seem to have given to their new village the name of their old home, perhaps in Western China, where the name had already lost any

definite meaning it may once have had. Another class of names is explained by some historic legend, as "Drum town," "Egret town," "Knife town." A legend that may be found in the Hsen-wi chronicle explains (but probably wrongly) why these places were so called. "Mong-nai"="Grandmother town" is explained by another such legend, according to which a bevy of old grand-dames lived in a cave near by. There are many names of this class. Another set of names is accounted for by some physical characteristic of the location, as "Crooked-Stream village," "At-the-head-of-the-valley village," or the name of a place may refer to some natural product, as "Silver-mountain village," "Copper-hill town." In this list would come Namkham, literally "Water-of-Gold" village. Another class of names is accounted for by the chief industry or occupation as "Pot village," "Rice-market village," "Mat village." Such names as "Bullock camp," near some pasture where traders are wont to turn out their bullocks to graze, are not infrequent. In other cases a large pagoda, a noted monastery, or a large bazaar may give the name to the local village. During the period of Burman dominance —the last three hundred years—many places on the Burman frontier were given Burman names, such as "Pyaung-gaung," "Wild Ox's Head village."



SPECIMEN OF SHAN WRITING.

CHAPTER XVIII

FOLK-LORE

SHAN folk-tales are occasionally of great length, and it is sometimes very difficult to follow the fortunes of the original hero and heroine, as the stories often drift away from them to follow the adventures of other characters. There are many tales within tales, in the manner of the "Arabian Nights." The first prince and princess may be left in distress, fighting against ogres or other supernatural beings, while a second hero and heroine—and perhaps a third—appear on the scene, surmounting difficulties, with the aid of magic harps, or bows, holy water, or flying horses. Occasionally short fables with morals are told, but the greater part of the stories have apparently no other object than to recount the adventures of different individuals, who are often kings and queens, princes and princesses.

Some of the tales may be found—with variations—all over the East; they often resemble the Jatakas, the Buddhist Birth Stories, but whether they reached the Shans through the medium of Buddhist missionaries, or are (more probably) of a much older date, is now difficult to say. The tales are full of ogres and ogresses, holy men and magic pools, of young men who are turned to stone, of old men who visit and bring gifts to newly born children, of princesses imprisoned in stockaded buildings, so that they may not see men, but yet who bear children, of countries where the earth, stones, trees, animals, and people are

red in colour, of others where the prevailing colour is blue or green. Many stories have for their hero a poor lad—generally an orphan, or he may have a blind mother—who carries home a lotus flower in which dwells a beautiful fairy. When the lad is at home, the fairy remains invisible in the flower, but when he is absent she acts as a "Brownie," cleans the house, and cooks his dinner. There are tales of great kites that eat men and make the heavens dark with their wings, and of other huge birds that swoop down upon sleeping princesses, carrying them to other lands. There are many tales of crocodiles, guardians of the waters, that go inland from the sea, and draw the waves behind them with their tails, the water remaining on the land as streams and rivers. A few of these stories are related here. Some of them were told me by the people and translated sentence by sentence by my servant, others were written for me by Shans, and afterwards translated by the Rev. W. W. Cochrane, and by Saya Maung Pan.

The Fisherman and his Wife

Once there lived a poor fisherman, who fell in love with a girl as poor as himself, but she was very wise. They married, and one day the girl went with her husband, to help him to set their nets in the river.

As they went, the fisherman said, "Wife, do you see that crow? It is very white."

She replied, "Yes, my lord, it *is* very white."

As they walked, an egret flew overhead, and he said, "Wife, do you see that egret? It is very black."

And she answered, "Yes, my lord, it is very black indeed."

Soon after they came to the river, and helped each other in sinking the nets. They worked together all day, and caught an immense number of fish, so many that they could not carry them all to their home.

From that day they prospered and grew rich. They had poor neighbours, who knew of their good fortune and envied them, so one day a poor man said to his wife, "Let us go fishing and do as our neighbours did: perhaps we also may have good luck."

So they went to the river. On the way a crow flew overhead, and the husband said, "Wife, do you see that crow? It is very white."

And the wife answered, "White! It is as black as a coal."

A few steps farther on their way they passed an egret, and he said, "Wife, do you see that egret? It is very black."

And the wife replied, "You old fool! Can you not see that it is perfectly white?" Thus they quarrelled incessantly. On reaching the stream, they toiled all day, but caught nothing.

The Hare and the Snail

Once upon a time a hare boasted that no one could beat him in a race. One day he met a water-snail, and said, "Will you race with me?"

But the snail answered: "No, for if you race with me you will altogether lose your reputation. I know that I can go quicker in water than you can run on land. I advise you not to try to run against me, for you will certainly lose."

The hare was angry, persisted in demanding that the race should be run, and said: "If I win I shall kill all your relations, but if you win I promise that I shall never again drink at a stream."

The snail consented to race, and it was agreed that the contest should take place next day. They decided that they would run from the mouth of the stream to its source. The snail immediately sent messages to all the other snails in the stream, telling them that they were to watch next day for the coming of the hare; it was arranged that if the hare asked any

questions, the snail immediately above him in the stream should answer.

Early in the morning the race began. The hare ran a little distance, then stopped, and called, "Snail! Snail! Where are you?"

The snail that was higher up in the stream answered: "I am here; run quickly, or you will lose the race."

The hare ran as fast as he could go, but whenever he stopped and called, a snail higher in the stream was always ready to answer. At last he gave up running, being perfectly exhausted. From that day hares do not talk, and they never go to river or pool, but drink the dew on the grass.

Different forms of this story are told all over the East. It is always the water-snail that wins the race, but its opponent is sometimes a bird, such as a king-crow, in the folk-tales of the Malay Peninsula.[1]

The Monkey and the Crocodile

Once, long ago, a crocodile lived with his wife in a great river. For some time they were happy, but a day came when the crocodile's wife thought herself ill. She said to her husband: "There is one thing that I fancy, that is the heart of a monkey. Get me the heart of a monkey to eat, or I shall die."

By the banks of the river were many trees, and in the trees lived many monkeys. So the crocodile went to the bank of the river, and as he lay in the sun watching the trees, he saw a monkey which seemed bolder than the others, as it jumped backwards and forwards, among the branches overhanging the water.

So the crocodile said: "Little monkey, why do you stay on this side of the river? On the other side there are bananas and mangoes, and many other beautiful fruits. If you jump on my back I shall take you across the river."

[1] "Fables and Folk-Tales," collected and translated by W. W. Skeat, M.A., M.R.A.S.

But the monkey answered: "You lie; there are not more there than there are here."

Every day the crocodile's wife grumbled, and every day the crocodile sunned himself on the bank and told the monkey the same tale. At last, because he heard the same story day after day, the monkey jumped on the back of the crocodile, and they began to cross the river. When half-way across, the crocodile began to sink.

And the monkey cried: "What are you doing? I am getting wet."

Then the crocodile told him that he had indeed lied, and that he was going to drown him, because his wife fancied that to eat the heart of a monkey would make her well. Then the monkey laughed and said: "If you wish to kill me, then kill me; but are you foolish enough to think that I carry my heart with me? Surely you know that our hearts are so heavy we rarely carry them with us; we always hang them on the branches, or put them into holes in the trees, as we could not otherwise jump so lightly. If, however, you are anxious to have a monkey's heart, put me on shore again, and I will bring you, not one, but two hearts, in a moment."

So the crocodile put him on shore; then the monkey brought him two figs, and the wife of the crocodile ate them, and, as she thought that she had eaten the hearts of monkeys, she was perfectly cured.

The King of the Doves

Once, in times gone by, the doves had a king, and they all lived far from men in the heart of the jungle. The dove-king was wise and good, and all creatures great and small loved him. The doves were happy, until a day came when one of them flew far down into the valley. When he returned, he told the others of great paddy lands where they might eat all day, and where there was great abundance of food. The wise dove-

king tried to show them how much better and happier they were in the jungle than in the open country.

He said: "Here, you know that you are happy, there, in the valley, who knows the dangers that await you?" But the doves would not listen. Next morning they flew to the paddy lands, and the dove-king was sad.

But he said: "They are my children, they are heedless and ignorant, I must follow them; perhaps I can save them."

Now, the foolish doves did not know that a great net had been spread, and when the evening came they found that they could not escape from its meshes. All day they had been eating or sleeping, and they did not see their king, but now, in terror, they cried to him, saying, "Oh king! Save us!" Then the king told them that he had been with them all the time, and now, unless they would obey him they should all die together. He showed them that the only way to escape was to act unitedly, at the same moment. So the king flew up against the net, the other doves obeyed, and followed him, and their flight was so strong that the net rose on their wings; thus they flew to their home in the jungle. They were, however, still prisoners under the net.

Now the king in his wisdom had always been friendly to a little mouse, so he called: "Oh! little mouse! come now and help me."

The mouse came, and when she saw that the net was great, she called all the jungle mice to help, and they gnawed, and gnawed, until the net was in little pieces, and the doves were free.

The Fairy and the Hunter

Once a chief forgot to make offerings to the spirits of the village and the jungle, so the spirits gathered themselves together, and went for advice to the great crocodile that guarded the land. Now, the great

crocodile governed the water springs and the clouds, and he listened to the complaints of the village spirits and the jungle spirits, and he promised that there should be drought in all the country. The first year no rain fell, but there were still rivers and lakes in the land. The second year there was no rain, and the lakes became pools, and the pools became dry land. When the third year began there was still no rain, and the horses, and cattle, and buffaloes died beside the dried-up water courses. Now, the chief sent for his soothsayer, and told him to calculate,[1] and see if his knowledge could discover the reason of the drought. The great wise man studied the heavens, then went to his chief and told him that the big crocodile prevented the rainfall. The chief became very hot in mind,[2] and his anger came out, and he ordered the great soothsayer to kill the crocodile. The wise man did not wish to go, but he knew that his chief would certainly kill him if he refused, so, taking his cross-bow with him, he walked, and walked, until he came to a lake, and in the lake was the crocodile. The soothsayer called and called, and the crocodile raised his head out of the water. Then the wise man shot an arrow into the eye of the crocodile. He then went back to his chief, who was not contented, but ordered him to return at once, and kill his enemy.

At this time the crocodile was very anxious and unhappy; he had already lost one eye, and knew that the wise man was returning. When he wondered what he should do, a hunter came to the lake looking for game; and the crocodile said: "Oh, brother hunter, can you save my life?"

And the hunter answered, "I can."

So the crocodile made a promise, saying, "If you can save me from the wise man I shall give you all that you desire."

When the soothsayer returned to the lake the hunter took his cross-bow and killed him with an

[1] From the stars. [2] Angry.

arrow, and threw his body into the lake. So the crocodile still lived.

Some time after this seven fairies came down to bathe in the lake. Their home was in the silver mountain in heaven. When the hunter saw them he longed to catch the youngest sister, who was very beautiful.

So he went to the crocodile, and said: "Oh, crocodile! I wish to take the youngest fairy from the silver mountain. What must I do?"

"Oh, faithful brother hunter," said the crocodile, "do not be anxious; you shall have your wish."

Now, the fairies had returned to heaven, but the crocodile gave the hunter a rope of precious stones, and instructed him that when they came again to bathe in the lake he should throw the rope round them. The hunter did as the crocodile told him, and threw the rope over the fairies, and caught them all. They wept when they found that they were prisoners, and begged the hunter to release them, but he refused.

Then they said: "Take our eldest sister, and let the rest of us go."

But he refused.

Then they said: "Take our middle sister, and let the rest of us go."

But he again refused, saying: "I will have the youngest only."

So at last they gave him the little sister, and with great sorrow they said good-bye, putting their arms round her neck, and with a longing not to go, they flew away to heaven.

The youngest sister went with the hunter, but her mind could not be happy. She said to herself: "What shall I do in the world of men?"

When she arrived at the house of the hunter, he tied her to the house-post, in the middle of the entrance-room, and the rays of light which came from her body made the night seem as the day. The hunter's wife

offered rice to the fairy, but she would not eat; she brought water to her, but she would not drink; she spoke to her, but she did not answer, and she feared greatly because of the brilliant light that filled the house. The hunter too was afraid. He consulted with his wife, and then he brought the fairy to the palace, and gave her to the son of the king. At first she was very sad, but her husband's love was greater than the sun; it was so great that she forgot her sisters and her home on the silver mountain.

The Story of the Squirrel

When Prince Gautama was disheartened in his search for the Truth, and thought of returning to his palace, Sakya, king of the spirits of the air, took the form of a squirrel, which was trying to drain a big lake by dipping its tail in the water and shaking the water off on the land.

When the Prince saw the squirrel he said: "Little squirrel, what are you doing?"

The squirrel answered: "I am trying to drain the lake."

The Prince said: "How can you drain the water by dipping your tail into it and shaking it on the shore? The lake is so great, and your tail is so small."

Then the squirrel answered: "I am not like Prince Gautama, who is easily discouraged. He wishes to return to his palace because he thinks that he cannot find the Truth, when he has only sought it in a wood for a short time."

Then the Prince, feeling ashamed, returned to his search, and never ceased seeking till he became the Buddha, the Enlightened One.

The above story is Indian as well as Shan, Hindu as well as Buddhist. In the Hindu versions Sakya becomes the god Vishnu, who, when he sees its perseverance, rescues a squirrel that is on a submerged palm-tree.

The Story of Twelve Sisters[1]

In times gone by there lived in a great forest twelve maidens, the daughters of one man. One day a tank in the forest dried up, and the sisters went to catch the fish that were stranded in the mud. Each sister caught one fish. In those days there were no monks, as the religion (Buddhism) had not reached the land, but there were holy men who tried to seek for the Truth, and one of them, when wandering through the forest, taught the sisters that they should not take life. The maidens did not heed his teachings, but eleven of them killed the fish that they had caught by passing a string through the eyes of each. The youngest sister, however, decided that she would not kill her fish, but keep it alive in a jar of water as a plaything, so she passed the string through one eye only, as she did not wish it to die.

Some years afterwards the sisters died and were reborn as the children of a village headman. When they grew up, the headman, wishing to please the King, gave him his twelve daughters as a present. The King accepted them and brought them to the palace, where they lived happily as the wives of the great man.

It so happened that in the country of the ogres[2] there was a famine. Travellers often lost their way, and, wandering into the unknown country, became the prisoners of the ogres, who devoured them. For some time no travellers had passed near the ogres' country, and their long tusks began to be loose in their mouths, the result of having no human flesh to eat. When the tusks were loosened in their mouths and fell out, the

[1] Sometimes seven is the number.

[2] Ogres had supernatural powers; they were taller and stronger than men, and had long eye-teeth like tusks, larger than those of a tiger. Their hair was curly and their complexions dark. It is thought that they may have been the original inhabitants of the country, Negritoes, who were probably cannibals.

ogres became as men. The ogre King sought advice from his favourite wife, so that he might not lose his teeth. The ogress Queen, who was hideously ugly, with long teeth like those of her husband, promised to send him some food. She bathed herself in a magic pool, where fell the waters of a charmed spring. After bathing she became transformed into a most beautiful girl, and appeared to be about seventeen years of age. In this form she came to the country of men, to the village where lived the headman, who was father of the twelve wives of the King, and she lodged in the house of a widow. Now, the ogress Queen was so fair to look upon that all the youths of the place wished to marry her, and they besieged the widow's house. But the headman laughed at them all, as the girl's beauty was such that he thought that she would be a fitting wife for the King, being too lovely for any one else. So he brought her to the palace and she became the favourite wife of the King.

The twelve sisters were not pleased, and they became very jealous, quarrelling all the time with the new wife. The ogress Queen sat still and considered the matter, for she knew that she must work secretly, as in open fight against the twelve she should certainly lose. So one night she stole one eye from the youngest sister, and both eyes from all the rest; then, by exerting her powers on the fibres of the world she made it contract, so that the ogre country came quite near her. She then carried the eyes to the ogre's palace, and put them in one of the twelve compartments of the garden, then she returned to her bed before the breaking of the dawn. The sisters were still asleep, as when she stole their eyes she did not wake them, so she roused the King (being his favourite wife she knew that he would not be angry with her), and told him that they were witches, and that in their longing for human flesh, which they could not get, they had taken out and eaten their own eyes. The King was horrified,

and seeing that they were indeed blind, he at once ordered them to leave the palace and the village, and so it was done.

Beyond the village were no houses or huts, so the sisters took refuge in a great cave, in a rock. This cave was divided into twelve compartments. The youngest sister, who could see, as she had still one eye, went daily into the forest and brought back roots, also fruits and nuts for herself and the others; but after a time her sisters were not contented, but longed for meat, so they made a dreadful compact with each other that, if any babies were born to them, these they would eat. Thus, as one baby after another was born, it was killed and devoured.

At last the baby of the youngest sister was born, and she saved it in this way. When she had received her share of the other slaughtered infants, she had hidden the portions, but had not eaten them, and when her own child was born, she gave to her sisters these portions of their own children, so they were satisfied and asked no questions. Her child was easy to hide, as it was never known to cry. For seven days the mother nursed her baby, and she was fed by twelve sparrows, each sparrow bringing three times a day seven ears of paddy. On the seventh day came holy men, and they touched the child with magic wands, and at once he became a tall and beautiful youth, who appeared to be about fifteen years of age. The child was really an embryo Buddha, so all creatures reverenced him.

Sakya, the king of the spirits, also came, and gave him a magic "mak-nim,"[1] cut out of sambher horn. For this reason when he went to the village and played against the other village boys he always won, until he had taken all their beans. The other boys tried to buy them again; at first he refused to sell, but afterwards he bargained in this way. He said that he would give back all the beans if the boys brought

[1] See p. 61.

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CHILDREN PLAYING AT "MAK-NIM,"

p. 232]

him twelve portions of rice, twelve of curry, and twelve gourds full of water.

This strange request came to the ears of the King, who had heard of the cleverness and beauty of the lad, also that he would take no money, and as the demand had been for twelve portions of rice, twelve of curry, and twelve gourds of water, he began to remember with kindness his twelve wives, and ordered that the youth should be brought to the palace. The boy came, and he played against the King, and against his Ministers, and as he always played with his magic bean, he always won. He would, however, take no money,[1] but made the same request for twelve portions of rice, twelve of curry, and twelve gourds of water. These were given to him every day, and he carried them to his mother and to her sisters. The King grew so fond of the lad that he dressed him in beautiful clothes, gave him the title of Prince, and kept him in the palace.

Now when the ogress Queen heard of the cleverness of the lad, and that he always asked for twelve portions of rice and curry, and twelve gourds of water, she was afraid, because she guessed that he was the son of the youngest sister. She had hoped that the twelve wives of the King were dead, but now she knew that they were still alive, so she was anxious and troubled. She plotted therefore against the lad, and said to him: "You are now a young prince, but you have no education; you are no better than a poor village boy. I shall give you a letter to my father, who is a powerful king, and, in my country, you may acquire such learning as befits a young prince." The ogress Queen then wrote a letter on beaten hemp, and tied it round the lad's neck. He could not read, so did not know that she had written to her husband, "You may kill and eat this boy; you may devour him from head to foot, so that one atom of him be not left." She told the lad

[1] Buddhist monks ought not to touch money, and the lad was an embryo Buddha.

that she had asked her father to give him a good education, to receive him as a young prince, and give him presents of elephants. Then away he went riding.

He rode first to the forests of the Himalayas, and halted outside the cave of a hermit, then, being very tired, lay down and slept. The hermit, too, was sleeping, but, as he was a very holy man, his senses told him[1] that the lad was near; so he went out from the house, and saw him sleeping on the ground. He noticed that a letter was hanging from a cord round his neck, so, kneeling down, he gently opened it, then read it, for, being a holy man, he could read and speak all languages. When he discovered that the letter was to the ogre King, instructing him to kill and eat the lad, he felt very sad, for he saw that he was young and beautiful, so he wrote another letter, saying that as soon as the Prince had reached the ogre country he was to be married to the daughter of the King, and have every honour.

When the Prince awoke he continued his journey, knowing nothing of the changed letters. In time he reached his destination, and was at once surrounded by ogres, who would have killed him; but he showed his letter, and, when they saw to whom it was addressed, they brought him to the palace. The King read the letter, and, according to its instructions, told the Prince that he would give him his daughter to be his wife. First of all, so that he might not be made afraid by their terrible appearance, the King and all his court, and his daughter, bathed in the magic pool; thus, when the Prince saw them, they seemed like beautiful men and women. According to custom, the ogre King gave up his throne, making his new son-in-law king for the space of seven days.

Surrounding the palace was a wonderful garden, divided into twelve parts. There was one for flowers, one for trees, one for fountains, and one for still pools of water, where grew pink and white and blue lotus-

[1] Literally, "He smelt that the lad was near."

flowers, and one was for wild beasts; I cannot tell you about the other divisions, but I know that there were twelve, and in each division there hung a marvellous thing. In one was the urn of life, containing the breath of life of all the ogres; in another was a wonderful great bow, the bow-string being formed of the fibres of all the ogres, and when any ogre was in danger the bow-string became taut, so that every ogre knew that something was wrong. In another part of the garden was a magical flower, which, if it were thrown to the ground, had the power of raising up three great mountains; in another was a still more wonderful flower, that could raise up seven mountains high as the Himalayas; a third flower had the power of producing the fire that is in the underworld—a fire so fierce that it could consume armies. There was also a magic root—if any one bathed his eyes with water that had been poured over it, he would know the Truth, and if any one pretended to be any other than he was, eyes washed with the magic water could see through any pretence or disguise. There was also a flying horse, with magic stirrups, which could carry its rider wherever he wished to go.

Now, rambling with his bride in the garden, the Prince noted all these things, and, as his ogre wife loved him for his beauty, she told him everything. She even showed him the magic pool, telling him that if the blind bathed their eyes with the water their sight would be restored. The ogress was very young and simple; she even told the Prince that all the people round him were of the ogre family. She loved him so much that she hid nothing from him.

Then the Prince thought, and thought, but, being wise, said nothing. As they walked in the garden they came to a great marble slab, which was covered with a wonderful moss of many colours, like the softest carpet. They rested on this beautiful seat, and when the ogress slept the Prince rose up softly, and, going from one compartment of the garden to

another, he collected all the eyes. He also took the other marvellous things—the flowers and the bow, also some water from the pool; he mounted the flying horse, then putting his feet into the magic stirrups, hastened to return to his own country.

When the ogress awoke she missed her husband, and she ran from one compartment of the garden to another searching for him. At first she only saw that he was not there, but soon noticed that the magic things and the horse had also disappeared. She then knew that he had left her; and, because she loved him so much, the garden became a desert to her. She determined to follow him; threw off her woman's form, and, turning herself again into an ogress, gave chase. The flying horse went fast, but she went even faster, so that she overtook the Prince, and, as she came near him, she called to him, saying, "Take your little sister with you."[1]

But he answered: "I cannot take you; go back to your father."

She called to him again: "How can I leave you? In life and in death I must follow you."

Then he turned and dropped the first flower, and three great mountains rose up between them; but the ogre Princess overcame the three great mountains, and still followed. Then he dropped the second flower, and seven enormous mountains, high as the Himalayas, separated them; but she overcame them also, and still followed. Then he implored her to return, telling her that if she still persisted in following him she would surely die; but still she followed. So he dropped the third flower, and all the land between them became a raging fire.

Then, crying, "The love in my breast is hotter than any fire!" she rushed into the flames; but she could not pass through them, and so perished miserably.

At last the Prince came safely to his home, but he

[1] Husbands and wives among the Shans address each other as "brother" and "sister."

only paused at the palace to greet the King, then he went to the cave, to his mother. He washed all the eyes with the magic water, and gave them again to his mother and her sisters, and they were no longer blind, but saw as they had seen before their eyes were stolen. Then the Prince returned again to the King, and told him all his tale; he also told him that his chief Queen was really an ogress. The King was very angry that his beautiful wife should be called by such a name, so the Prince touched the King's eyes with water that he had poured over the magic root.

Now, the Queen was sleeping in a room which was twelve cubits in length, and when the King raised the curtain to enter, he stopped, horrified, on the threshold. There before him he saw sleeping a horrible ogress, so great in size that she lay quite crumpled up, as she more than filled the room.

The King, terrified, exclaimed: "Oh, my son! Save me from her! My head, my heart, my body is empty with fear."

The Prince took the magic bow, and pulled the string, and immediately the ogress awoke, and as he drew the bow-string still tighter she threw herself on the ground in convulsions, in an agony of pain and terror. The Prince took the urn and dashed it to the ground; then, as it broke, the breath of life of the ogress went forth. So not only she died, but all the other ogres died too, and one may go for miles and miles and never meet an ogre.

Then the King called to his servants, saying, "Go; carry her forth, and bury her in the valley that is beyond the village."

It so happened that, as she was immense, they cut her in pieces, then carried her out, and still they carried, until her bones filled the valley, and the valley became a mountain. There was a lake in the valley, and when they threw her head into it, it became an island. Then the King took again his twelve wives and knew that the Prince was his son.

The Princess in the Tower

There once lived a king, lord of the golden palace. He had only one child, a daughter, who was wonderfully beautiful. The King determined that no one should marry her, so he built a new palace, surrounded by a great stockade, and in the palace he placed the Princess. Her home was very beautiful; the carved roof was supported by great pillars, painted gold and red, and there were many lovely maidens to wait on her, but no man except the King might enter the gate.

One night, Sakya[1] came down from heaven and brought with him a disembodied spirit, the soul of a baby boy. He intended to give it to the Queen, and it was a very precious soul, as, after many and many reincarnations, it would become a great Buddha. So the Spirit King carried it gently, and before entering he listened outside the door of the bedroom of the King and Queen. They were not asleep, indeed they were having a bitter quarrel. The Spirit King felt that they did not deserve so good a child, so he left the palace and flew to the top of the stockade which surrounded the palace of the Princess. There he listened to two maidens who were talking of the beauty and goodness of the young Princess, so he flew into the palace where she lay sleeping, and gave the soul to her, without waking her.

Months went by, then the King heard that a child should be born to his daughter. In vain she protested that she was innocent and had seen no man; the King would not believe her, but drove her from the palace into the jungle. The poor young Princess had never walked on a rough road, and the soles of her little feet were tender and pink as lotus flowers. She wandered through the great jungle, but no beast hurt her; the monkeys dropped fruit from the trees as she passed, the doves brought grain to her, and when she slept all the jungle beasts were silent, so that no

[1] King of the spirits of the air.

noise should wake her. At last she came to the cave of a hermit, where her baby was born.

There are different versions for the end of this story, but in each the baby boy grows into a strong and brave man in the jungle, and finally becomes king after his grandfather.

The Ass and the Lion

There was once a lion who, wishing to catch a deer in the jungle, asked an ass to go with him.

The ass was very pleased, as he felt that it was a great honour to walk with the lion, and he said to himself: "If I pass my brothers I shall pretend that I do not see them."

Soon they met some donkeys, and they spoke to the ass, who answered: "Who are you? I do not know you."

Then the others said: "Though you go with a lion you, like us, are an ass."

Any one who forgets his poor brothers when he is rich, is just the same as an ass.

The Crafty Lad

Once there lived a poor lad, who was an orphan. He had no rice to eat, and lived on the little fish that he found in streams. One day he searched all day, but found only one little frog. He put it into his bag, and went to a village. Some people asked him to come into their house.

But he said: "I am afraid that your fowls will eat my little frog."

They laughed and said: "If they do eat it, we shall pay for the damage." So he went into the house.

When no one saw him he placed the frog on the floor, and a big cock ran after it, picked it up, and ate it. The boy pretended to be very angry, so they gave him the cock, to make up for the loss of the little frog. He

took it and went to another village, to a house where there was a dead man. The relations of the dead man said that he might sleep in their house.

But he answered: "No; I am afraid that your dead man will eat my fowl."

They all laughed and said: "If our dead man eats anything, we shall pay you whatever you ask."

Towards morning the watchers slept, so he rose quietly and killed the cock, put the blood and feathers on the face of the dead man, and buried the body of the cock in the earth. Then he lay down again.

In the morning, when they all awoke, he began to search for his fowl. The people, too, searched all day, but could not find it, but they found feathers and blood on the dead man's body and in his mouth. The lad pretended to be very angry, and threatened to tell the chief. The people were much afraid, and offered him silver and gold to go away and say nothing.

But he answered: "I shall only keep the secret if you give me the body of the dead man."

They gave it to him, and he carried it to another village, where elephants were kept. The people in the first house invited him to sleep in the stable of the elephants.

But he refused, saying: "No; for they may trample on my sick man."

He knew that one of the elephants was white, so he desired greatly to possess it.

The village people laughed at him, saying that he should have no fear. So he entered the stable.

When it was night and the people of the village were sleeping, he rose up softly and placed the body near the white elephant, which crushed it under foot. When morning came the owner of the elephants was horrified to find the dead body. The lad, too, pretended to be very angry. Then the owner of the elephants promised him many presents if he told no one. However, he said that he would keep silence on one

condition only, that was if they gave him the white elephant. So they allowed him to lead it away, and from that day all his affairs prospered.

The Story of a Poor Boy

Once a poor boy lived with his blind mother. He was a good boy, doing no evil deeds, thinking no evil thoughts. Each day he tried to find work, or beg for food for the poor blind woman; and one day he came to the palace. There he found every one in great distress, because an evil spirit had threatened to invade the country. Every moment messengers arrived bringing tidings of the havoc that the evil spirit had wrought, and telling how all men fell before him. When the boy heard it he said: "Oh, King! may your mind remain calm and cool! Give me a knife, and I shall kill the evil one."

They gave him a knife. Then he ran from the city to meet the evil spirit, who, when he saw him, cried: "Come, and I shall eat you!"

But the boy, undismayed, ran forward, knife in hand, and his goodness was so great that the spirit could not touch him; so he pierced the enemy of men to the heart, making an end of him. Then the people of the whole country rejoiced greatly, and the King made the boy a governor over a province.

The Husband who Lost his Wife and Children

Long ago there lived a husband and wife, with their two sons. In their country there was a great famine, so they wandered through the jungle, trying to find food, but even the roots and fruits had failed; they wandered far in seeking; the parents lost the children, and the husband lost his wife. Many days passed, and the man lay down at the edge of the forest, weary and greatly discouraged.

At that time the land was governed by no king

and the people could not agree among themselves who should be their ruler. At last they harnessed two oxen to a cart, and said: "If the oxen stop beside a man, we shall choose him to be our king."

So the oxen went and went, the people following behind, till at last they stood still beside the sleeping man. The people sat on the ground beside him till he awoke. Then they said: "You are our lord; may it please you to rise and follow us?"

The man, astonished, said: "What do you wish?"

They answered: "We have no king; we hope that you, our lord, will be our king."

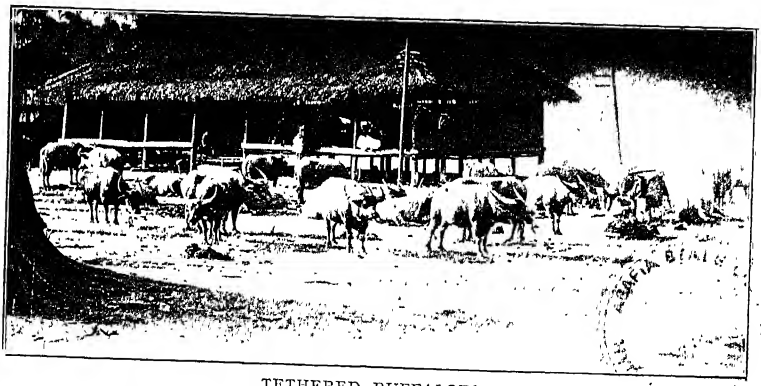
So the man rose, and, entering the cart, was taken to the palace. Although he was now a king he felt sad, for he could hear nothing of his wife and children. After a few days he sent messages to all the people, far and near, to come to a great feast. When the day came he went down among the people, searching for his wife and children; and at last he found them in the crowd. Putting their arms round each other they wept for joy. After that they lived happily, and the two sons became rulers of provinces.

The Tiger and the Mischievous Hare

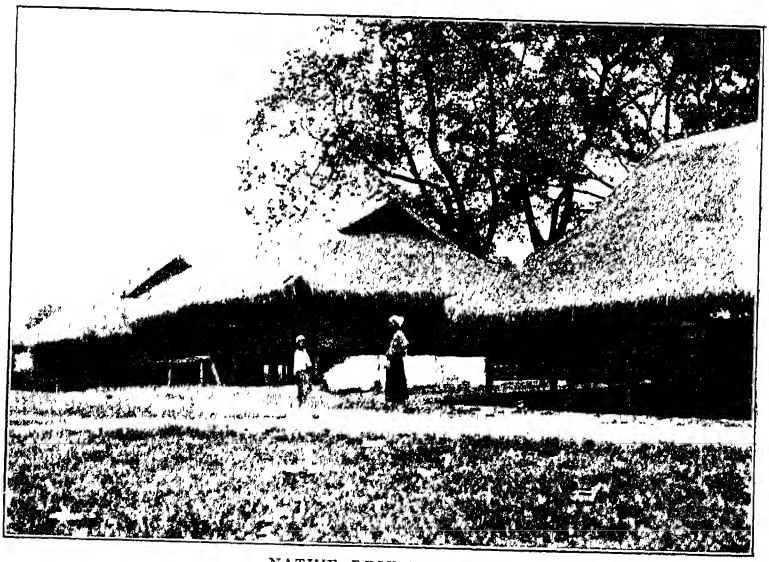
In ancient times a hare and a tiger were friends. They were not really friends, for it was only pretence on the part of the hare. One day the hare said: "Oh, tiger! it is not good that we should always live in the open. We have no dwelling-place; let us try to build a little hut. To-morrow, if we cut grass for thatch, it will be good."

The tiger answered: "Well, if our minds are alike, anything that we do together will certainly be successful."

Early next morning they put rice and curry into green leaves, then, taking with them knives and sickles, they entered the great forest. All day they cut the grass that grew beside the jungle streams;



TETHERED BUFFALOES.



NATIVE REST-HOUSES.

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then, in the evening, they prepared their bundles for thatching, fastening them to their shoulders. Then they started for home. On the way the hare told a lie. He said: "Oh, friend tiger! I am not feeling well. I can go no farther with my bundle of grass."

The tiger thought that the hare had fever, so he said kindly: "Mount on my back with your bundle of grass."

So he jumped on the back of the tiger. After a little while the hare, out of mischief, set fire to the grass on the back of the tiger. This he did by striking flint on iron. The tiger heard the sound, and asked, "What are you doing?"

The hare replied: "I have ague; the sound that you hear is the chattering of my teeth."

Thus the mischievous hare set the grass alight, then jumped down and ran away. The blazing grass gave the tiger so much pain that he ran north and then south, he ran east and then west, not knowing what to do. First he rushed to a cow, asking her, "What shall I do to put out the fire?"

And the cow said: "Oh, tiger! run up to the mountain."

But the burning grass still blazed fiercely. So he ran down again in great distress, and met a buffalo, and the buffalo said: "To go into the water, that is good; you may mount on my back, and I shall carry you into the lake."

So the kind buffalo went to the east, to the waters of the lake, carrying the tiger. Then the fire was soon extinguished in the water. The tiger said: "Oh, buffalo! if it had not been for you I should have died."

One can still see the marks on the necks of buffaloes where the tiger clung with his claws, and all tigers' skins are still striped with brown from the marks of the burning grass. Tigers still try to kill cows and their calves, but they do not touch buffaloes.

Now, the tiger was raging against the hare, and sought for him everywhere. The hare was terrified,

and ran away till he was exhausted, then sat to rest under a swarm of large bees, which were hanging from the branch of a tree. The tiger came bounding towards him, and said: "Now, hare, I shall kill you."

The hare answered: "I did not burn you. I fell off your back, and have sat here ever since. I am taking care of my grandfather's gong, which is hanging in that tree."

The tiger said: "May I strike your grandfather's gong, to know if it sounds well or not?"

The hare said: "I cannot allow you to strike it, for my grandfather will be angry with me."

But the tiger answered: "I shall touch it very gently; your grandfather will not hear, so he cannot be angry with you."

Then the hare said: "Strike, if you will, but let me run away first, so that my grandfather may not come to catch me."

He ran away. Then the tiger struck the big swarm of bees with his paw, and the bees fell on him in hundreds and stung him dreadfully on his face. Their stings caused the brown marks on the face of the tiger which all tigers have to this day. Then the tiger was still more angry with the hare, and followed him to kill him. . . .

After many adventures, in which the tiger is always cheated by the hare, the latter falls into a paddy-hole, but escapes by jumping first on the tiger (who has followed him into the hole), then from the tiger's head into safety, leaving the tiger to die.

The Princess Hsa-pu-te-hsa of the Silver Mountain

Once upon a time there lived two brothers; the elder, Hpun-ka-lit, was a king, the younger was named Kap-pa-ra, and Prince Kap-pa-ra had a friend named Ka-hseng.

At that time on a certain night Sakya, king of the

spirits, came down to earth and gave the older brother a dream. He said: "There lives at the foot of the Silver Mountain a most lovely princess, Hsa-pu-te-hsa by name. If you try to find her you will not succeed, but if you send your brother he will bring her to you to be your wife."

The Spirit King then departed.

When Hpun-ka-lit awoke he went to Prince Kap-pa-ra and said: "I have had a dream, and in my dream the great lord Sakya came to me and told me that at the foot of the Silver Mountain a beautiful princess lives, and he said to me, 'Tell your brother to go to get her for you.'"

Kap-pa-ra, on hearing this, said to his brother: "Very well, my brother, I shall go at once."

He then called his friend Ka-hseng, and they started on their journey. On their way they came to the abode of a hermit, who invited them to come into his cell, saying: "Are you well? Where do you live? Whence do you come? Whither do you go?"[1]

Kap-pa-ra replied: "We come from a far country and are going to the foot of the Silver Mountain to take a princess for my brother."

The hermit replied: "The foot of that mountain is far." Then, giving them instructions how to proceed, he sent them away.

They came long after to the abode of another hermit, who was very old. They did him reverence, and addressing him said: "How far are we now from the foot of the Silver Mountain?"

The hermit answered: "There still remains a journey of three days," and, warning them, he said: "Many have gone in times past, but none have ever returned."

Kap-pa-ra replied: "Never mind"; and, paying his respects to the hermit, went on his way.

When they drew near the mountain it loomed high before them, and was exceedingly beautiful. Music

[1] This is the usual Shan greeting to a stranger.

issued therefrom, the sound of drums and stringed instruments of great sweetness.

The Prince and his friend were weary, and rested there. When they were resting, Sakya came down in the form of an old man, bringing with him a bottle of holy water. Drawing near, he said: "My children, I have here magic water of marvellous power; take it with you, sprinkle it on the dead and they will live again."

Kap-pa-ra thanked him, took the bottle, placing it in his bag. They then continued their way to the foot of the mountain. When they drew near the palace of the Princess they saw her maidens, who were more beautiful than can be said or shown.

Kap-pa-ra said to Ka-hseng: "If the maidens are so lovely, the beauty of their Princess must be incomparable."

The maidens, talking among themselves, also said: "That young man is beautiful; he would indeed be a suitable husband for our Princess. It would be fitting to present him to her, but if Hsa-pu-te-hsa looks upon him we fear that he will die."

The Prince and his friend overheard the girls talking, and addressing them said: "Ladies, if your Princess is so beautiful, even if we die we would see her."

The maidens answered: "If such be the pleasure of the Princess, and if you wish it too, it is well."

Hsa-pu-te-hsa herself overheard the conversation, and, delighted with his voice, said to herself: "His voice is sweet to my ear." And she whispered to the spirits: "Do not cause him to die!"

She then opened her window, and as she peeped out, Kap-pa-ra saw her and fainted.

His friend said: "Be careful; don't be excited; have courage."

Hsa-pu-te-hsa said to herself: "He shall indeed be my husband, and, calling them, she said: "Come up into my palace."

When the Prince heard her voice he was so confused

he hardly knew if he stood on his head or his feet, because of her beauty. He said to his friend: "I am not my brother, I myself am here. Whatever befalls, I should like her for myself."

But Ka-hseng replied: "Be careful; remember she is not for you, she is for your elder brother."

They then ascended into the palace.

The Princess prepared a place for them to sit, and placed before them the water gourd and the betel-box. Then she inquired after their health.

Kap-pa-ra, addressing Hsa-pu-te-hsa, said: "Is the Princess well?"

She answered: "What is your mission here? Where do you live?"

The Prince replied: "My brother, King Hpung-ka-lit, lives in a far country. Having heard that you are very beautiful, he has sent me to ask you to be his wife. I am not he."

The Princess answered: "You are at least his friend, having come hither. In former times, whenever a prince came to ask me in marriage, if I but looked upon him he died."

Kap-pa-ra asked: "And where are all the dead princes?"

She said: "They are by the stone stairway, and themselves are turned to stone."

The Prince, taking the water of magic power, poured it on the stones, and they all became men again.

Returning to life, they prostrated themselves before him, saying, "Our lord is as the king of the spirits in coming to deliver us from the guilt which turned us to stone."

One of them said: "I was the king of the serpent country; in return for your kindness I shall bring and present to you one of my daughters to be your wife," and he departed to his country.

Another said: "I am king of the roc country; because of your kindness I also shall repay you," and he departed.

Then Hsa-pu-te-hsa spoke and said: "You are come to take me to your brother to be his queen. I fear that he will not love me."

The Prince answered: "It is because of his love that he sent me."

She replied: "If it be so, it is well."

After two days the serpent-king returned with his daughter, the serpent-princess, and gave her to Kap-pa-ra as he had promised.

The king of the roc country also gave him a beautiful daughter, and said: "May you and your country of men, and we and our country of the rocs become allies, and may the relations between our two countries be mutually trustful."

Then the Prince said: "My country is far; let us return to it."

He took with him Hsa-pu-te-hsa, who was to be his elder brother's wife, and his own two wives; and in order that he might not be afraid, the Lord Sakya came down again and gave him a magic bow and arrows.

On the journey the Prince took very great care of the Princess, so that she should not be low-spirited. On their way they stopped to rest at the abodes of hermits.

At this time there lived an ogress. One day she assumed the form of a beautiful doe, and wandered, grazing, near the palace of Hpung-ka-lit. The palace servants ran to tell the King, as he was a mighty hunter, and saddling his horse he took a bow and started in pursuit.

When he overtook the doe he saw that she was very beautiful, so he determined to follow her, to try to take her alive. She led him on and on into the wilderness and there disappeared from view. She quickly changed her form into that of a lovely woman, and when the King saw her he asked her: "What are you?"

She answered: "I am a woman of the race of men."

Hpung-ka-lit was suspicious, and at first said in his

heart: "She may be an ogress; because my glory is great the ogres are envious, and they may have sent her to me to bewitch me. However, as she was very beautiful, he spoke gently to her, saying: "Little sister, if you are really of the race of men, I and my younger brother live together in the palace. Come with me to visit us."

Thus calling her, he brought her to his home and took her to be one of his wives. While they were still living happily together Kap-pa-ra arrived, bringing the Princess of the Silver Mountain and his own two wives. On their arrival the Prince presented Hsa-pu-te-hsa to the King, who was very glad, because the Princess was even more beautiful than his ogress wife, and he made her his chief queen.

While Hpung-ka-lit and Hsa-pu-te-hsa were rejoicing together, the ogress thought in her heart and said to herself: "He no longer loves me, therefore when he speaks to me again I shall try to persuade him to banish this new wife"; so when he came to her part of the palace she appeared to be very sorrowful, saying, "Put your foot upon your servant's head," and she wept. The King asked her why she was sorrowful. At first she said nothing, then she said: "That princess whom you have made your chief queen is, you think, very good, but when it is night, watch her." Then she told him that Kap-pa-ra and Hsa-pu-te-hsa loved each other.

The King said: "If it be so, then I shall watch."

The young Prince knew nothing of this, as he was in his own house at the time, but at night the ogress took his form and came from the door of the Queen's apartment. The King saw her, but supposing that he saw his brother, he commanded his guards that they should go to Kap-pa-ra's house in the palace gardens and arrest him.

When they came to take him, the two wives of the young Prince said: "Our husband has been with us all night; it is not right to take him to prison."

They fled to their own countries in order that they might return with armies to deliver their husband.

Queen Hsa-pu-te-hsa was stricken with grief, because she knew that she was innocent, and she fled into the wilderness. Sakya saw her there, and having compassion on her, brought her a musical instrument with two strings and said: "If any one is ill, tighten one string and loosen the other, and he will recover." He also said, "When you greatly desire anything, think of it and play on this 'ting,'[1] and it shall come to pass."

Queen Hsa-pu-te-hsa made obeisance to Sakya and, taking the musical instrument, went to a country named Hpa-wa-hti. The old king of that country was very ill, suffering from a bad headache. Although his wise men studied the stars every night and all night, their skill could not make him well. He therefore made a proclamation, that if he should be cured by a woman he would make her his queen, and that if a man should cure him he would grant all his requests.

Hsa-pu-te-hsa went to the palace, and told the servants that she was sure that she could cure the King. His servants told him of the strange woman, and he was in such distress that he ordered that she should be brought before him. She did as Sakya said, tightened one string of the "ting" and loosened the other. So the King became perfectly cured.

The King then, looking at her, said: "Shall I take her as my queen? She would only be as a daughter to me."

He therefore gave commands that, as she was very beautiful and young, she should be kept as one of his daughters; thus she went to live with the maidens in the palace.

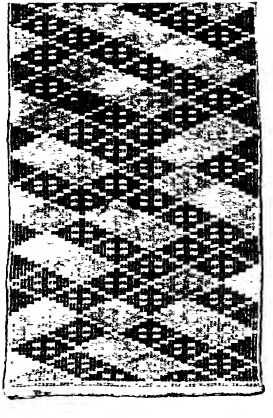
At that time prince Kap-pa-ra, in prison, was very sorrowful. One day Sakya came down, opened the prison, and set him free.

Sakya also went to the Hpung-ka-lit, and said: "Where is your brother?"

[1] A kind of harp.

1

2



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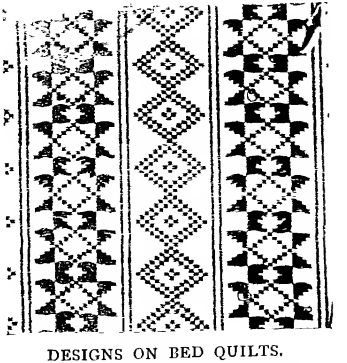

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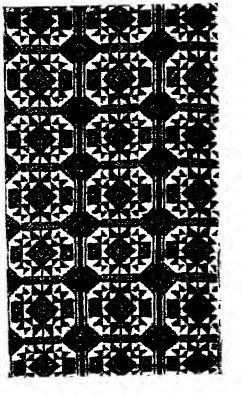

5

DESIGNS ON BED QUILTS.

1 AND 2 IN BLACK, WHITE, AND RED; 3 AND 5 BLACK AND WHITE; 4 IN VARIOUS COLOURS.

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He answered: "He is in that prison."

But Sakya said: "He is not there. Where is he? Why did you imprison him? What evil had he done?"

Hpung-ka-lit replied: "The king of the spirits sent me a dream, telling me of a beautiful princess, and I sent my brother for her, but after he had brought her to me he did evil. So I put him in prison."

And Sakya answered: "You have taken for your wife an ogress, and, believing her words, you thought not to put away your queen, because of her great beauty, but threw your younger brother into prison instead, intending to put him to death. Here is your ogress wife: look at her carefully." Then the king of the spirits made the ogress appear before his eyes. And when the King saw that she was not a woman, he was very much afraid, and said: "I have erred greatly."

Sakya then drew his two-edged sword, and cut off the head of the ogress. Her head fell in one place, and her body in another.

The King, trembling with fear, said: "I have sinned greatly. I will go and seek Hsa-pu-te-hsa, who has fled."

Sakya gave him a small musical instrument, and he pursued after his beautiful queen. Going far, he became weary, and when lying in the shade of a tree he played sweet music. Then all the birds and animals came to listen. The son of the King of Hpa-wa-hti came through the air, riding astride on a magic bow. Hearing the sounds, and seeing the beasts and birds, he looked down to earth, and saw the King.

Descending, he asked him: "Friend, whence do you come?"

The King answered: "I come from my own country, and am going towards the foot of the Silver Mountain."

The King's son said: "Come first with me." So they went together, becoming great friends. When they arrived at the country of Hpa-wa-hti the King played on his musical instrument.

Hsa-pu-te-hsa and the maidens heard him playing, and they said to each other: "Who can it be who plays so beautifully?"

And some one answered: "The king of another country, a stranger, has come and is playing."

One of the princesses called an attendant, and said: "If he knows how to play music, send him to us, as Hsa-pu-te-hsa and he might play together."

The attendant went to the King, and asked if the stranger might be permitted to come to the princesses.

Permission having been given, a pavilion was erected, with two platforms, one for men and one for women. The princesses all dressed themselves beautifully, and came with their maidens. King Hpung-ka-lit looked at them, and when he saw his Hsa-pu-te-hsa among them he was much surprised and glad.

Presently the son of the King of Hpa-wa-hti also saw her, and said: "Do you see that beautiful girl over there? I must ask my father to give her to me."

King Hpung-ka-lit did not know what to say, so he muttered: "All right, all right."

They then tuned their "tings," and Hsa-pu-te-hsa sang, "Why have you come?"

Hpung-ka-lit then played, and sang, "Not knowing a face, I erred; now I know my mistake, and am come to look for you. Forgive me and come back to our country. I have greatly sinned."

Thus they sang alternately, the one answering the other.

The son of the King of Hpa-wa-hti, not understanding, said: "Don't you think that we have had enough singing? Let us talk together."

His sisters said: "But we have invited the people to come to listen to the music, and they have only now begun to play."

He really wanted to talk to Hsa-pu-te-hsa, but could not answer his sisters, so he said crossly: "Well, if you *must* have music, then let them play."

By this time Hsa-pu-te-hsa was satisfied that her husband was sorry for the wrong that he had done, and being of one mind with him when he sang "Let us run away secretly," she agreed.

They continued singing till evening, and then retired, but at midnight the King took his "ting" and his two-edged sword, and went to call Hsa-pu-te-hsa to return with him to their own country. So they left the country of Hpa-wa-hti, and returned home. When they arrived they found Kap-pa-ra sitting in the entrance-room with one of his wives, whom he had brought from the country of the spirits.

And Hpung-ka-lit said: "My brother, I have greatly erred."

Kap-pa-ra, to show that he forgave his brother, immediately presented him with the princess, who was named Mo-hung (lotus-blossom), and his brother took her to be his second wife.

At this time Kap-pa-ra longed for his wife, the serpent princess, who was still in her father's country, and he went off to search for her. When he arrived at the serpent country his wife met him with exceeding joy, and her father received him with great courtesy. They were all happy together as one family. They asked news of Hpung-ka-lit, and offered to go to help him to fight against his brother.

But Kap-pa-ra answered, "Although he sinned, it is better that we endure with patience."

Then, with his wife, he prepared to set forth. The dragon king gave them a magic bow, saying, "If you are ever in need of anything, strike on the earth three times, and I shall come to you."

They then started on their journey, to go to the roc country for Kap-pa-ra's roc wife. On their way they came to a place where there was an ogress. She who had been the wife of Hpung-ka-lit, and who died by the sword of Sakya, had been born again as an ogress in another country.

When she saw Kap-pa-ra and his wife, she said to

herself: "Hpung-ka-lit, in my last life, caused me to be destroyed, now I shall kill his brother."

When the Prince saw her he said: "What do you want?"

The ogress answered: "Your brother killed me, and now I shall kill you in like manner."

Kap-pa-ra, exclaimed: "If you want to die, come on!" Then taking his magic bow, he sent arrows through her so that she died.

They then went on to the roc country. The roc Princess had gathered an army to go against Hpung-ka-lit, but Kap-pa-ra asked the roc princess to forgive his brother. Then they returned quietly to their own country, and lived happily there.

The Story of Ai-kawk-ho

Once on a time a poor Shan woman gave birth to a child who was only a head, without a body; but the spirit in this head had wonderful powers. The mother brought up her strange child with tender care, and when he was seven or eight years old he said to her: "I want to do some work, and have some money to spend. Go to the farmer, and tell him that I am ready to watch his cattle in the field."

The mother said: "How can you, having no body or legs, look after the cattle?"

He said: "Mother, you do not know my power."

The mother went to the farmer and said: "I have a little son named Ai-kawk-ho (a skull), who wishes to tend your cattle."

The farmer answered: "He may do so, and if he watches well, and sees that they do not run away, I shall give him what is right."

In the morning the mother placed Ai-kawk-ho in a bag, together with his midday food, and hung him on a tree in a field. She then went to the farmer and said: "If it please you, turn out your cattle."

The farmer untied his animals, and the mother drove

them to the field; then she went home. When the cattle had grazed, they came of their own accord to lie down and chew the cud under the tree where Ai-kawk-ho was hanging in his bag. In the evening the mother took Ai-kawk-ho (in the bag), and going to the farmer's house the cattle followed her. This they did for several years.

When Ai-kawk-ho was sixteen or seventeen he said to his mother: "Mother, I wish to marry the daughter of the King."

The mother said: "I dare not ask the King; he would kill me."

Ai-kawk-ho answered: "Do not be afraid; you do not know my power."

So the mother went to the ministers of the King, and told them of her son's wish, asking them to go with her to see the King. They all laughed, saying: "Ai-kawk-ho is only a head; we dare not go."

At last she came to the Prime Minister, who said: "Auntie, what wilt thou?"

She replied: "Oh, my lord! I have a little son, Ai-kawk-ho, who wishes to marry the King's daughter. Will you go and ask the King for her?"

The Prime Minister, after much persuasion, consented. The King, when he heard the request, was very angry, and said: "Unless in the space of five days Ai-kawk-ho makes a tree grow in my palace garden having leaves of silk apparel, with gold and silver fruits containing the food and drink of the spirit kings, you shall all be put to death."

The mother ran home and cried: "Oh, Ai-kawk-ho! what have you done? Unless you cause a spirit-tree to grow up in the palace gardens within five days, we shall surely die."

Ai-kawk-ho said: "Do not be troubled, mother, it will be all right. Make a basket ready full of parched rice, and gather enough jessamine to fill another basket; set me between them, and go to bed."

In the night, when every one slept, he thumped his

head on the ground three times, and invoked the spirits to help him. Instantly a wonderful tree grew in the garden of the King; the parched rice in the basket changed into beautiful gems, and the flowers into heavenly food.

In the morning, when the King awoke, he looked out of his palace; he rubbed his eyes, saying, "What dazzling brightness! It makes me blind!" Then he thought of Ai-kawk-ho, saying to himself, "Surely this must have happened by the power of that strange being!"

And he commanded that Ai-kawk-ho should be called. When he was brought into the palace, with the basket of gems and the celestial food, the King promised that if any one of his daughters were willing he might marry her, and he ordered that his seven daughters should be called. When they came, six of them laughed, saying, "A husband without legs or arms! Not I!"

When they came to the youngest, she said: "I will, if mother says that I may."

They were married, and the King built for him a new palace.

In the seclusion of the palace Ai-kawk-ho, by magic power, took the form of a beautiful prince, but only his wife saw him as such.

One day the King made a great feast, to which everybody (except Ai-kawk-ho and the little Princess) went. When they were gone, Ai-kawk-ho, in the form of a prince, sprang on a flying horse, and going up into the sky, passed over the place where the feast was held. He then came down among the people, alighting on a flat stone, under a tree. The people took him for a heavenly being, and made him the customary offerings of flowers and parched rice. He then returned by way of the sky, and when out of sight of the crowd came down again to his own palace.

When the sisters came home, they scolded Ai-kawk-ho and his wife for their laziness in not attending the

GIRLS AGED EIGHT TO TEN YEARS.

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festival, saying, "We saw a marvellous sight to-day, which you will never have a chance of seeing."

The little Princess laughed, and wanted to tell—but did not.

Afterwards the King had a dream, and he dreamed that the lord Sakya came to him and said: "Send a messenger to my country within seven days, or you shall surely die."

The King, for six days, searched high and low in his kingdom for some one who would go to the spirit country, but he found no one. He was almost dead with fright, as on the morrow the seven days should expire.

His youngest daughter comforted him, saying, "Ai-kawk-ho can go."

But no one believed her.

The seventh day came. Ai-kawk-ho then appeared before them all as a most beautiful prince, and mounting his flying horse sped up to the spirit country to receive the message from the lord Sakya.

Then all the elder sisters wished to marry him; but the little Princess said, tauntingly, "You had your chance, and lost it; it will never come again."

They lived happily ever afterwards.

The Story of a Witch

Once in the old times there was a Shan king, lord of the golden palace, who had two wives. The chief queen was very good, the second wife was a witch. One day they amused themselves by fishing in a stream near the palace. The King and Queen put their fish into little baskets, the witch swallowed hers alive. In the evening the King was surprised that for supper there were so few fish. The second wife, deceiving him, said, "Your queen is a witch. I saw her when I was behind her eating the fish alive."

The King believed her, and ordered that the Queen should be put to death. This was done, because it

was the law of the land that no witch should be allowed to live. In her next life she became a royal golden turtle, and lived in the stream near the palace.

When the witch heard of this she was determined to kill the turtle. She was now chief queen, and could influence the King even more than in the time when she was only his second wife. She made some parched rice and spread it under the quilt on which she slept. Then she pretended that she was ill. She called the King, and when he came he found her lying on the quilt above the parched rice. She threw herself restlessly on the bed and cried: "Oh, King, my bones are breaking! Give me the golden turtle to eat. If I do not eat it I shall die."

The King, hearing the crackling of the parched rice, thought that her words were true, so he commanded that the golden turtle should be caught and brought to the palace.

The first queen had an only daughter, a little princess. Overhearing her father's command, she rushed quickly to the stream and, calling her mother, said: "Mother, mother! They are coming to catch you. The witch is going to kill you and eat you. Can you hide?"

Her mother, the golden turtle, replied: "I will try, my child, but if they kill me do not eat any of my flesh, but gather up my bones and bury them without the city, on the king's highway."

When the King's men baled out the water from above, the golden turtle fled downstream, and when they baled below she fled upstream, but soon they baled out all the water and caught her. Tying her by a leg to a bamboo pole, they carried her to the palace.

The witch had a pot of water on the fire, and she commanded that the turtle should be dropped into it alive. They left the little Princess in the room to watch the fire, but instead of tending it she raked it out, in pity for her mother. Three times she was beaten and driven back to her work, then her mother,

the golden turtle, charged her to obey, saying: "Tend the fire, my child, and let me die."

When the water began to boil the little Princess cried: "Oh, mother, does it hurt, does it hurt?"

"Yes, my little girl," said the mother. "But remember your promise and bury my bones." Then she died.

That night the witch called her friends to feast on the golden turtle, and they dropped the bones through the bamboo floor. The little Princess was there waiting, and gathering up the bones, she buried them, as she had been told, near the king's highway outside the city.

That night a strange tree grew up from the earth where the bones were buried, and an invisible spirit sat singing in the branches. She sang so sweetly that no one could pass the tree, but every man, woman, and child stopped to listen.

When the King was told of this strange tree he commanded that it should be transplanted to the garden of the palace.

One night the spirit assumed the form that she had worn when she was queen, and standing by the King's bedside she watched him as he lay sleeping.

She waited, according to custom, until he awoke to speak to him, and then said: "Oh, King, I am thy first queen!"

The King was glad, and he said: "You look like her! Point out your clothing, and your jewels, and all the things that formerly were yours, then I shall surely know that you were my queen."

She did so, and the King believed her words and told her to remain, so she returned no more to the tree.

The witch was then degraded to be again the second queen. She was furious, and determined to avenge herself upon the little Princess. She prepared a pot full of boiling water, then she said to the little girl: "I have dropped my betel-box under the house

through a hole in the bamboo floor; run down an bring it to me."

The Princess, suspecting no danger, went under the house, and as she stooped to pick up the box the witch poured the boiling water upon her, and she was scalded to death.

The King was looking through his window at the time, and saw this wicked deed. He then understood that the witch had deceived him, and gave orders that she should be killed. This was done, and her flesh was given to the dogs.

In her next life she became a flea, and wandered restless on the bodies of the same dogs that had eaten her.

The Golden Goose

Once there was a chief who had three sons. Beside his palace was a garden, and in the garden grew an apple tree which bore beautiful golden apples. Each time that the tree bore fruit the chief took and ate the apples; but it happened that once, when the apples were still small, a golden goose flew into the garden at night, and seeing the apples it ate them all. Next morning the chief was much annoyed to find that the apples had disappeared.

After this time, when the tree was again covered with little apples, the golden goose returned and once more ate them all. The chief was exceedingly angry, and when the tree was again covered with fruit he sent his eldest son to watch in the garden at night to see if he could discover the thief.

The eldest son did not wish to watch, and when he went to the garden he fell asleep. Then the golden goose came and once more ate all the apples. The chief was very angry, but he waited until the tree once more bore fruit, then he sent his second son to watch.

The second son did not care for his father, and he

too fell asleep in the garden, and the golden goose came down and ate all the fruit.

Now, there was a young son who loved his father, the chief, therefore when his turn came to watch, he determined not to sleep, and he took a bow and arrows with him.

When the golden goose came down it flew to the apple tree. Then the youngest son shot it with a poisoned arrow, and as it was shot through the head it fell to the ground and died immediately. So the young Prince took up its dead body and carried it to the chief.

For this deed he was rewarded, his father giving him many presents of silver and gold, also beautiful clothes. Afterwards his father banished his two elder brothers and gave him the country, so that he became chief when his father died.

The Poor Man

Once there was a man who was very poor. He heard that in a certain city there was no oil, so he begged his friends to give him a little money, and with the money he bought some oil; he set out for the city, carrying the oil in two gourds, which hung from a pole on his shoulder. On his way he met an iguana, and when it saw him it turned and fled away. The man wished to catch it, in order to kill and eat it, so the iguana ran and the man also ran, until the iguana disappeared into a hole in the ground. The man then placed the gourds containing the oil on the ground, and dug in the earth, to try to reach the iguana, but, to his surprise, he found three pots full of gold, and three pots full of silver. He was very glad, and tried to carry the six pots, also the oil, but he found them too heavy.

So he said to himself: "What is the use of this oil to me? As I have now plenty of gold and silver, I shall throw it on the ground." This he did, and went his

way to the city, carrying the pots of silver and gold with him.

When he reached the city he found that it was market day. The pots were very heavy, so, as he wished to walk in the market place to see his friends, he went to a house, and said: "May I leave my pots in your care? There is only a little oil in them."

He then left the pots, and amused himself all day, talking to his friends and feeling very rich. In the evening he went to take his pots, but could not remember in which of the houses he had left them. In each house that he entered, the owner said: "You left no oil with me."

After searching all day, he went back to the iguana's hole, hoping that he might find more gold and silver. But all he found was the amount of a day's wages, and a paper on which was written: "Oh, trader, the owner of the silver and gold now pays you a day's wages for carrying his pots to the city."

So the trader went home, astonished, lamenting the loss of the silver and gold, and wishing that he had not thrown away his oil.

The Story of U-tain

Once there was a queen of Kaw-sam-pi.[1] One day she was ill with fever, and lay trying to sleep on the veranda of the palace. She was covered by a piece of bright red satin.

At that time a great bird was flying in the air. When it saw the Queen it flew down, thinking that the scarlet satin was a piece of meat, and it carried away the Queen in its claws. It flew many miles, till it reached a tree, and there among the branches the Queen's little son was born. The baby began to cry, so the bird had compassion on the child, and it flew away, leaving the mother and baby in the tree.

After a little while two hermits were passing, and hearing the baby cry, they looked up and saw the

[1] The Mao Kingdom.

Queen with the child in her arms. Then they climbed the tree, bringing down the mother and baby to the ground.

The child was called U-tain, which meant the "season of mist"; he grew up strong and brave in the jungle and had many adventures.

One day the hermit said to the Queen: "The night before yesterday, when I was studying the stars, I learned from them that the King of Kaw-sam-pi is dead." The Queen began to weep, so he asked her, "Why do you cry?"

And she said: "That king was my husband."

Now, the hermit had a wonderful twelve-stringed harp, which he gave to U-tain. The Queen also gave him a gold bracelet, and a ring, and the piece of red satin, then sent him away, with directions how to go to Kaw-sam-pi, where his father had been king.

After he had walked for very many days, he came at night to the gates of the city, but they were shut; he called and called, and a watchman came and asked what he wanted.

He answered: "I am the son of your last king."

The watchman ran to tell the Elders, and they came to the gate, saying: "What do you bring from your mother to show that your statement is true?"

Then he showed them the bracelet, and the ring, and the piece of red satin.

And the Elders said: "It is true; he must be our king." Thus he became their ruler.

One day U-tain wished to show his power to the people, so he played on his musical instrument. When he played on one string, all the elephants and other beasts ran away; when he played on two strings all men and spirits came to hear, and wondered at the magic music; when he played on three strings all the elephants returned, and worshipped him. This strange music was much spoken of by all U-tain's people. Soon strangers heard of the wonderful harp, and its fame spread abroad to far-away countries.

A king of a certain country heard of the marvellous musical instrument and longed to have it for himself, He told his carpenters to construct a wooden elephant. It was made hollow, and had many joints: its body was painted white and its tusks were painted red. Men were placed inside, and by means of strings, fastened to the different parts of its body, they could make it move its trunk, its ears, and its tail, and turn its head from side to side. So the men walking inside the white elephant brought it to U-tain. He took up his harp, and played, but when he played, the white elephant walked away, and instead of the elephant following the King, the King followed the elephant.

When he reached the far-away country where lived the King who had set his heart on having the magical musical instrument, the people took him prisoner, and when they were taking his harp from him he said to them: "The harp is useless unless you know the words of the charm."

So the people gave him again his harp, and they told their king.

Then the King said to the people: "Ask him if he will teach the charm to any one."

The people gave him the message of the King, and he answered: "I can only teach the charm to one of the King's daughters."

The King of that country, having a great desire to know how to play the harp, agreed that one of the princesses should learn the charm, so he put her in a room which was divided in the middle by a great curtain. He placed U-tain at one side of the curtain, telling him that the Princess was quite blind, and he placed his daughter at the other side, telling her that U-tain was hideous, and that his face was covered by marks from small-pox.

The Princess came daily to be taught, but she could not learn, and one day U-tain said: "You big, blind Princess, you are very stupid!"

And the Princess answered: "You ugly man, you are too stupid to teach me."

Then U-tain said: "Why do you say that I am ugly?"

And the Princess said: "Why do you say that I am blind?"

Then U-tain pulled the curtain to one side and they saw and loved each other.

After a little while U-tain asked her if she would run away with him, and when she had promised to do so she said: "In our palace there are two fast-footed elephants; we cannot escape unless we ride on one of them."

The Princess then went to her father and said: "My ugly teacher says that I must have a bag of silver, a bag of gold, and a bag of gems, and I must go into the jungle to make offerings to a certain spirit; after that I shall easily learn the charm."

So the King gave her all that she wished.

Next day at dawn the Princess and U-tain mounted on one of the elephants and rode away.

It took seven months to travel to Kaw-sam-pi. At first they were not missed; but when the people realised that one of the elephants had disappeared, and they could find neither the Princess nor U-tain, they ran to tell the King, who ordered that they should be pursued.

For seven days the people followed, riding on the second elephant, but every now and then the Princess threw out a handful of gold, or silver, then the pursuers stopped their elephant and waited to pick up the silver and gold. At one place the bag of gems was dropped, and as there were many gems, they stayed in that place for months, and U-tain and the Princess went on their way safely.

There were so many precious stones that they did not find them all, and they may still be found in the earth, and the gold and silver too.

The Story of the Rainbow

Once there was a king named Saw-von, who had a soothsayer named Pau-surn-swan, and the King said: "Pau-surn-swan, go and look if much rain will fall to-morrow."

But the wise man said: "No rain will fall."

Next day there was a terrible storm of rain, and the King said: "This soothsayer is no good"; then he spoke contemptuously to the wise man, and as the rain continued to fall heavily, so that the water even rose to the seventh step of the stair of the palace, the King derided the soothsayer more and more.

Now, the lord of the waters was the great crocodile, and the soothsayer grew very angry with him for sending so much rain, and he made a vow to try to kill him.

The great lord crocodile knew that he should be killed, but he brought a very precious gem to the King, a gem worth a hundred thousand kingdoms; and the crocodile said: "Because I have spoiled the predictions of Pau-surn-swan he is determined to kill me to-night, but perhaps you may be able to save me."

The King answered: "Oh, crocodile, do not fear!"

He then called the soothsayer, and said to him: "Let us play games until the dawn."

Now, Pau-surn-swan had determined to kill the crocodile, so in the night, when he slept for a little while, his spirit went out of his body, and going to the great lord crocodile he in his spirit form beheaded him. His spirit then returned into his body.

He awoke, and arose, made obeisance to the King, and said: "Have patience with me, great lord, for I have just killed the crocodile." He also said: "To-morrow at noon a rain of blood will fall."

The next day, as he had predicted, a rain of blood fell.

That night the great lord crocodile appeared to the King in a dream and said: "Oh, King, how is it? I

have given you a gem, more precious than many kingdoms, in order that you should save my life, and behold, you have allowed the spirit of the soothsayer to kill me. I am very angry with you, and I shall cause your kingdom to sink, so that what is now dry land will become a lake."

The King was much alarmed, and his spirit went with the spirit of the crocodile to one of the hells to be judged; there the judges of the infernal regions gave judgment against the King.

The spirits of the King and the crocodile then ascended to the high heavens and put the case before Sakya, the king of the spirits of the air. Sakya could not give judgment against the crocodile, but in order to pacify him and save the King he told him that he might remain in the heavens; he afterwards turned him into a rainbow, and he may be seen when it rains, coming down to drink, and sometimes the paler rainbow, his wife, comes with him.

The Story of Little Thumb

Once in old times, when people on the face of the earth followed the law of Truth, and the spirits of the air helped righteous men, there lived in the country a husband and wife.

They were sitting one evening beside the fire when the wife began to grumble, and she said to her husband: "Husband, we are like a piece of empty ground on which nothing grows. If we could be like other people and have a child! The people in the neighbouring houses are rejoicing in the resounding noise of their children, but our house is silent and desolate, and is like a grave. I feel very lonely and dismal. If the spirits would give me a baby, even if it should be only the size of my thumb I would love it, and be satisfied in my heart."

Now the spirits heard her, and in due time she bore a son. Although he was perfectly formed, he was only

the size of her thumb; and as her wish was fulfilled, she named the baby "Little Thumb."

Whenever the child wished to eat, his father and mother gave him food; but he did not grow any larger, but remained just the same size as when he was born. He was a funny little fellow, and as he grew up he put on the airs of a man who knew the world, and he always spoke as if he could do all kinds of work.

One morning his father prepared to go into the jungle to cut firewood, and he wished to find some one who would follow with the mule. Little Thumb then said: "Dear father, I shall come to the jungle, and bring the mule with me."

His father laughed at him, and said: "Thumb, my dear little son, how can you come with the mule? How can you hold the reins to guide it? The mule is a hundred thousand times bigger than you are."

But Thumb replied: "If my mother puts the reins on the mule and lifts me up, so that I can sit in the mule's ear, I shall tell it to go to this side or to that side."

So the father, being a good-natured man, said: "Well, we can try for once."

So saying he went off to his work in the jungle.

After a little time the mother brought the mule, and she lifted her tiny son, placing him, as he directed, in its ear, then explained to him where he should go to find his father in the jungle.

Thumb acted as a big man, ordering the mule where to go; calling to it, when it came to turns in the road, "Go carefully, go carefully."

As he thus spoke, two men came out of the jungle; they heard his voice, but seeing no man were very much astonished. They said to each other: "How can it be that a mule is speaking! Let us follow and see where it is going."

So they followed it into the jungle, till they reached the place where the father of Thumb was cutting firewood.

HOUSE SHOWING ENTRANCE LADDER.

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When little Thumb saw his father he exclaimed: "Oh, father! take me from the mule's ear, for I am very tired."

The father of Thumb lifted him down, and the two men who had followed were very much surprised. They said to each other: "If we could have this little fellow for our own, how much money we might gain by making an exhibition of him at the big festivals. Let us try to buy him." They went up to the man, saying, "Will you sell your son to us? We shall take good care of him, and treat him well."

But the father answered: "I cannot sell my little boy, because he brings much happiness to our home."

Thumb climbed up his father's clothes until he reached his shoulder, then he whispered into his ear: "Sell me, father, and do not be anxious about me, for I shall certainly return in safety to you."

The father listened to his little boy, and sold him to the two men for a large sum of money.

The men were delighted, and took Thumb with them. They asked him how they should carry him, and he answered: "Place me on the brim of your hat, so that I can walk round it and see the world."

So Thumb went away with the two men.

When the lord of the day was about to set, the man took off his hat, placing Thumb on the ground. Thumb then walked backwards and forwards, and looked carefully about him, then, seeing a rat's-hole, he stepped into it and disappeared. The men tried to catch him, but they were too slow; they tried to dig him out, but the hole went deep into the ground—so deep that they could not arrive at the bottom. At last, when they were quite exhausted, they went home.

When Thumb was quite sure that they were no longer near, he came out of the hole, and finding the empty shell of a snail, entered it and went to sleep. Presently two men came near, and stood talking quite near him. Thumb woke and listened, then understood that they were robbers. He heard one of them say:

"How can we contrive to break into the house of the headman, and take his gold and silver?"

Then Thumb came out of the shell and said: "I can help you; I can help you."

The thieves were very much afraid; they looked and looked, yet could see no one. Thumb told them to seek for him on the ground, and when they had found him he said: "You must carry me to the house of the rich man. I shall creep in under the door, and when I am in the house I shall open the door for you."

The thieves were pleased, and willing to carry out the plan. As it was still night, they took Thumb to the rich man's house. As soon as he had crept into the entrance-room, he called in a loud voice: "Wait quietly, and I shall open the door for you; then you can come in and steal all the gold and silver."

As soon as the thieves heard him, they begged him to be quiet; but he made so much noise that the owner of the house woke from his sleep, and when the thieves heard him rise from his bed they were afraid, and ran away.

The story of Thumb is very long. He has many adventures, gains much money for his parents, and finally returns home a rich and successful little man.

The Wolf and the Man

Once a fox told a wolf that man was the strongest animal, but the wolf would not believe his words. Early next morning they went together to walk in the jungle, and as they walked they met a man.

The wolf said: "I cannot believe that this two-legged beast is stronger than I am."

Now, the man was a hunter and had his gun with him, but the wolf, sure of his own strength, rushed at him and tried to tear his throat. The hunter had only small shot in his gun, but he fired at the wolf, and as the wolf continued to attack him, he took out his knife,

and stabbed the beast several times, so that it was obliged to crawl away, badly wounded.

The fox then came to him, saying: "Oh, Mr. Wolf, have you beaten the man?"

The wolf answered: "I am not suffering from the strength of the man: he had no strength at all, but he put a stick into his mouth, and blew it towards me, and something came out and stung me, it was like thunder and lightning. Then he took a bone from his body and thrust it into me; but I still do not believe that the man himself is strong."

The Kind Crow

Once there was a crow who was so wise and good that all the other crows chose him to be their king.

One day his wife said to him: "I wish to eat rice and curry from the table of the king of men."

The crow-king thought a little while, then flew to the path between the palace and the place where the king's food was being cooked; there he waited on the top of the little hut, where the water-pots stand, until the chief servant should pass carrying the food for the King.

Now when the King's dinner was prepared, the chief servant put it on a scarlet lacquer tray, and as he walked along the path to the palace, the crow-king flew to him and began to peck his eyes.

The servant at once set the tray upon the ground, and catching the crow said: "Oh, crow! you must know that to-day you shall surely die."

A crow who had received much kindness from his king, said; "Now that the servant has caught the crow, our king, I must try to save him, even if I die for him."

So saying, he flew down and pecked at the eyes of the servant. Then the servant let the crow-king go, and catching the second crow ran with him to the king of men.

The King said: "Tell me, little crow, why you tried to peck the eyes of my servant."

And the crow answered: "Because he had caught my king, who had always been good to me, so I thought that I could save him though I died for him."

When the king of men heard this, he said: "This little crow is so grateful for the kindness of another, that he is ready to die for him; let us learn from him to be always grateful for kindness shown to us." So the kind king of men set free the little crow and gave orders that food from his table should be placed each day in a bamboo basket and hung on a tree outside the palace for the birds.

The Monkey and the Man

Once a man was herding cattle in the jungle, and one of his cows strayed; he sought for it, deeper and deeper in the forest until the sun was set, and he did not know where to go. He could not see his tracks, so did not know how to return the way he came; in the darkness he wandered farther and farther, until at last he fell into a deep hole, and as he did not know what to do, he cried aloud the whole night.

At dawn a monkey searching for fruits, for its breakfast, heard the man call; it came to the edge of the hole, and, looking down, saw him.

And the monkey said to him: "Why do you stand at the bottom of the hole?"

And he answered: "Because I cannot climb out."

So the monkey said: "I shall hang my tail over the edge of the hole, then you can catch it, and I shall try to pull you out."

So the monkey sat at the edge of the hole with its tail hanging down, so that the man could reach it, and when he caught the tail the monkey pulled and pulled till the man was able to climb out.

Then the man said: "Now show me the way to the village."

The monkey answered: "Yes, I shall show you how to go, but I am tired, for you are very heavy; first let me sleep a little on your lap, then I shall show you the way home."

The man agreed, so the monkey curled itself round on his lap, and slept.

When the man looked at the face of the monkey he was seized with disgust, because it was so ugly, and, forgetting its kindness, he took a stone, and with it hit the monkey on the head.

The monkey, filled with fear, sprang off the lap of the man and climbed into the branches of a tree, crying out: "The people of men must be very foolish to forget so quickly the kindness of others, but as I have made a promise to guide you to your home I shall do so, only I am afraid to come to you. I shall leap from branch to branch, and you can follow the drops of blood that fall from my wounded head."

So the monkey led the man to his village, and when they arrived there it turned back again to the jungle, but the earth opened and swallowed the man.

The Cloud

Many years ago two men lived in the same village, and they agreed to take their money, and go together to trade in a distant country. They told their wives that they might be absent for two or three years, and then they started to go through the jungle.

When they reached a far country one of the men said to himself: "If I kill this man, take his money, and go home, it will be good."

So, as he was the stronger, he fought with his friend and wounded him so grievously that he fell dying to the ground.

The dying man said: "Because we are far from men, in the jungle, you think that no one will know what

you have done, so I shall tell that cloud which is floating in the air above us, that you have killed me," and he said: "Oh cloud! my friend has killed me; go to my home and tell my wife."

Then he died.

The murderer laughed, and said: "Oh you fool! How can a cloud say anything?"

He took the dead man's money, and returned to his own country.

His wife was very glad to see him, and the wife of the dead man came and asked for news of her husband.

The murderer answered: "Your husband and I parted when we reached a far country; he went one way, and I went another, and we saw each other no more."

So the wife of the dead man went away sad to her home.

Soon after this the murderer was lying on his veranda, and looking up at the sky he saw the clouds, and laughed; he remembered how the dead man had told the cloud to go home and tell his wife.

And he said to himself: "How foolish was that man!"

His wife heard him laugh, and looking out she saw that he was talking to himself, and she asked him, "Why do you laugh?"

The husband replied: "I laugh at nothing!"

But his wife was not satisfied, and continued to ask him.

At last he said: "I shall tell you, if you will not tell any one."

So she promised, and he told her the truth, that he had killed his friend, and had taken all his money, and how the wounded man had said, before he died, "Oh, cloud! My friend has killed me; go to my home and tell my wife."

And the murderer said: "Because I saw a cloud moving across the sky, I remembered how foolish was that man."

His wife kept the secret for some time, then, as she was very unhappy in her mind, she told her sister; after a little while her sister told a friend, and so the story went from one person to another, until it reached the chief, who sent his men to arrest the murderer. When he was examined he confessed his crime, so the chief ordered that he should be put to death.

The Story of a Fairy and a Prince

Once, in days that are long past, there lived a king.

He had seven sons; six of them took wives, and had children, but the youngest son refused to marry.

One day his father called him, and said: "My son, your elder brothers are all married, and they all have children, it is time for you to think also of marriage. Go seek a young girl whom you can love, to be your wife."

But the son answered that he did not wish to take wife, but afterwards, he said: "I will only marry a fairy."

Then the King grew angry, and said to his son: "In seven days from to-day, if you have not found a fairy wife, my sword above, and your neck below, I shall kill you."

The young Prince went out, and leaving the palace wandered in the jungle. He soon met an Elder, and asked him how to go to find the cave of a wise man.

The Elder told him: "Go towards the rising sun, and you will find a hermit who is wise."

So the Prince walked towards the east. Soon he reached a cave, and found a hermit, who said to him: "Why do you come here? What do you want?"

The young Prince answered: "Oh, lord hermit, can you tell me where I can find a fairy?"

The hermit answered: "I cannot tell you, but there is another hermit, who knows more than I do, go to him and perhaps he can tell you where the fairies live."

So the Prince again walked through the jungle, towards the rising sun, and he found another hermit, who, after placing food before him, asked him what he wanted.

The Prince said: "Oh, lord hermit, if you know where the fairies live, please tell me. My father says that he will kill me if I do not marry a fairy wife."

The hermit said: "I can help you. If you wish to find a fairy, go into the big garden that is behind my cave; it is guarded by an ogre, but when the sun is high in the heavens, the ogre sleeps. You can cross the garden softly, until you come to a bale-fruit tree; climb into its branches, and gather the highest fruit on the tree, then walk backwards out of the garden."

So the hermit taught the young Prince, and the lad listened to his words; when the ogre was asleep, he walked to the bale-fruit tree, and when he had climbed it and taken the fruit, he returned, walking backwards, till he reached the cave of the hermit.

When he arrived, the hermit said to him: "Give me your bale-fruit for a little time."

The Prince gave it to him, and the hermit turned it into a large stone, which he placed on the ground near the opening of his cave. He then changed the young man into a green parrot, and told him to perch upon the rock above the cave.

Presently the ogre who guarded the bale-fruit tree woke from his sleep; when he counted the fruit on the tree he found that one was missing, so he followed the footsteps to the entrance of the cave, and asked the hermit: "Where is the person who has stolen our fruit?"

The hermit replied: "There is no one here—search and look; there is no fruit here, only that big stone looks like a fruit. You may take it with you if you please."

The ogre answered: "Why should I take that big stone? I am seeking for one of our fruits and wish to catch the thief who has taken it. I do not know what

the great lord Sakya will say to me when he knows that I have lost it." So saying, he returned to the garden.

The hermit called the King's son, who had become a parrot, saying: "Little green parrot, come down, come down."

The parrot flew to the hermit, who turned him again into a prince.

The hermit said: "Bring me the stone."

And when the Prince brought it to him, the wise man touched it and it became a bale-fruit once more.

The hermit said: "Return to your home, and take this fruit with you: when you reach the palace you may open it, but until then you must keep it whole."

The Prince thanked the hermit, and set out to return to the palace; after walking a little distance he thought that he would break open the fruit, then he remembered the words of the hermit, so he continued on his way. After a while, being filled with curiosity, he again wished to open the fruit, so he took his dagger from the little basket that hung from the cord round his waist, but again he remembered the hermit's warning, and continued his journey. On his way he reached a large garden and sat to rest beside a pool, then he looked at the fruit and could no longer resist the temptation to open it; he cut it in halves with his knife, and out of it came a beautiful young girl who was a fairy. The King's son was very much astonished; but he said to her: "Rest here in the garden and I shall run to the palace and bring back an elephant, so that you can ride home with me." He also said to her: "If any one speaks to you, do not answer."

Having helped the young fairy girl to climb into the branches of a tree, he went as quickly as he could go, to his father's palace.

Soon after he had disappeared, a woman came to draw water from the pool, and looking into the water, she saw the reflection of the young girl among the

branches of the tree. She thought that it was her own reflection, and she said aloud: "How pretty I am! how lovely I am!"

She continued to admire the reflection, which she thought was her own, until the fairy girl began to laugh. The woman, whose name was Mai-pom-san-ta, heard the fairy laugh, and, looking up, saw her sitting among the branches of the tree.

The woman asked: "Who are you?"

The fairy, remembering that the Prince had told her not to speak, did not reply, and although the woman continued to question her, she remained silent.

Then the woman grew angry, and taking the pole which she was carrying on her shoulder, began to climb the tree, saying: "I shall kill you."

The fairy then spoke and said: "Please do not be angry with me; my husband has left me for a little time, but he will soon return to take me."

Mai-pom-san-ta being still very angry, struck the fairy so many hard blows with the pole that she fell down from the tree and died. Mai-pom-san-ta took the beautiful clothes of the dead fairy, then hid her body in a hole. She also hid her own old clothes, dressing herself in the garments of the young fairy girl, then she climbed into the branches of the tree.

After some time the Prince returned, riding on an elephant; he looked up, and saw Mai-pom-san-ta sitting in the tree.

He said: "How can it be? How is it? The woman up there is not in the least like my beautiful little girl, whom I placed in the tree!"

Mai-pom-san-ta looked down, and said: "I am really myself, but we, who are fairies, cannot stand the heat of the sun, besides, as you were long in returning to me, my tears fell, and they have disfigured my face. When I am in the shade and coolness of the palace my face will soon be beautiful again.

The Prince saw that the clothes which Mai-pom-san-ta wore were the same as those in which the young

girl had been dressed, so he was obliged to believe her words. He helped her to descend from the tree, and lifting her on the elephant brought her to his father the King, and they were married.

At this time a great and lovely lotus-flower grew in a pool of water. An old gardener and his wife went out one day to collect flowers for the market, and they saw and took the beautiful flower. They did not sell it, but brought it home and placed it in a vase of fresh water.

One morning the old gardener and his wife went to market, and when they returned they found that during their absence some one had swept the house and had prepared their midday meal of rice and curry. They were very much surprised, and went to the houses of their neighbours, asking: "Who came to our house and cooked rice and curry for us?"

The neighbours had seen no one and could tell them nothing. The old couple returned home, and eating the food that had been prepared, found that it tasted very good indeed.

Next day, and for several days following, the same thing happened, so one day they pretended to go to the market, but instead they went only a little way, then came back quickly to their home. When they returned they opened the house-door softly, and peeped in. They saw a beautiful young girl come out of the lotus-flower; after combing her long hair, she lit the fire, began to put the house in order and prepare the rice. Then the old people ran into the house and put their arms round her. She was very beautiful, and as they had no children, they made her their own child, and loved her dearly.

One day when the old woman was preparing to go to the market, the girl took the lotus-flower, which had not withered, and tore it into little pieces; she then made wonderful pictures out of its petals. One picture represented the King's son taking the bale-fruit, another showed the little green parrot perched above

the cave of the hermit, another pictured the young fairy girl sitting in the tree, and in the last she could be seen murdered by Mai-pom-san-ta.

Now these wonderful pictures could not be seen by everybody, and to the greater number of the people they looked like very lovely garlands of flowers. The fairy gave them to the old gardener and his wife, and as the flowers seemed very strange and beautiful they carried them to the market. The servants of the Prince bought them and took them to the palace.

As soon as the Prince saw the flowers he recognised and understood the pictures, and he called his servants, saying to them: "Where did you find these flowers?"

They answered that the old gardener had sold them in the market.

The Prince said: "Go to the old man's house, and look well who is in it, then bring any one that may be there to the palace."

So his servants went to the house of the old gardener and found the beautiful young girl, so they brought her to the palace.

Before she had entered the palace, Mai-pom-san-ta met her; being very angry (because she recognised the fairy) she ran at once to the Prince and told him that a witch had come into the palace; she also asked permission that she might be allowed to give orders that the witch should be put to death.

The Prince believed her words, and gave the necessary orders. So the servants came to the young fairy girl with swords, and told her that she must die.

She said: "If you must kill me, do so out of doors, where I can see the green trees."

The servants granted her request and led her to the field beyond the palace garden.

Then the young girl said: "This is a good place, but before you kill me, let me say a prayer."

Her prayer was this: "May my eyes become two green parrots."

Then she said to the servants: "If you wish to kill me, kill me now."

The servants immediately cut her down with their swords, so she died; her eyes became two green parrots, which flew into a tree, and began at once to talk in loud voices.

The servants heard one of them say: "Oh friend!"

And the other answered: "What?"

Then the first said: "I wonder much. I am greatly surprised."

And the second replied: "At what do you wonder?"

And the first said: "I wonder very much at the strangeness of the people of the earth!"

All the servants listened, greatly surprised, when they heard the conversation of the parrots.

The Prince wondered why his servants did not return, and he sent others to look for them, but when these servants heard the parrots talking they also stayed to listen. Then a third set of servants were sent, and they also remained to listen.

At last the Prince said to himself: "What is the reason that my servants do not return? I shall go to find them."

So saying, he went out of the palace, and walked until he saw his servants, all looking up into a tree.

When he drew near, he heard the parrots talking together, and the first said: "I wonder!"

And the second said: "Friend, at what do you wonder?"

And the first answered: "I am greatly surprised because of the strangeness of the people of the earth."

And the second said: "Why are you surprised? oh friend!"

And the first said: "Oh friend, when the Prince wished to have a fairy for his wife he went even into the garden of an ogre and carried one away, then he placed her in a tree beside a pool; afterwards he cheated her, promising to return with an elephant, to

bring her to the palace, but instead Mai-pom-san-ta killed her, taking and wearing her clothes. That stupid Prince was so blind that he thought that Mai-pom-san-ta and the fairy were the same woman."

And the second parrot said: "What happened after that?"

And the first replied: "After that she was born again in the flower of a lotus, and she lived happily with an old gardener and his wife, until the Prince sent for her, in order to kill her again."

And the second parrot said: "If he wishes to have her again, can he take her?"

And the first answered: "If he wishes to have her, he will again be able to take her."

The second asked: "What must he do?"

And the other answered: "After seven days and nights the fairy will come down from the sky to bathe; then the Prince must catch her, and hold her so that she cannot escape."

After that the parrots were silent, and the people returned to the palace, but the Prince thought of all that he had heard, and determined when the time came to keep watch.

After seven days and nights he hid himself among the trees beside the pool, and the fairy came down to bathe; when he saw her, he ran to her and took her in his arms.

But she said: "Mai-pom-san-ta has twice killed me; I cannot go with you to the palace."

But the Prince answered: "This time, not you but Mai-pom-san-ta shall die."

Having so spoken he brought her to the palace, then gave orders that Mai-pom-san-ta should be killed immediately.

This was done, and the Prince took the fairy to be his wife, and after the death of the old King they governed the country.

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